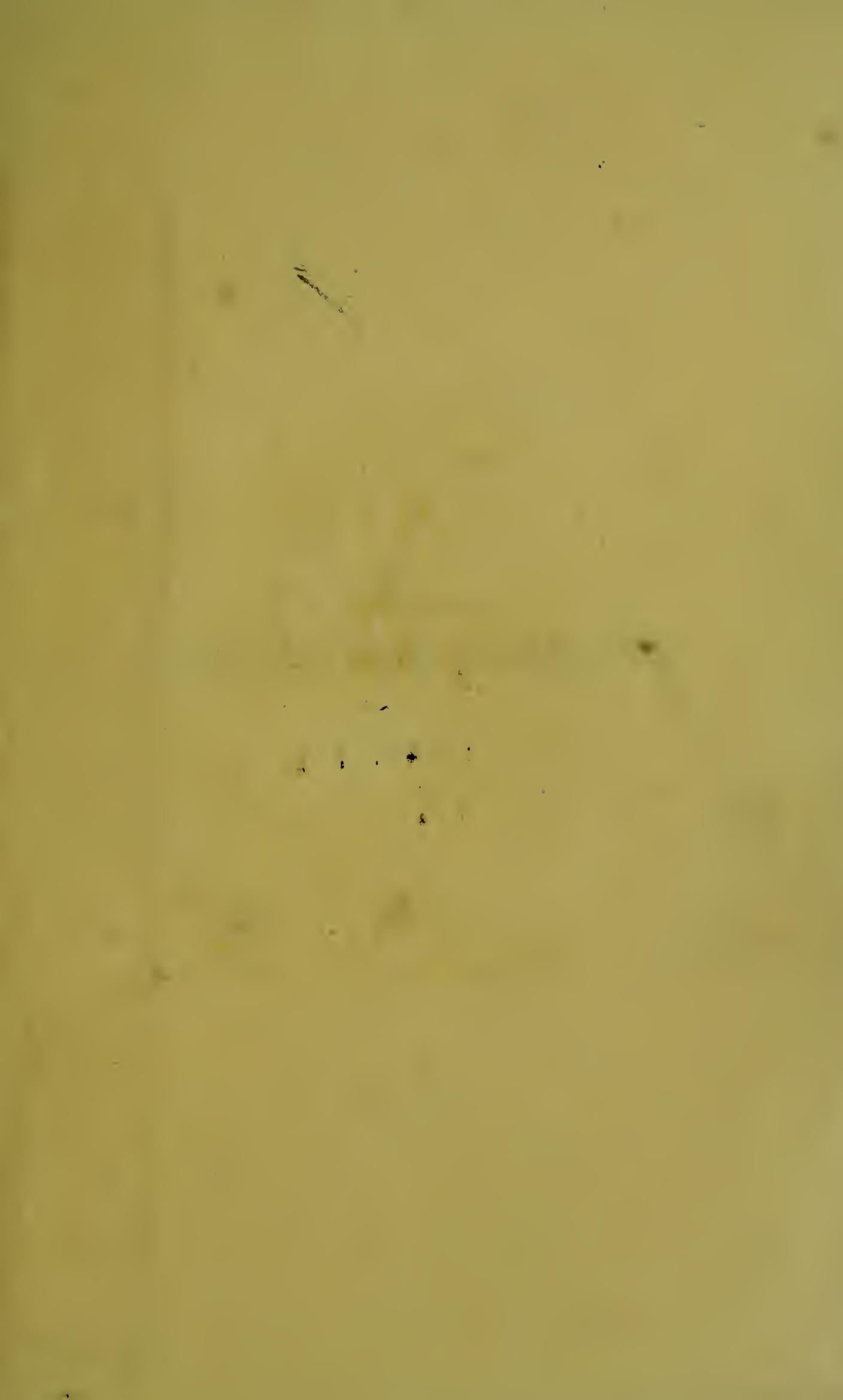


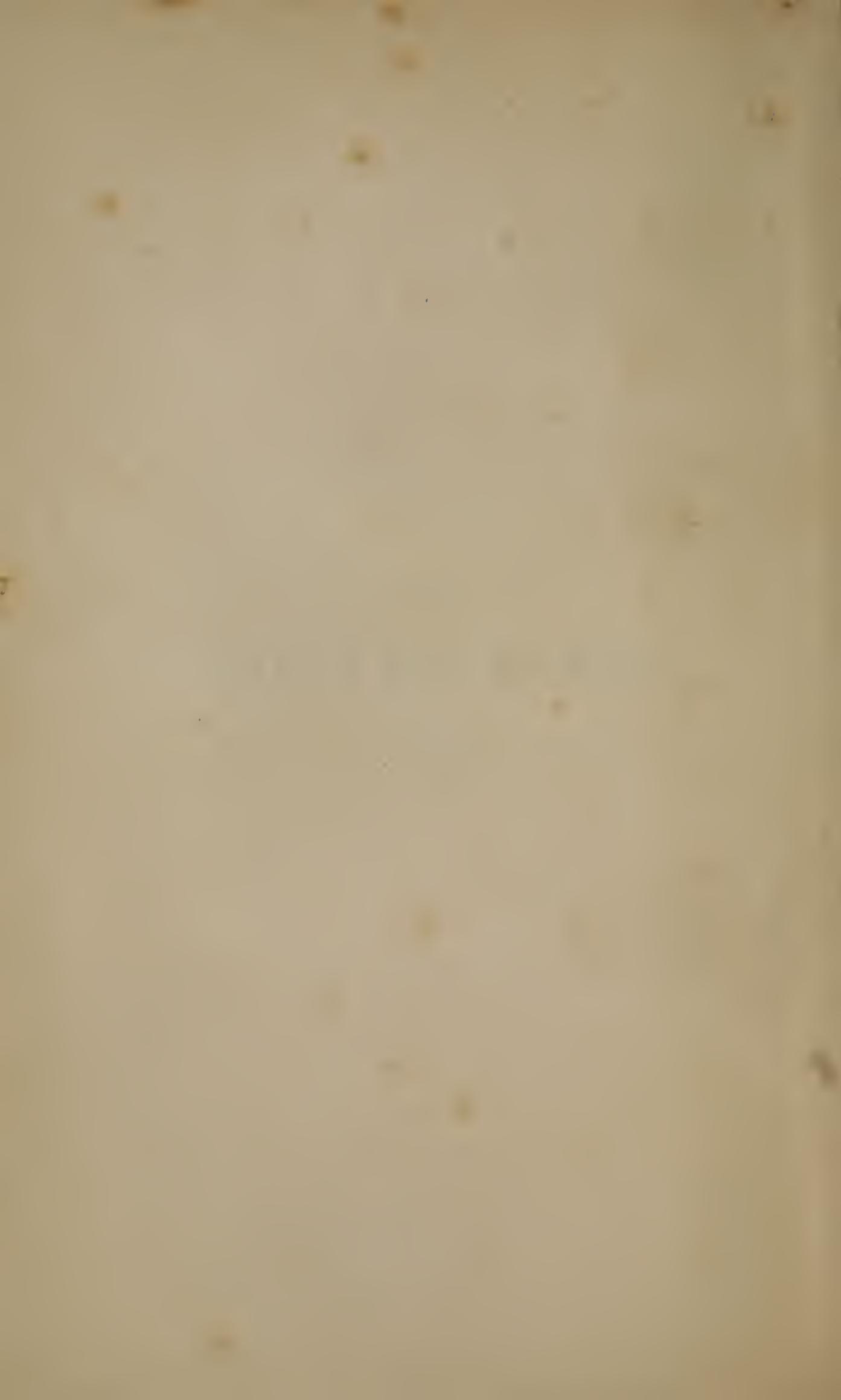


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THE
LORD OF THE MANOR.
VOL. I.



THE
LORD OF THE MANOR;

OR,

LIGHTS AND SHADES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

By THOMAS HALL, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "RABY RATTLER," "ROLAND BRADSHAW," &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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THE LORD OF THE MANOR.

CHAPTER I.

As to which requires the greatest demand upon the faculty called invention; History, Biography, or Fiction, we shall not presume to determine: though as the first is often remote, and the second so nearly allied to the privacy, privation, and the struggles of genius, ever to be very communicative, we are of opinion that fiction needs the least of all.

Fiction, then, seems to be only a modest way of introducing truth: a sly means of gaining it a reception; for, of all inductive writing, none of the theories is so much indebted to skill and contrivance to gain it a lurking-place in the temple of knowledge, as this hazardous commodity—truth.

It will probably be seen that we have had to encounter some of its difficulties in the following sheets; but still, in a moment of temerity, we resolved not to manifest them further than by a mere change of scene, date, and a few names—the rest being Truth in his naked, and so of course, in his least pleasing form—his opposite character gaining a readier welcome, and inducing more sincere pleasure if his attire be august enough, his impudence modest enough, and the rattle of his pocket-coins be equal to the patented merit found in his note-case.

At all events, the reader will have a better chance of

detecting the black face of Mr. Fib in a tale only embracing some few years' time before his commencing its perusal, than he is likely to do about the acts (historical) of worthies who figured before chronology got into the right method of counting up his sand-glasses, printing had been invented—or the hero: and then writing biography, telling the pedigree of a man—of genius—who could never well determine in what parish he was born, and if he could, and also had the merit of knowing his parents, used alike caution to forget the first, as not to name the other.

So that Fiction after all, is only like an algebraical equation; using the unknown quantity as if it were known: calling Fiction x , and working away until truth bursts out like the sun in dog-days—when least expected, but nevertheless in a way which leaves no doubt that it is the sun, and that too in very verity, yes and indeed.

Now, two of the principal characters in this book—though neither of them the “Lord of the Manor”—are William Kent and John Stratford, and so we shall not apologize for going a little into detail as to their births, educations, and personal appearances; and, presuming upon our judgment as to which will be the most convenient for the reader, we will start with the latter gentleman—Jacky Stratford. Not that we mean to say that even that is the correct name of our second hero: it is the name which was given to him by his mother, but not by his sponsors in baptism. And the mistake, it would seem, was this—we mean now in the law, in that respect—that, though his father's name was Sir Tatton Stratford, and his mother called herself Mrs. Stratford, even for two or three months before Jacky's birth, and eighteen months after; yet, as her only right for such variation from her maiden name—which was O'Flaharty—was through the honour just hinted at,

it was deemed advisable, by all Miss O'Flaharty's friends, to give into the vulgar custom in these cases, of calling the darling after the name of her own forefathers, instead of the "contemptible mushroom ancestry of Sir Tatton."

This the lady did whilst breathing the country air, but, so soon as she removed to London, she took to the airs of that place: called herself "a rale lady; of tinder edication and good raring: and though an Irish lady by birth, she was nothing more, as she was not only of English descindince, but had never been in Ireland in her life only for the purposes of being born there, and the tinder raring mentioned."

Our first knowledge, then, of Lady Stratford (in private, and Mrs. Stratford in public) was in London. Her little son was, of course, called Master John Stratford; but though he has never shown a desire to change his patronymic, his august mother seemed to have no such predilection for the name; for, as we have just hinted, she only retained it eighteen months after our hero's birth.

And we are happy to say that this change of name was not through death: or, indeed, of any complaint likely to lead to so unhappy a result. No; these it would seem were the causes, or rather, we may say, infamous conspiracies that effected it.

Sir Tatton Stratford had been a good deal bothered in consequence of police reporters and other meddling people who had occasionally to acquaint the world of the movements of Lady Stratford; they always calling her—"that injured wife of S—r T—n S—d," &c. &c.

And as Lady Stratford was very often before the public—through a friendly feeling to gin-shops and an unfriendly one to the police—Sir Tatton was advised to turn the allowance he made her into the hands of, at least, better managing trustees.

For this purpose, he caused his agent, in London, to

give a small hint, of this nature, to a cast-off groom of his, a countryman of the lady's, that she had not only a pound a-week, but that if he succeeded in changing her name and abode, he should have an additional five shillings per week, and also the interesting son of the knight.

The groom said, of course, the last part of the offer mended the first part a good deal: still, if it would be of any use to his late employer, and present adviser, he might keep the child. "Although," continued he, "I could get two bob on cold days, and six pence when fine, to lend him out to beg. But, however," mused Mr. Brady, for that was the gentleman's name, "as I've none hov me own, why he'll be something to begin housekeeping with, any how."

The bargain was struck; the wedding knocked up, and the bride knocked down—the morning but one after; and so was the husband, in return, for pinching Jacky's ears; which Jacky's new papa did, because the late lady of Sir Tatton said she preferred the rale papa of Jacky to the one that was now trying to teach Jacky how to call himself papa—and Sir Tatton behind his back. So much for the pedigree of Master John O'Flaharty Stratford Brady. And now, as the dramatists say, a lapse of years must take place; that is, we jump from the eighteen months of Mrs. Brady's son, to the time when he was pronounced to be a dozen years old, with a slight retrospect as to his education, rearing, and the rest.

The first part of John's educational course was to nurse a little sister who was three years younger than himself; then, a brother, a year younger than that again; and the care of twins shortly after that; but, in the latter case, it must be confessed he had assistance from his beloved mother, that is, she helped him off with half his burden, and that not for a time or so, but for ever.

And this, though she did it expeditiously, was not by any means in a novel way, being merely the overlaying one of the *new* strangers. No one accused her of doing it on purpose; far from it. No, the fault lay with Sir Tatton Stratford's agent, who had that day been paying Mrs. Brady's quarterly allowance; Mrs. Brady had to take a few extra quarterns of gin in consequence; and of course, the reader has seen the consequences of that again. Nor, amidst this sound course of education, were the accomplishments disallowed to our youthful disciple, Jacky.

No; those of the town embraced a knowledge of the imitation of birds, cats, old-clothes men: chalk-drawings of Newgate martyrs; street-preaching, chanting; whistling double, still-vaulting, single-stepping, boxing, and music. Those of the road were the driving of a dog-cart and pair, belonging to a neighbouring knacker. Wheeling a barrow for a green-grocer woman; and his most rustic accomplishment was shooting for cakes with a double-barrelled nut-gun.

And so famous was Jacky at this sport, that he was retained by one of the principal cake-stall proprietors as a decoy to little boys for twenty miles round London. In this traffic, too, his knowledge of the whip—that is, the dog-whip, was of extreme use to the said itinerant confectioner; as the cart Jacky drove was invariably ahead of all the other cake-vehicles.

When the fair season was out, Jacky turned his attentions to another business, which was the Irish trade.

We do not mean, when that trade signified a knowledge of, and dealing in butters, bacons, herrings, and the like; but when it merged and sank into that of begging.

The green-grocer woman, just spoken of, perceived that Jacky had embraced this last profession rather too late in life ever to obtain celebracy; though, from his industry,

he might be able to get plenty of white bread and beef steaks to it; still, she contended that it was a business whose study required the pupil's commencement as early as a quarter of a year old: to have served his time, had experience as a journeyman, and to be in business on his own account at the very time of life Jacky was commencing it, viz., eight; all of which advantages he would undoubtedly have secured, had he been educated in his mother's land.

Under these considerations, she took him into her establishment, that is to watch her stall: and it was at this time Jacky acquired his knowledge and power over that useful instrument—the barrow.

Jacky's education and accomplishments may here be said to be complete; so the old lady, for her own amusement, and to beguile slack days, we do not mean of trade, but of gossip—taught Jacky the elements of reading, with a thorough knowledge of stops—*hard words*: also, writing without spelling. Jacky's elocution was naturally very fine; though some of the severer men have quibbled with his pronunciation; his incapacity to discriminate the long from the short syllables, though never his knowledge of vacation from the long hours when fulfilling his duties at the barrow.

Things, on the whole, went well at the green-grocery manufactory, and would, perhaps, have gone on still better but for the proprietress' grandson occasionally coming to visit the establishment, and soon, to the watchful eyes of the old lady, a fact revealed itself, that these visits were incentive to great acts of unindustry and incipient insubordination on the part of her workman Mr. Stratford. For Jacky, instead of trimming, and making a good window, as drapers call it, regulating carrots, making effective bunches of turnips, and so on, was ever making the little grandson bend down his head, whilst he

himself jumped over it, and then in return, the other must reverse the compliment. And though this fair-haired grandchild was one of the mildest and quietest boys in Westminster, yet it is astonishing what cranky tricks Master Stratford taught his pupil. Boxing, quarrelling, swimming, some of the ruder accomplishments he could not teach him; but in the gentler relaxations, he was considered to be wonderfully happy in his studies.

Now, the old lady was called Mrs. Kent; and the grandson, William Kent; and the description of the young gentleman will form a part of our labours by and by.

Master Stratford is now fourteen years of age, and being anxious to obtain more honourable employment than that which had been respectively dealt out to him by the confectioner or veterinary surgeon—he who kept the dog-chariot; and lastly, the good Mrs. Kent—he read—that is, Willy Kent did for him—all the “wants” in all the newspapers that the young gentleman had access to; and, at last, there was one which suited him, if it so turned out that he suited *it*, when he got on his livery.

Thus it ran:—

“Wanted, an active youth—will have to wear livery, must be engaging to children—in the family of which are six under twelve; he must have had an excellent education—if he can speak French, the better: he must be of the most respectable habits, and will be expected to have a two-years’ character; of happy manners, and if handsome, it will be preferred, as he will have to attend chiefly on ladies. Two suits of livery a year: wages, good. Apply to Dr. Benzoni, 29, Northumberland street, &c. &c. &c., the celebrated restorer of all the functional powers, &c. &c. &c.”

“That’s the thing—I’ll fit it you’ll see—It’s a *fit* without any soap in yer mouth to make froth with, and *hact* your teeth—don’t yer think so, Mister William Kent? Yer must come and take tea with me. Don’t look sad, I’ll come once’t a week to give a millin’ to any of the coves as vexes you. Yer sure it says, ‘if handsome, it will be a chalk better?’”

"O, quite sure, Johnny; but why leave poor grand-ma? She'll have nobody to look after her accounts, and see that no one puts upon her: she's getting older."

"O, I kon balance her accounts after I have done the same thing in the affections of Dr. Benzoni."

"An excellent education," you know?"

"I do: 'speak foreign-part talk, and be rummy with the young physics?' Yes, I know: and be 'handsome.' As to the lingo, I'll tip 'em some negro—'yaugh, yaugh:' I'll set the kids to pitching into each other's stummacks, and then threaten to tell papa. That ere's the way to *engage* them. Bring a friend or two to tea and turn-out, arter supper. That ere mention of the beauty pleases me the best though!"

"Well! Johnny Stratford, I never thought you vain before: I have heard many say that you were a good-enough looking boy, and that you would have been more so, if you had been better care taken of in—but I thought, John, you had more sense than to be vain."

"Why, so I have, but they aint, it looks rather: now depend upon it, they thinks this will be a good plan for training up—under their own idears, a son-in-law for one of the young ladies as is under twelve—sure to be one gal amongst them. Wants a affectionative husband for her. However, I'll about this slap: git the knacker and the old lady to make out a two-year charac-ter amongst them: you write it, Willy; pitch it as tight as wax: tell how many I've wopped—nay, why d'ye look? Don't they wish me to be of *engagin'* manners? Well then, that'll show 'em as I can protect these *jewvenhile* young ladies and gentlemen of both sexes, when a walkin' out, from being mollussed or sludged: get a charac-ter wrote, and I'll make my late employers sign it."

CHAPTER II.

As Master Stratford has talked a good deal about his beauty, and as we have done the same, though not just in the same way, about his rearing and the rest, we think it but fair to afford him a slight external sketch.

Jacky, then, was by no means ill-looking; nay, in the absence of the blue-eyed William Kent, he was pronounced a very dashing, likely fellow. But when the silken-haired, fair-faced, fine-browed—though slightly waved with blue veins—blue-eyed Billy Kent came—then farewell the beauty of Mr. Stratford. The reader will see, in our description, that we are throwing one stone at two birds—well, be it so: if we can dispose of the portraits of both our minor heroes at once, he must admit the plan to be convenient, at all events—whether very faithful or not. No, but in the absence of the young gentleman who is to write the character, John would do.

He was inclining to be tall, round, and tolerably open-faced—we don't say so because it was slightly small-pocked—but in the usual parlance. It was square; nose not so singularly the reverse of aquiline as the negro's, yet it must be confessed it was rather snubbish. Good black hair, and plenty of it—on the eye-brows, and pretty well above, only it was rather soddish, and did not at all come under the arrangement which would permit even the “Hue-and cry” to call it raven-tressial. The teeth were very white, and filled the mouth very well, only there

appeared to have been some scrambling for places; and like other crowded assemblages, if you cannot get a front view, you must cram in edge-ways. However, as Jacky used to philosophize, they were good enough to eat with, and to show to a dog; he hoped they would never be such as to unlip to a friend. Jacky learned this mode of conveying his sentiments from a minor theatre in the neighbourhood. His limbs were loose, and so nimble was this son of Miss O'Flaharty, that most of his friends said that, had he only been a monkey instead of a Christian, he would have frightened the squirrels; as it was, he was the terror of all the penny circuses—in a still-vaulting sense.

Well, we think we have done now with Jacky. But the other little bird at whom we talked about throwing stones—figuratively, same as turning them into bread, and so on;—but, though we have adventured so hard-hearted an expression, we are sure none of our readers will, when they have seen a little more of him:—of him, then, we must say, that once seen, difficult would be the task to remove the sentence which the eyes, like the daguerrotype, had placed upon the tablet of your brain. No, he was a fair, simple, open-eyed child; innocent, yet with such startling wisdom that the aged paused, and the young—even when he was very young, blessed his little lips, and his eyes that, like stars, were made in Heaven. His face was almost perfect: his forehead a little too wide, and, as we have said, too delicately marked. His hair flaxen and faultless, though, for strength of body, perhaps a little too strongly set—as thick crops impoverish the soil. His hands were perfect, but still they were what mothers call delicate: his whole figure the same, and of which, still mothers would say the same.

His attainments, for his age, were accounted prodigious, though the schools in which he was reared, had none of

the reputations that would induce the selection of an aristocrat, when placing his scion out to become learned.

Now he was mild, retiring, affectionate; a peace-maker, and learned. Jacky, excepting the "affectionate"—then we believe it was only for poor Mrs. Kent and her grandson—was the very antithesis of all these.

And yet, and beyond a doubt, the most intense friendship existed between the boys.

As we shall see.

"I doubt," commenced Master Kent, when he saw Jacky furbished up in order to apply for the place, "I very much fear that you will never answer the description —‘well educated and French, and—’"

"Poh! when a dog hunts high, he's said to be up to *snuff*; when a youth aims high, why, he's only to mind his eye—not his mind's eye, and he'll hit the mark. I knowed a adverti-se-ment as wanted a governess at ten pounds a year; she was expected to attend to seven children, and improve their craven minds with French, the guitar, Italian, plain sewing, dancing, singing, netting, arith-met-ic, attention to the table, and not to let the children fight. Well, a friend of mine, as knowed not one of these, applied for the place, and didn't she suit? staid more nor three months, and that was more nor any three had ever done afore."

"Oh Johnny! how?"

"Why, she soon discovered as how French meant a knowledge of preparin that country's beans, or washing its laces, cleaning its gloves; the guitar was blowing the bellows: dancing was right enough—attendance at the backs of the infants' chairs, at dinner: singing, netting, ari-th-met-ic was singing to keep herself waken when darning her pupils' stockings, and reckoning whether she could save one-and-nine-pence out of her quarter's earnin's, the breakages (*pupils'*) deducted. She paid great

attention to the table when there was any grub on it; and prevented the kids from fighting for her share as well as she could.—There's the accomplishments for you."

"Ah! but I hope, poor Johnny, they will use you better."

"Ha, ha, ha; let poor Johnny alone. I'm off Willy—oh, I shall soon come again, you'll see. I shall carefully stipulate how many days a week I am to have for visiting."

"Good by, I hope they'll not ill-use you."

Jacky soon found himself at Trafalgar square: looked at the National gallery: thought of how many sons of Britain were at that moment distinguishing themselves there: then he thought how soon he should be at the same pastime, slapped his breast, and felt ambitious. He soon found himself in Northumberland street; nor was he long in twigging the great door-plate of Dr. Benzoni. It bore the modest announcement of the place being an INSTITUTION under the superintendence of Dr. Benzoni. Jacky approached the door and treated the knocker as he had seen ladies' footmen—that is, he commenced such a proceeding as stone-breakers think it necessary to do when they engage with a big stone—giving it a few rattling blows at first, and then peppering it into small pieces: arithmeticians express this by saying it is commencing with whole numbers, and breaking into an infinite series of decimals afterwards. At all events, the knocker conveyed such a report to the expectant doctor, and family, that they prepared for the entrance of a duchess, at least. The footman had the door open, and the punisher of the knocker in, before either gentleman was well aware of what each had done.

Dr. Benzoni was playing at backgammon with two of his daughters; and two others were trying a new duet

on the newly-hired grand-piano. The proceedings below wonderfully altered those of the consulting-room. All the ladies, save one, were ordered into the ante-room, and the remaining one became a patient in the doctor's hands so soon as she had helped him on with his satin-and-gold morning gown, his scarlet-and-gold slippers, and richly-tasselled cap.

Jacky was ordered into the ante-room, as he informed the footman he had business of importance to communicate to the renowned Doctor. Jacky's entrance was quite unnoticed by the ladies, who were busily expatiating on the miraculous benefits the Doctor had conferred on the world for a number of years. What an amazing practice he had: how many hours they and their poor carriages had been waiting there and in Trafalgar square. Whether they should be able to see him that day or not. And then they all prayed that their general Maker would permit Dr. Benzoni to confer his blessings to the world: and oh, great happiness, the patient, who has been receiving advice, is now dismissed; and the next lady in turn is about to rush in—when came the magnificent doctor into the ante-room: he merely did so to look at a beautiful exotic that he was tenderly rearing in the window; but took no notice whatever of the waiting company, although, as we have seen, their carriages must have been very much tired in Trafalgar square.

In returning, however, he saw our hero, and was evidently struck with surprise at seeing the son—so he took him to be—of the Countess St Augustine. He entreated pardon of the ladies, but he must confer a minute with the son of the countess, as, perhaps, her life was then in his hands.

The ladies nodded a reluctant consent, and then as soon as the others were out, retired; feeling sure that the doctor would make as much, at least, out of this loud rap,

as would treat them all to the opera, including gloves, wreaths, coaches, and other what-nots.

"Ah, I beg your pardons, I find now I look, you are notsh the countess' shon: may I take the liberty to ashk your demandsh?"

"Oh, I have nothing against you, no demand what-soever."

"Might I ashk whotsh is your ple-asure thensh?"

"This advertisement," said John, pulling out a newspaper and showing the doctor his footman-advertisement immediately under that of his professional one.

"Wotsh the defile! is that for all you have come? Vosh it you as nearly knocked down mine door just now with mine knocker?"

"How could I, sir? when the knocker is fast to the door; I don't think I could if I had it loose in my hand; no nor—"

"Go down stairs, or I shall fly you through the windowsh—"

"I ask pardon, sir; but I forgot I was knocking for myself; living in great families and knocking for them, soon gets you a habit of doin' on it for yourself."

"Great familish? ah wells there may be some thing—votsch great familis?"

"Rather rich, I should have said."

"Ah vel, then rich, whotsh rich?"

"Oh the one was Master Knacker—kept a smashin turn out: I'm fond of drivin'; the rest—but howsoever suffhise it—I last lived with Mrs. Kent:"

"And have you ever knocked for her—eh?"

"Have I not!" said Jacky, looking at his fist, "and for her grandson, too, Mr. William Kent—the honourable—"

"Wotsh is he, right honourable, then?"

"O very much so."

"Vas your mistressh, and the right honourable Mr. William Kentsh, very goodsh to you, then?"

"Too much so," said Jacky, lifting his pocket handkerchief to his eyes, "too much so."

"Wotsh made you leave for then?"

"Two of the best people in the world, theirselves, but all around their establishment—ah, sad example to one as has had a very moral trainin'."

"Oh, wotsh, the other servants? too often the waysh in largsh establishmongs, like Lady Kentsh's: dosh the old ladysh every get very ill? wantsh doctor? Nervoush diseash, you see, I cure; look at my booksh there—'the 20,000 edition,' show her thatsh: soon make her ill: or, perhapsh, the honourable Mr. William Kentsh—I shall allow you good percentaysh: that will be better than coming into my servish, don't you see, now? Dosh the honourable Mr. William Kentsh wantsh to buy a set of diamondsh, or gold vatsh? or—oh I have all sort of things for young gentlemansh as ash been made me presents for my grand cures: hunk! eh, votsh is your name?"

"Mr. John Stratford;—*John* Stratford when I'm hired."

"Ah, very goodsh; *varee* goodsh. Wells, instead of making a shervant of you, I will make a gentlehomme of you, if you will shell me those preshents. It ish of no use, you *know*, keeping all the baubles ash the nobility force upon me."

"Oh, I've no doubt I can effectuate sales of all them ere things; but I should have to do it only in one way."

"Vell, vell, the way, thensh?" said the doctor, a little impatiently.

"You must take me on *trial* for a fortnit; and then engage me for a year; and the old lady will be so pleased, as well as little Willy, (ah, that's what she calls him;

I must mind in future tense) that there is no knowing what they might do for me."

"Are you sure the old ladysh will be very ill, then?"

"If she thought it would be better for me."

"Ish the right honourable—"

"Remarkable so—"

"Ah, but I meansh fond of the nobility's baubles—?"

"No, no. I wouldn't a go to say, for the world, as he would covet anything as was his neighbour's."

"No; that ish not what I means. But very fond of buying themsh; eh?"

"Lord bless you! only put me on some good livery; hire me for a year; try me for a fortnit; give me lots of crack wituals, and write me a tearing character: and wont Master William Kent be pleased! I suppose references will be given if required by me?"

"Mine gotsh—look at that piano-forte; that Madona, there; that picture, worth a million—"

"I mean of me—"

"Shtay; thatsh is a carriage knock-and-ring, I'm sure thish time: you're hired; come to-morrish. Let the right honourable read that book of mines. Run."

CHAPTER III.

No doubt the innocent reader has long ere this suspected the worthy Dr. Benzoni to be a descendant of that respectable family, (though eastern, still one well known in this country,) called Israel. Nor is he wrong; nor would he be right if he thought the learned Doctor was merely wedded to the hackneyed profession of medicine.

No; his rearing and education were quite of another order; and, as it will probably be guessed, of another country: that country was the gracious one of Poland. What his profession was there (save, of course, being a persecuted patriot), it is difficult to say.

But what it was when he first honoured England with a selection for his refugeeism, is—first, no doubt, merely to get a knowledge of the English language and habits, he did perambulate London as a dealer in black leads, sealing-wax, and other knackery of that useful description. From that he gradually rose to the dealing-in of cast-off ladies' wear; which he exchanged for trinkets, and other very pleasing playthings. From once getting a toothful or two of nobility patronage, he extended his ramification to such an extent, and his patrons still increasing, that he was resolved to meet the whole in a very proper spirit; and being now consulted by some, even of the most aged of the wealthy, in the choice of feminine friends, he, with the assistance of his good lady, kept a great number, so that the most fastidious could

readily select an article to their satisfaction; and though the prices might be considered high, yet the great choice caused an extensive business. Dr. Benzoni's name was, at that time, Raphael; and certainly Herr Raphael was making a fortune rapidly; but in consequence of a slight irregularity or two in his house, by some young sprigs of the highest quality—only a few hundreds, or so, lost—the authorities took to the cruel revenge of indicting, and playing all sorts of dirty tricks on the poor but useful foreigner. To such an extent was this carried, that Raphael thought it best not only to leave this establishment, and all its branches which he held in London, but that good city itself. Nay, and so disgusted was he with the treatment he had met with, that he changed his name at the same time; but not his purpose, which was to journey to some part of the kingdom where there was a crack Jew-christianizer. So we may think how badly poor Mr. Raphael thought himself used, when he not only renounced his trade, his city, but his creed. It is true that some of his nation did not ascribe all this to the same cause that Herr Raphael did; but, as every man knows his own heart best, what right have we to deny the same knowledge of the same locality to the persecuted Pole?

Mr. Raphael, then, was made a Christian, we believe, in Cheltenham; some scores of the worthy subscribers to the “Society for promoting Christianity amongst the Jews” being present.

All the newspapers in all England glorified the good Herr Raphael—what could they do for him?

Madame Raphael became a Christian; the association could not do less than subscribe a thousand pounds to start, in some way, these worthy new Christians.

But we must here say, that our respected couple did not call themselves “Raphael” at this time, nor did they

say one word of the business in which they were engaged when in London. No; they had fled from Poland, for the purpose of embracing the creed we have just seen; and their names were *Count* and *Countess* Soboliski: so, that accounts for the pleasure that was manifested by the association. It was not like making an old-clothes' seller into a precursor of the millennium. The worthy count and lady were exhibited everywhere, and mentioned in every thing. The count himself, resolving to do all the good he could in the new vineyard, not only lectured on the blessings of Christianity, but induced an immense subscription for the purpose of sending him into his own benighted country, in order, as he himself said, to convert whole hosts; nay, and the testimonials he took with him were sure to beget a pardon for his political sins. The good christian count received the first subscription to start into this modern stronghold of Judea; but it would seem, altered his plans as soon as he got to Paris; and instead of going to Poland, bethought him of Jerusalem; at once thinking that, with the nice swag he had obtained in England, he could go thither to ask pardon for his apostacies, and pick up some antiquities, relics, articles of vertû, intaglios, and the rest, in the Holy land, Greece, Italy, &c.

And also to get *forgotten*, should he ever return to the fruitful, gullful, soil of England. That, and an entire change of name and profession—and how could he miss?

Nor was he wrong; the assumed name is the one under which he now practises the profession—but the reader, besides the hints he has had, will soon understand.

It is some time since we saw Master Stratford ordered away by the grand Dr. Benzoni, in the stern expectation of the new knock being really a carriage announcement; and we will see how far the *reclaimed* apostate is right.

The worthy Doctor Benzoni was not the only one who prepared to receive the new knock; no, the ladies, who were in waiting for advice from the renowned physician when Mr. Stratford entered, were again undergoing the same tedious process: that is, two in the ante-room, and one in the actual obtainment of medical relief. The knock entered, and though *he* (for again it was a masculine) made a very polite bow to the ladies, yet their admiration of the doctor's talents and humanity was such, that they scarcely, if at all, saw the new visitor. He, however, being a well-bred man, first begged pardon for the interruption he was about to make in their admiration, and then asked how many hours it was likely to be, ere three words could be spoken to the great subject of their joint eulogium. The ladies, who were equally well-bred, and knowing their respective consultations would be an hour each, magnanimously gave precedence to the few minutes' visitor. The lady who had been consulting was just then handed out of the presence-chamber, and the word "nexsht" being heard in the ante-room, the new knock soon found himself before the magnificent and renowned Dr. Benzoni.

"Be sheated, ma very deer frien; be sheated," said the doctor, not, however, condescending to rise from his own gorgeous easy-chair. "The pleashure of your namesh?"

"First, sur, permit me to bid you a good morning, and to compliment you upon the snugness, beauty, and taste of your apartments. My name, dear doctor, is—but, however, I sent up my card; there sur, you'll per-cave it."

"Card! ah, ma good friendsh, we have not time to read cardsh here. Non; they musht come in rotationsh: namesh, ma good friendsh, are of no use, where there ish hundredsh of a day."

“ Fait, that may be very true. My name then, sur, is Colonel John O’Craizem.”

“ Procheed,” said the doctor, as coolly as if the other had merely said “ Lieutenant-Corporal O’Craizem”—“ procheed.”

“ Of the most ancient family in the world, barring three, and one of them, too, we dispute.”

“ Tat, tat, tah,—with your *dishease*, your complaintsh—why for you com to consult with me?”

“ Thunder! doctor, but did you percave that I said ‘Colonel?’ ”

The doctor only waved his hand this time, without the “ Procheed.”

“ Well, what’s the good of asking a man’s name then?” said the colonel, a little growlishly; “ but however, that’s my name: my estate is in Balingosly—wait a bit—and my complaint is in the twist of my nose.”

The doctor directed as quick a glance at the last quantity of his patient’s face, as a toad does at a scampering insect: he thought the concluding part of the colonel’s remarks was merely an appendix to the growl; but one peep, the doctor kept the best of eyes, and that peep was sufficient; it *was* the nose in which was the twist, and not, as the doctor feared, the head.

The doctor also perceived, from indisputable criteria, that the patient was liable to other twists save the one pointed out, and that was in the temper: he saw that he should cause a fearful deterioration in his fees, if he did not let the other unravel a little; and the more so when he perceived that the sister isle had had, at least, the honour of his education. So thus the sly doctor:—

“ Ma very deer frien, tell me every thing. In theshe thingsh you cannotch be too expliesit.”

“ Ah, ah, I thought so.”

“ Time should be nothing when the afflictedsh speaksh.”

“ Your hand, afther that. There’s no use in giving pedigree, family disputes, what hunters you keep, or whether you prefer butter to cheese, in these affairs; but still, I hold it of equal importance, for your guidance, that the state of the heart, mentally speaking, has as grate a right to be discussed to your physician as that of your bowels; and more particularly, as it is my nose I am coming to complain of. Look at that unfortunate *sense* of the animal functions, and tell me can it be repaired or not? Can it be reset? A new one, I fear now, is all my eye?”

“ Ma deer frien—ma very dear frien—” said the doctor, feelerishly, for in truth, the good Mr. Benzoni was puzzled—that is, of course, how to screw a fee, at all, out of the gentleman with the injured *sense*, as he very much feared that the colonel had read a wrong quack-advertisement, or had got to a wrong knocker in that prolific neighbourhood—“ procheed, ma very deer frien.”

“ Well, you percave, doctor,—here, I’ll stand up—I am at laste six-feet-two; good limb; and, in short, a killer for the old, rich ladies; and being young into the bargain —forty-one and a half, on the honour of my commission in his majesty’s service: all complete but the nose, d’ye percave?”

“ Ma vera good frien, how long has it had that dreadfulsh crookedsh?”

“ Ah, there, that is what I want to come to. I knew it was of no use keeping one thing from the man that, from all I read, can tip miracles at such a rate as I find here stated.” And the Colonel produced a very luminous account of the doctor’s astounding cures, in the shape of a hand-bill.

“ A wotsh?” shouted the amazed doctor; and who, for

the first time, rose from his chair. “*They* will pershist, then, in ruining me. I shall have to leave this countrysh afther all!” and the afflicted man threw himself into his easy-chair; not, however, without covering his face with his hands and eleven rings.

“ Bah, ba, bah, what nonsinse you talk, Monsieur Benzoni; you have not seen the bill—it’s spreading your praises further than you could July butther with a spade.”

“ Ah, I knowsh, I knowsh; and it brings ‘em by thousandsh—it ish the *Humane Shoshiety* as ish giving ‘em about by millionsh. I cannot lead this mill-horsh life any longer.—Ah! you stare, ma deer frien; but look here: here ish their advertisements, see, in all the papers, and I have been force—been force to get an injunction from chancery to make them head them ‘Advertisement;’ now to convince yourselfsh, look, ‘Advertisement,’ ‘Advertisement;’ readsh ‘em all—I should be work to death in a monthsh elsh. Don’t you hear how the knocker keeps thundering away?”

“ ’Pon my soul, that’s thtrue: the devil a bit has it ever been aisy since I entered, or the bell—that’s a mighty fact!”

“ Ah, ma deer frien, many dozensh waiting already.”

But though the poor colonel was labouring under a slight mistake about the alarming state of the atmosphere in the vicinity of the street knocker, we do not see why the reader ought. No, this was the way. In most large *Institutions*, where there must necessarily be a good deal of waiting, it is common to place the newspapers, periodicals, and such like, on the table: perhaps a musical snuff-box, or harp, just to play upon until the great man is at liberty. But the doctor, being an original man in all things, had a large knocker, as well as a street-bell, fixed to an inside door; and to amuse the waiters upstairs these two instruments were set to play; though

in this case, it would seem the poor colonel thought they were announcing the arrival of patients. Well, he was mistaken, that was all. And probably what the doctor meant, when he said there were so many “dozens waiting already,” was—cabs and coaches on the next stand.

“Well, now about the nosh: how long, ma deer frien, hash it been attempting to turn up one cheek and neglecting the other, instead of honourably parting them both: the caush, and how long shince?”

“I cannot exactly state the exact—and you percave, doctor, I want to hide nothing from you—there’s a tinder old lady, as rich—Oh! I spake in compass whin I say she owns three banks—”

“Three banksh?”

“Four shares she holds in one—a whopper I’ll swear; but that’s nothing—poph! banks to her are nothing. Well, she’s taken as grate a liking to me as her late husband, Lord—but I’ll not blab names—did to money. Well, and would marry me without settling a rap—I hear the knocker—on herself, if I could once git my nose to please her; every thing else does, afther the most searching exhamination; even character she does not care a good man’s opinion about; all right but the nose: that right, doctor, and I’d whip you down to my country sate, to shoot rabbits, any day. Now, doctor, look: would it be best to twist it back with a sort of smashing process, or cut a slice off one side and put it on the other; or—”

“Oh, mine Maker! excuse a minute—I must—” and the learned consultee could not get out another word. He rushed out of the room, but could not give parturition to one, even when he got into that wherein his lady and family were seated; but, though he found such difficulty in utterance, it was manifest that the subject of his apostrophe had not denied him some way of giving currency

to his feelings when he had reached his astonished family. Still the whole of them dreaded a fit, but soon rejoiced when they found what sort of a fit it was likely to be; for though the doctor suffered a good deal from tortion of body, yet the squeezing of his sides, seizing the abdominal viscera, and other well-known indicata, proclaimed it to be one of laughter, and which was as loud as the knocking.

The doctor recited the patient's complaint; finished his fit, and bade them laugh in piano: or, if they could not do that, why then, one might play upon the grand one before them, and the laugh might be as forte as they liked.

"So now, ma deer Colonel—I am liable to sudden attacks, as you perceive. Proceedsh. How long ago was you attack with your dreadful malady?" demanded the doctor, returning into the room.

"I don't remimber; though, a singular thing, I have a perfict recollection of being born. I know there was a grate hubbub, and a fire in mother's bed-room. But, however, the other that was born with me was a twin: and whether we had quarrelled before, as, heaven knows, we have ever since we were born—or not, I cannot say. I have laid upon him now and thin, as I have no doubt he must upon my nose—worse luck to him, as well as being the elder brother—worse luck still to him—no, to *me* this time! So, you percave how it was done, doctor?"

"Still," said the cunning descendant of the good patriarch, Israel, "your family did not behave so badly: if this dishlocation of your nosh lost the estatsh, your commission of colonel was no bad thing:—what regiment have you the honour to command?"

"—And, as I was saying, doctor, that my nose put right, and I am, at once, one of the richest men in or out of the world. Only cure it, and name your price."

"Oh, fifty guineash as a retainersh; or the address of your regimint, or a note of promish from the happy bride electsh. Wotsh shall I write a receipt for the monish to the regimentsh, or the lady's name, residence, and reference?"

"Bub, bub, boo. Doctor, doctor; aisy, aisy!"

"Oh just namish the regimentsh, and that will do."

"What a divil of a hurry you're in; as to the regiment, you percave, it was the—the Balingosly dragoons —was the regiment—"

"Wash, wash? oh!" thought the doctor—"but that regimentsh hash been broke oup many long time shinsh, ma goot frien."

"(Bad luck, that's more than I knew). You're right as to its being broken up; but that's the regiment I *was* colonel of when it was a regiment: d'ye percave?"

"Hold," said the doctor, *looking* at a book; "why, I findsh it ish fifty years shince!"

"About that time; may be a month over or under."

"Ha, ha, ha, ha! Ma goot Colonel, how can that be, when you are not quite forty-two? ha, ha!"

"Bub, bub, boo; aisy, aisy—"

"I don't *shee* it. Could not be done in this country, I believe," said the doctor, with a slight admixture of irony-waggery.

"This country! poh! no; but Ireland you see can do it with aise. My father *was* the Colonel. Well, the eldest twin took the estate by nature; and I the title of colonel, by J——."

"Hush, hush, hush; no such dreadful oaths: for shame, for shame."

"Well, then, I *am* the Colonel: to which high descint I will do honour, only git the nose and the widow put right: I am, also, glad to find that you would not let me

swear by a name, which shows that I am wrong in what I took you for—a Jew.”

“A Jew! mine deer frien; how could I be doing all this goodsh and miracles, if I was one of that wicked nation? Do you thinksh the humane shocieties, and all the world—Well, in two words, will the lady put down my retainersh; you hear the house will be knocked down: many hundredsh musht be waiting,” said the doctor, a thought beginning to creep into some very vivid spot in his brain, that, after all, it was most likely he had been losing his time.

“You give a guarantee that you will correct the angle of my nose; and I’ll make the ould lady give equal satisfaction for the circularity of the money.”

“Be here at onsh to-morrow,” said the doctor, extending his hand: “it ish a bargain. Here, stay, you *cannot* go out the same way you com in; another waysh. Even the lobbish will be crowded that way.”

“Good morning, doctor; prepare for operations to-morrow: I shall lodge and board in your house until you make the finest man of me either here or when in Balingosly. I think it will be aisier to do, as I’m not bow-legged, and have iver stood up for justice to ould Ireland.”

CHAPTER IV.

THE day before the one on which Master Stratford was to improve the domestic arrangements of the ornament of our last chapter, he squared all the little arrangements in the small affairs of the good Mrs. Kent. He also prevailed upon her to permit her grandson, William, to go with him to the gallery of one of, *rather*, the outer minors. This was to be as a sort of parting. Now it was slightly hinted that Jacky had some sly connexions with one, if not more, of these *awful* establishments; and this the more so, because it was well known he had the *entrée* to the stage of one of them, and played off some terrible waggeries at two or three other rivals. This, it would seem, he and his party had carried on to such an extent, that the managers kept a pretty careful look-out (particularly upon him) whenever they entered the house.

On the night in question, the drama was one known by the classification of “battle-axe pieces,” the exile was a very long, but very lean prince; a young gentleman who played with his arms straight down. He was doing this, on the present occasion, when an extreme opposite classification—one of the thick tree-stump genus—had to rush into his presence, battle-axe in hand. Jacky no sooner saw this movement, and watched the exact moment of his lifting the hatchet, and the audience’s silence, than he shouted out, “Oh, woodman, spare that stick.” The piece was stopped for five minutes, the

manager having to announce that it should be altered for ensuing evenings.

This, with similar jokes, nearly damned the piece; and the whole corps dramatique swore they would do the same to the little monster in the gallery.

One, a little slyer than the rest, said “Would it not be better for the manager to employ him some other way, and shut his mouth, as country squires do poachers by making them into game-keepers?”

This was thought good; but there could be no doubt whatever as to the soundness of the advice, when one of the carpenters informed the green-room, that he had twigged the nuisance, and that, to his certain knowledge he was the best monkey, or monster, that had ever crossed a ceiling, or carried a maiden to the top of a cocoa-nut tree. He had seen him, when carpenter at the Royal Standard theatre, after rehearsal, beating all the monsieurs that had ever been brought from the continent, or manufactured in this country: his *ricks* being longer; his maiden grasps stronger; his jumps farther; his fiend grins more taking, and trying to an audience; nay, he could fascinate the very scene-shifters, and frighten the still-vaulters. The carpenter was going to add, that his wit had been proved that night, when the whole green-room rose. He said no more; but this was stunning news for the management. Accordingly, a deputation waited at the gallery door, and told Mr. Stratford that the manager of the Royal Sanspareil wanted an audience with him. At this, Master William Kent became greatly alarmed, as he thought the management was, no doubt, going to retribute a little for the wagging of the evening; told them if they touched Jacky he would scream police, and tell his grandmother when he got home, and all the magistrates next morning.

Jacky laughed at this: told Billy that, if they offered

even a threat, he would make a parish affair of it at once. Every free-born British man had the right of an exercise of the lingo in all places but in church; or even there, if you are either a preacher, clerk, or singer, during service, or a white-washer when the church is undergoing repairs. “Lead the way! I nothing dread!”

“Oh don’t go in, Jacky,” cried Billy, seizing the free-born youth’s arms.

“You can come, too,” said the deputation.

“Yes, and then there would be no one to tell of Jacky’s death!”

“Hush,” said Jacky, “I’ll not be many minutes; I know what they want with me. Stay outside till I come back; perhaps I’ll make yer fortin yet.”

Billy was obliged to be satisfied, but was resolved that, if they kept his friend too long, he would give an alarm of “fire.”

The whole was as Jacky suspected; it was a *carte blanche* offer (a minor theatre one, too), if he would come and do the monkey-business. That, if he would agree, a piece should be written for him that very night, and brought out under his *immediate* attendance.

Mr. Stratford said they should have his final *resolution* on the next day; rose up an inch and a half taller, and was going to show the difference in his height to his friend outside, when he found that friend had slyly crept in to be an eye-witness to the murder, that is, if his screams could not stop so sanguinary a retribution. He heard the last part of the offer; and he bore faithful testimony to Jacky’s improved dimensions. Both of which exceedingly obliged Mr. John Stratford O’Flaharty Brady.

The reason why the last named great man could not be more explicit to the management, will be partly guessed by the reader: his prior engagement with

Doctor Benzoni. It may be argued, that he might throw up the former employment for the more brilliant one of the Royal Sanspareil. True; but Jacky had heard one of his former masters (the knacker, we believe, it was) say that “the purfessors of the drama should make only walking-canes and cigars of it; not go-carts and hauf and hauf—quarterns of gin was quite out of the question.” So Jacky thought.

Bread and honey at the doctor’s; fame and relaxation at the Royal Sanspareil.

Since we have heard so much of Jacky’s capabilities for the monkey-business, we shall briefly state how he attained eminence in that useful science. Very trifling incidents, accidents, or casualties, have been known to give a lasting bias to the most important minds; to have changed former, given regulation and zest to new studies; to have thrust out old designs and erected new; it was a slight incident of this nature that led to Jacky’s becoming a man, that is, the man-monkey at the Royal Sanspareil.

When Jacky was the travelling assistant to the itinerant confectioner, he brought up his cart, for the purpose of resting his cattle, in a nice shady nook, a few miles off Canterbury, and there found a somewhat aged proprietor of a monkey and organ. There they were sat; the man on his organ, the monkey on her tail; nor were they alone, although at first sight they appeared to be so; but Jacky’s searching eyes soon discovered that melancholy had sent one of her imps to tease the man; and mischief another to put his servant in the dumps.

And very fast at work they were.

Jacky bade the old gentleman cheer up, and at once offered his services to expel both of the troublesome guests; but first, very feelingly, asked the cause of their unceremonious visit.

The ancient Savoyard, then, told Master Stratford that he had bought a young monkey, and, in case of the other's sickness or demise, was putting him through a course of elementary studies, and got him into "polite actions," in that part of them, and the handling of a broom and a pair of bellows in his domestic illustrations, of course, unsheathing, sheathing, and squaring a sword; with plucking of little girls' petticoats, when—behold Mademoiselle Rachel—the amiable and talented young lady in the dumps, caught her master and rival at their labours; saw what was to be the game; knew how little she should be valued if Master Jocko could supply her place; so pouted, dumped, and at last, fell into the unrelenting flout we have seen causing so much misery to her employer.

"O, come," said Jacky, "if that's all, she'll come round in time: set yer young one to work, and make lumber of her. Doff her fine field-marshall's coat and cocked-hat: let her see she's a humbug, and the world, that she's only a marshal of her own sex—a field-marshall-corporal! Make a grit girl of her; and give her mighty tin sword to Monsieur, the youthful Jocko. That's how I'd serve her: let her carry the other's dinners, make his bed, catch his fleas, and any odd gentleman of a still larger species as may be a-troubling of yerself. That's the sort of nuts to crack."

"Wr-r-r-ick-ick," and in one second Miss Rachel was on Jacky's shoulders, and during the whole of two more, she shook Jacky's ears; and, before Jacky could get his fist ready for a blow, she was half-way up a very lofty tree, much to the astonishment of Master John Stratford, and also, slightly, to a magpie's nest.

"O, mine holy virgin! vat have you done?"

"What have I done? you miserable negro-driver! you rum, old, grizly apparition of the old hundredth!"

don't yer see as one of yer spirits, yer first witch in Macbeth there, has taken both my ears up that ere tree? Why doesn't she take young maidens to the tops of trees, for the purpose of makin cream fritters, and not my blessed scalp? Now, madam—ay, you may grin and chatter, you half hedge-hog, half bat; bless me if you have a touch of the squirrel about yer—look out, while I am a doin' the same for a hatfull of stones: I'll smash a link in the hanimal kingdom, even if I'm condemned to supply it myself in the next world." And then the wrathful Master Stratford commenced the selection of slight pebbles, and half-bricks; swearing he would make his fiendish opponent "missle," even though the old "wizard" conjured half-a-score more of his "familiars" to her aid.

And as John began doing this, the ill-used master commenced a similar attack upon the same melancholy that we have stated was troubling him when Jacky had the misfortune to fall into his company. Melancholy! no; no sooner did he see Jacky let fly the big and little stones at Mademoiselle Rachel, than he gave loose to similar instalments of the loudest laughter he had ever parturated for many years.

This made Jacky fiercer, and, as we know nothing delights the sex of Jacky's opponent more than a little opposition—the lady Rachel flirted, skipped, and whether anything of the *squirrel* was in her or not, it was quite clear she enjoyed the shots more than the sportsman himself did.

"Damn her," said Jacky, as he wielded the last sod—his harder ammunition had long been done—"and you, you ould wizard; what, it's rare fun is it? What a fool I am to be trying to hit a familiar of such a cozy old conjurer, barrel-organ-and-monkey performhence, eh? an old fortin-teller: and yon's the familiar as gets the hinformation, and fetches the—one-gold, one-silver, one-

copper as is wrapped in a rag, and hid in a wall. I'll lodge a hinformation, and have yer both burned in Smithfield, under the hact passed in the reign of Guy Fawkes. That'll be worse nor twisting on my ears; heres they aint!" and Jacky felt at the sides of his head once more.

" You would makes fun—"

" Yes, Sir Savoy Kidnapp, and that's what I thought she got her living by; bur I'll wait till she comes down, or till the city-guard brings their loaded muskets. Wait till yer prisners; tried, swimm'd in a butter-basin, and burnt.—It's not the pain, but the *pieces* as is gone."

And Jacky again felt at his ears.

" Vell, don't take it so to hearts—"

" 'Take it to heart,' when's she's taken 'em from my head; but here goes again," and Jacky took up the whole of the properties, stage and all, of the strolling exhibition: first, he rattled away the sword, and then the scabbard; next cymbals, drum, and other martial instruments; and was just dwelling whether next to try the mop, broom, or the very actual stage itself, when he once more heard the laugh, and saw the merry eye of the proprietor—at all events lessee, of the snug theatre; and becoming a little ashamed of his extravagance, dropped the untoward ammunition, and once more took to threatening.

" Yer seems to be rather in good pluck about all this. I wish you may, when yer sees the torch placed to the faggot in Smithfield. Better nor Bartholmnew fair, that! I shall make some money out of my trade that day; they'll be some confectionery wanted; 'toss or buy;' I'll play yer old hundret, just to drown the noise when the nits begin to crack; and the audible sobs from yer chums, when yer embrace yer fermiliar, there, for the last time. I'll secure fifty whole roofs, and all the win-

dows, even to the chimney tops, as soon as I get to town; and I aint a going to leave this until there's a case of monkey-slaughter. I'll have yer waxworked, anyhow, with the very indentical shirt in which yer was burnt to death!"

"Bravo, bravo, and now, you must get me Rachel from the top of that tree; ar elsh, before I be burnt, ha, ha! I shall just go to a justish of pish, and tell all about watsh you have done to me: made one little poor bird of mine, Rachel, at the top of a treesh. So I shall have you hung the weeksh before you give evidench for the *auto da fe!* ha, ha, ha! you will make very prettish vax-vork figure, too, with the real *rope*, as broke three times before they could make such a young monster swang, ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha! Come," said Jacky, "I think, arter coolin a little we'd better withdraw a juror in both cases; only it would be a very nice 'very identical' rope, if it had bin broke in *three!* Eh? the most very vulgar would not swallow that, case if I know anything of calesthenics, as they're called at boordin-schools, that rope would be three ropes. Yer would make a very nois—ey showman, yer would. 'The very rope as broke in three, not a piece of which as ever bin *found!*' ha ha ha."

"He, he, he! Yesh, one little piesch—that 'piesch of his shirt as he was burned to dusht in!'"

"Give us yer hand; I begins to like yer. I took yer for a moth, and I find yer a bit of candle; I thought yer an old rusty, crusty, savage old blade; but still, if yer was as well ground as yer poor organ there, I think yer would do to cut cheese with, barring there was no old black-headed maggots in the way. 'I'll whet yer, and sharp yer, and set yer on a strop.' I think I can make something of yer, yet."

“ Firsh pick up all pauvre Rachel’s stage propertish. Then, ven you have done that, oup that treesh and fetch my poor little bird down; shee how she hacks her teetsh withsh cold: poor Rachel!”

“ If yer will let me be revenged; or else not!”

“ Votsh you mean!”

“ Travel with us to the same fairs: and when I’ve nothing to do, which I aint for two or three hours in a day, git me a monkey’s dress; and, bless me, if I don’t do the young Jocko’s búsinness, and break yon cruel wretch’s heart!”

“ Ha, ha, ha ! vel, that ish grand; come, let’s see you try; jumpsh upon the tables; take a that sword and scabbard: now then, I vil play on the organ. Sho, commence.”

And Jacky did, and that, too, with such identity, such agility, and wonderful comicality of execution, that the lessee dropped the organ, and turned spectator, not without clapping his hands and giving other manifestations of his extreme satisfaction at the debut. Jacky was so delighted with his attempts at the business of an acting monkey, that he was resolved to try an effort at the wild one. So he up the tree in which sat the grinning Rachel, and soon effected her descent, not without making his own, which he did through a bough breaking; and that, too, with such rapidity, that ere he was half aware, he found himself bang across the old savoyard’s shoulders. Both went down: well, it was an accident, that was all: but both manager and actor were alike satisfied of the excellence of the engagement; the certainty of success. Both were right. Not only was the talent wonderful—but the novelty! Rachel was a mere travelling companion; at best but an auxiliary, sharing the gains without meriting them; though, it seems, she merited one thing—to be locked up with the manager

and star as impostors—so soon as they reached the jail of the good city of Rochester.

Jacky, however, always considered that this country engagement had been of the greatest use to him: the quietness there was for study—that is, the monkey-tricks; the goodness of the business, the playing of all the leading parts; acquiring the coolness necessary for a large audience; in short, getting the ease of practice, and making him—with years of after study—the hero of the Royal Sanspareil.

CHAPTER V.

ALTHOUGH negotiations were of the most satisfactory character between the management of the Royal Sanspareil theatre and the late hero of Rochester, still, it was found that to bring out the new piece with that gorgeousness and taking qualities for a six months' run—three illuminations, and twenty-two last nights—a week or more must elapse. Then there was another difficulty—and that was, in the name of the piece, and from what country it was a translation; the minor, and indeed the major managements of London, for a long time, having found that no original—that is an English piece, would suffice. The continental theatres in which “the greatest man monkey in the world” had appeared, were easily mentioned, in the intimatory bill: they included Naples, Milan, Munich, Vienna, Prague, and Paris; in all of which this wonderful importation had astounded the audiences some thousands of nights; the crowded heads, with suites, and the rest who had witnessed him. But the name! The name was a greater difficulty than all those which fell to the scenist, property-man, carpenter, composer, prompter, gas-man, author, or call-boy; door-keepers, cheque-takers, watch-and-scavenger-rates' collector, manager, treasurer—and the calculations of how much a-week the apple, ginger-beer, and other *ladies* were to pay during the crash. The name! At last four gallons of net rum, with four green-room readings, produced this, (of course after one of the

usual bill-headings of “blood! blood!! blood!!! more murder, more blood,”) “The vampire monkey; or, the maiden-and-child eater of Tchacaspapyagoos.” The programme to the first act was six inches; to the second, eighteen; and the third, the length of the preceding two; giving the most frightful accounts of the doings of these savage genii. The weasel’s fondness for blood was but incipient, and his choice of victims coarse and impalatable, as compared with this dreadful monster of this singularly named country. Old or young form no part of the consideration of the first-named animal: but the other! nothing but the selection of the most exquisitely fair and tender maidens—palaces and bamboo huts were alike unsafe—and lovely children, would at all content the savoury stomach of this insatiable vampire. Thus the great difficulty was overcome at last; and the invention was complimented by the entire establishment with the most endearing epithets; commencing with “screamer,” “tearer,” and ending in its being the opinion of the whole corps, that it would be a “fearer,” to all opposing managements.

The machinery and situations being complete, the rehearsal was looked to with the most lively feeling; and as this was to be an Easter performance, there was the whole of the passion-week, with of course increased industry on the preceding Sunday, for the mastering of the different difficulties which ever present themselves in holiday pieces, or those whose calculations are for the unprecedented run we have described.

In consequence of all this, Mr. Stratford had a full fortnight (save rehearsals at night) for the display of his new services at the establishment of the most renowned Dr. Benzoni.

Jacky fitted on his livery just one hour before the arrival of the patient—the worthy Colonel O’Craizem:

Jacky had a great number of duties pointed out to him by the lady of the great doctor; one was, when he attended to the door—meaning probably, to those who wished to enter by that means—he was always to elicit their business; and, if it were professional, he was to ring a little bell; if not, he was to admit them, excepting, at all times, and most carefully too, beggars, petitions, collectors, and thieves; and carry the nature of their business to Madame Benzoni. He was always to ring the bell *twice*, if the patient had never been before, and *once* if he had; and, whether or not, he was most carefully to ring another bell in the lobby, and rattle away at the knocker we have heard mention of, every three minutes during the said patient's stay; taking care, also, not to perform these acts whilst any strangers might be waiting in the lobby, at the hall door, and so on.

Jacky said he was ready; and had scarcely said so, when the Colonel arrived; and being let in, Jacky discovered some slight difficulty as to knowing whether this was a new or partially cured patient: and, as Jacky was ever wishful to distinguish himself for his straightforwardness and fair dealing, he asked the Colonel whether he had come on household business or professional—was he a tax-collector, or had he a petition, or—

“Oh! you murderer of the reputation of a gentleman’s appearance. Don’t you see I’m an Irishman? So, of course, am a gentleman, and no Irish gentleman was ever known to work—collect! I must have you discharged, or I shall do the same to your master!”

“It’s my first appearance here. I’m satisfied; walk in, sir. Am I to have the honour of announcing you professionally or otherwise?”

“Villian! didn’t I tell you I was a gentleman—an Irish gentleman—when did you ever know a rale gentle-

man to be perfessional?—another case of injustice to Ireland—I'm not professional, you rascal!”

“I mean, do you visit the great Doctor Benzoni for his advice, or—”

“Oh! that's what you mane? Oh! my visit is professional.”

Jacky rang the bell.

“Stay,” said Jacky, bethinking himself; “is this the first visit to the renowned doctor? or—”

“Why! what in the name of the devil, and all his saints, can that have to do with it?”

Jacky shook his head.

“Come, sir, say, or else I'll brake this cane on one of your three heads, you audacious descindent of Cerberus, who was a mighty dog; you degenerate puppy.”

“You will, sir?”

“I shall sure,” said the Colonel preparing; “I'll have a reason, for I suspect, sur, that this is another portion of the injustice that has ever been heaped upon every bit of bog in my country.”

“I have rung this here bell once, now if yer has bin here afore—”

“Wotsh, in the namesh of the blessed virgin, is the terrible noish about?” called the great Doctor Benzoni, from the first landing of the stairs. “Sixteen nervoush casesh in the house, and one row in the hall! Wotsh ish it?—ah, Colonel, walk forward. It ish all through—ha! I shee now—only one of the new footmens: awkward boobies are these English loutsh! Give me Irish servantsh I shay, and always will shay so.”

“Upon my sowl, sur, if you calculate upon my protection, and patronage, I hope you will do no such thing. The free sons of Ireland's green skies and blue fields, were never made to be slaves; and what else are ser-

vants in this tyrant land? but wait till I have a sate, and thin!"

The doctor was glad that Jacky's explanation had not proceeded further: made up his mind to the fact, that the new footman was a fool; and so most condescendingly desired the vexed Colonel to honour his stairs with an ascent; and, to make atonement for the stupidity of his servant, ushered him into his consulting chamber at once.

"Ay," thought the indignant footman, as he seated himself in the hall-chair "the master, and yon mad patient, little thinks who is the individual as they have been a insultin of. Ha, ha, ha! if they did, it's not unlikely but one would ha' been down on his knees, and the other have sent his missus and a deputation of the young ladies to entreat a pardon. Who would think that these ere legs, arms, and slap-up carcass was only a undergoin a disguise, and was the very materials as is to prevent all the preparations at the Royal Sanspareil, from being labour in vain—trying to be successful? squeeze me! but it is a precious nice feelin, is this; knowin how many millions are a thinkin and wonderin what the great Monsieur Jacobarto—the greatest mon-ster (in a monkey, or vampire consideration) in the world, can be like! Where he is! what he is a doin of! how many hearts has been withered as secretly as apples in a chest, for him! Has he arrived in England, yet: whether he prefers trotters to kidneys: rice-puddins, to half-and-half: short pipes, to a drive in a tandem with a band of music before, and all Whitechapel to pursue after him as hard as they can. Squeeze me! but this is cheesy; and if it wer'n't for this livery, I couldn't survive my greatness a hour. I hope the grub is abundant and of character in this establishment. A few rather, I think, queer dodges in this mansion already.

Do for incidents, should I ever turn myself to dramatical authorship ; fine field for study. Ha, ha ! I'm squeezed but that beein called a 'lout' tickles me. 'The monkey vampire of—' (I can't remember the country), a-bringing out under my 'immediate superincumbence.' Ha, ha ! and a 'lout ;' well, ha, ha !"

"Wotsh are you laughing at, there for, by yourselfs ? Here has been a patient in the house a quarter of a hour, and you have never either given a knock or a ring yet, you lazy fellow."

"I beg pardon, Madame Benzoni—"

"Now, just try to say 'madame,' without 'Benzoni ;' will you try, if you please ? 'madame.'"

"I beg pardon, madame ; you'll soon see I'll keep it up." And the new footman of Dr. Benzoni's began to whack at the knocker in such a rage, that poor Madame Benzoni had to seize his arm, and bid him stay his process in thunder-making.

"You could but lay on that waysh, if you was at the outside knocker and not one inside the house ; just one fourth will be just as loud in the waiting and consulting chambers. Now, ring the bell!"

"Then, why don't you put plenty of bark afore the front door?"

"Why, whatsh that for pray ? sir stupidish."

"Only, if they hear nothin but knocks and rings, they may begin to wonder that they never hear the carriage wheels, that's all. If you can hear one so plain, it's vast queer there isn't a bit of a rattle with the carriage-and-six. But bark the street pretty well, and then it's not likely they could hear : besides, it would always look as if somebody was dyin' in the house, and that's the way to get practice, as folks in health always goes to some sea-bathing places."

The lady began to knock intuitively ; she was in a

deep reverie, “oh! have you ever lived with any great doctors before, as you seemish to be so learned in these affairs?”

“W—hy! no; bur I was very thick with a undertaker’s lad, and he was up to a pinch or two of keen air. Ay, he was a great friend of mine—oh, I’ll play the knocker business, madame; but I do, I must say, regret that the management isn’t a little better ramificated. There, madame, you perceive that’ll do. I knocked, runged, just as the coach put down next door. Now, if you will permit me, madame, I’ll hand you up stairs: you talk loud, like the entry of a duchess on the stage —that’s the way to supply gammon upon a certain principle.”

The lady chatted to herself in Hebrew, and then rattled away to her daughters, who were in the adjoining apartment, in German; but whether high or low—that is, the German—Jacky couldn’t say: there could be no doubt as to the loftiness or depression of the tone.

“I think, afore long, there will be another performance brought out under my immediate superincumbence. This late rehearsing is rather botherin’: I think I can get a bit of a doze, and try if I can only dream of one or two points for the vampire. There’ll be no more ringing or knocking wanted here until there’s fresh arrangements about the *putting down*, and *taking up*—jolly good smell for din-ner.” And, very shortly, Mr. Stratford was dreaming that he was walking on the ceiling of the Royal Sanspareil; of course, head downwards. And whilst he is so occupied, let us wait upon the great doctor and Colonel O’Craizem.

The doctor had not been attempting the untwisting of the Colonel’s nose, though, certainly, there was not a twist or turn in all the gallant patient’s discourse, that at all related to the fee, but he carefully noticed, and

tried to twist into something like a reasonable reason for his undertaking so extraordinary a cure.

“Besides,” continued the Colonel, “as to the certainty of the old lady paying you handsomely, I’ll allow you to make use of my name in all the papers: I’ll permit you to refer to one of the principal hotels, whilst in the metropolis, and to the castle of my ancestry whin on my travels with my bride: the answers I’ll have ready written ---be my soul, I can be doing that while the operation is in performing, since you say it will take a fortnight at laste—some two or three thousand or so. One good turn deserves a corresponding return—effect that to the unfortunate bar to ten thousand a-year, and I’ll be your lasting reference so long as you will find pens and paper: change me name every time if you like !”

“For all this, of coursh, I allow one hundred and fifty pounds; but you cannot, mine deer frien, swops an old watch for a new ones! Two hundredsh and fifty is mine demandsh: so, that will be only one hundreds to pay. A gold snuff-box or so, as a present—stay, I’ll show the good it will do you—that; I will have engraves all your gratitude for my wonderfuls cures at the top. Ah, that ish grandsh! Then if the happy Mrs. O’Craizeni should send to Madame Benzoni a diamond—ah, well, wotsh she likesh—necklace or so, that will be another soubject for all the newspapers in the world. Bout, however, all this we can think about when I have made you the finest mans in the creations. Only the one hundredsh in advanch, and then proceedsh at once: cure, cure is most certains.”

“But, as an Irishman, I must protest against it. I don’t care if the charge is a thousand when complete; but it’s a principle, even with the nobility of my country, never to pay in advance—barring railway fares, and those of the opera, but no other; even for bribery they

wait until the work is done: and weddings, christenings, or mortgage-stamps, they take a three years' account!"

"Well, but I am toldsh that you make the tenantry to pay in advanch."

"Poh! the plebs; of course, both before and afther; but which of them would care for a twist in his nose? No, upon the high descint of my ancistors, I don't like the principle; and, I must say, I feel a fearful revival of my first impressions, when I had the honour of an introduction to the renowned Dr. Benzoni."

"And whats wash that, mine deer?"

"That you were a Jew."

"Ha, ha, I shall put your minds at rest upon thats for ever; but stay, this you say is the addresh of the rich lady that ish to honour you with her hands? Wait till I fetch my diplomashes—wait till I satishfy your mind." And, at once, the great professor vacated the room, leaving the Colonel in possession of the full-length mirror. All was right but the nose.

"And now, Colonels, once and for all, about your suspicions," said the doctor, entering the room with a bundle of parchments. "In the first places, you see that glass cabinet. Well, all those presents have been sent me by the different courtsh in the worldsh, for mine cures. Now for the other businessh—about being a *Jew*. In the first place, did you ever know one of that wicked races practish with a diplomash? Never. These wretches who calls themselves 'consulting surgeons,' surgeons! devils! authors of 'Silands Friendsh'—fiendsh! proprietors of 'Marone Pills,' and the like, are all scamps: uneducated, without diplomash, or anythings save their cunningss, and impudensh of their nationsh; and I heartily pray on my neesh, to see the daysh when such hideous monstersh may be drive from the landsh. No, mine frien, here's a diplomash in every language. And here ish

a book I am writing against the wickedness of these dirty peeples: now look at one of my comparisonsh; read for yourselfsh—there, there ish a passage will warm your hearts if you hate 'em as I do: read—”

“‘ As impudent as a *young Jew*, as loud spoken as a *rich one*, and as ignorant as an *old one!*’ Bravo!” said the Colonel; “I must say, there can be no doubt afther that. Ha, ha, ha, by my soul if you were to devote a life to the scheime, you could not be more metaphysical in your description. Well, I am satisfied about your religion; but am still bothered about your principle of *advance*, statistically, scientifically, and, as being a part of the injustice to Ireland—I must object to it.”

Both doctor and Colonel had been proceeding in their respective ways, for a quarter of an hour, when a tremendous announcement was heard; and, in one minute, the door of the consulting chamber was thrown open, and in tottered the very lady who, it was affirmed, would collapse with the Colonel, when his nasal impertinence had been reduced to order and beauty.

“O! Colonel,” faintly uttered the lady, falling into his fixed embrace—that is, she was naturally very weak, with some little infirmity of age, and none of purpose, so tottered, and the gallant, of course, caught her in his arms. “Is this your honour? this your undying love? Oh! oh!”

“I will leave the roomsh for one moment.” And the doctor did, but not so far but he could hear all which passed.

“To what blessed event, madam, am I to ascribe the honour of this visit? Did I leave my note-case upon your bureau? for, bad luck to me, I’ve lost it!”

“O, cruel man! to ask such a question at such a moment! to think about a note-case, when Love, Love, Love in his romance, Love with his wings, his bowers,

and rippling streams, his meadows and mossy banks, his pipes and his garlands—”

“I know, dearest Daphne; and wait till we get into his kingdom, and then won’t we frisk it with the lambs: but, my charming she, what could have brought you here?—unless, as I say, it was to run after me with my note-case—I have certainly lost it somewhere, and have come out without a mutton chop in my pocket—I mane the price of one.”

“Is this your love for me, Lenardo?”

“(I find I must go to work for a quarter of an hour, or no money, and it’s clear the doctor won’t start without.) Love for you, let this prove.” And the Colonel dealt out the most tender salutes nearly for the time specified; also telling the lady the cause of his visit, and expressing an earnest desire as to the reason of hers.

“Well, now that I know that you are true to me, I will tell you: a young lady of very considerable beauty, and, I should say, education, came, breathlessly, into my room, after rushing past the hall-porter, and told me that she had seen you walk into this very house; that you were paying attentions to one of the most beautiful creatures in the world, who resided therein; and that she was convinced you were playing me false. I had no time to ask how she became acquainted with my position as regarded you; but, O! could I have been worthy my Lenardo if I had not rushed on Zephyr’s wings to prove the terrible story false? And now to think I come merely to find you in consultation with your physician. O, wicked spirits fly away with the jealous pang, and countless good ones repose my fluttering heart!”

“Here’s ten towards them.” And the Colonel again commenced the saluting season. “But of all the bothering jobs—this note-case.”

"O, the foolish thought, unworthy in a heart which something else more delightful should alone occupy!"

"Bother me, Daphne; but then, there was the very fee in it that I was going to pay the doctor here! there's the mud of it. He'll not practise—that is, all his practice is upon the pay-in-advance system; a system, I grant you, which is a national disgrace; but one that shall never sully the glory of my proud country."

"That is certainly very unlucky; and more especially, since it is no less than the fourth time you have met with a similar accident. I should not care, but really I can perceive that my man of business is becoming very inquisitive as to what I do with my money of late. Refer the doctor to your friend, Lord O'Crash, if he does not know your family—it would be indelicate, you know, to send him to me, particularly after my visit here—and when you receive your rents, you know—but why should business ever chill the heart? There should be no icebergs in the court of Love. Let every gale be charmed from flowery grove and spicy—"

"That, my Daphne, is spicy enough: but I am come here to be made the finest man in the world, and what, in the name of a whole continent of ice, with thousands of white bears and seal-furs, is a hundred pounds until my rints come? Look, Daphne, if you have any small change about you."

"Why, Colonel, I can let you have it until your rents come, but really I must have it back, or what my steward will say—"

"Your steward! me, Daphne: 'pon the conscience of the man who is going to suffer so much for your sake, I wish *my* steward would interfere about such trifles! I know what I would say!"

"Well, you will be sure to let me have it back in a

few days: here, here it is. You see, you men, how mighty Love can work!"

"Ha, ha, ha, that's threue: he's earned me another hundred, which certainly shows he's some industry.) And let this, and this thank—"

"Ah! I beg pardonsh a thousands timesh; and—but I beg pardons—an ish this the ladysh that you have so oftens told me ish the handshomist womans in the living worlds?"

"Living or dead!" proudly exclaimed the Colonel.

"I agreeesh, I agreeesh: happy, happy, O, moosht happy colonel! I am sorry to disturb so mouch happiness; but thish ish my grand consulting-room—twenty-three patience waiting!—perhaps the Countess would honour Madame Benzoni with taking a little refreshments? (O, what beautiful lady!)" The last sentence the good doctor uttered as though not wishing to be heard, but unfortunately was, by the very much offended Countess.

The doctor rang a bell, and a female domestic entering, the doctor told her to conduct the Countess to her mistress, Madame Benzoni.

The Colonel was about to follow, when the Jew just tapped him upon the shoulder, and said, "now mine fee."

"O, well, I don't mind twenty, down, but I've not a hundred in the world, until my steward—"

The Jew looked stiffly at the soldier.

"That is, that I can spare just now."

"Look you, mine frien," said the doctor, very emphatically, "I've reasons to believe that you will have to stay a month in the housh you now are in at leasht. I think I have discover why your great hate to the Jews; for there ish two very suspicious-looking fellows at the back and front of mine house jusht now—"

The Colonel changed colour.

"Ah," thought the Jew, "I'm right. One of them

ish a sheriffsh's officer I know well: he ash been asking the porter—ah, don't be afraid, Colonel; I happens to hear whats was going on, and so I answer him mine self. You musht stay in this house one months, just whilst the scents gets chilly. Now the hundredsh, and your nosch put right: get married here, in thish house, in private, and thens—”

“Let the infernal race of Israel go to the devil; eh Doctor?”

“The hundredsh, quick; you see I ams your saviours!”

“You will give me the price of a week's washing and a spree at the theatres, out of it?”

“Chertingly, chertingly, mine deer frien, you can have a ten-pounds whenever you choose, if that ish all.”

“Here it is, then, just give me the ten out.”

“O chertingly: stay, thank you Colonel: I'll go get some change from madame.”

“Take care those fiends of Israelitish beagles don't get up stairs!”

“Chertingly, mine deer frien.” And the Jew went out.

And we think we could not do better than follow him, for a minute, as he is going to do what a very good husband and parent should do—that is, to take his honest earnings to the bosom of his family.

“Have you got the money?” demanded Madame Benzoni, and, also, the only lady of the establishment who was *not* chatting with the Countess.

“Here, my dears, here is the sum: but he wants ten out.”

“Wants what?” exclaimed the two ladies: “give him two, and take an I, O, for it,” said the daughter.

“What a fool you are, Ruth: two! indeed, more likely two shillings. How shall we ever get him out of the house if he has two pounds. The idea, a long Irishman

with two whole sovereigns in his pocket! Why, he would be knocking the chandeliers down, or some such madness."

"Well, but how will you get quit of him? for unless you can get another hundred or so—see how the monster is robbing yon poor idiot who is in the next room—better frighten *her* home, or else they may attempt to make out some case of conspiracy—these mad wretches, when they have lost their money, will swear anything: nor do people, of this country, care how much they affect to believe against our poor persecuted nation."

"Oh, make yourself happy, my love: I have a plan that will send him away quickly enough."

"Not by setting his nose straight," laughed both the ladies at once.

"No, but, I'll tell you, father, how you might manage: tell him that it is essential to your plan, that he must have no light: shut him up in a dark room: put his nose into a vice: give him nothing for diet but physic, and surely that would cure him," said the daughter.

"Ha, ha, ha, very good, my dear: very good, but you will see you have much to learn before you attain the cunning of your father. No, my love, I can get quit of him without all that: ha, ha, ha!"

"How?" demanded both ladies.

"I have discovered that he is afraid of arrest—nay, there is no doubt, but that there is an execution against him. I shall put his nose in a vice to-morrow, as agreed; and then go and search the books—but my friend Moses, the sheriff, will at once tell me who holds it: let the holder know, and if he takes the worthy Colonel *away*—why how could I cure him?—unless of one thing—his scepticism as to the prudence of always being paid in ADVANCE."

"Ha, ha, ha! capital: take the wretch up five shillings;

and this affair, it is to be hoped, will break him off his lazy tricky habits: and be an example to all such *gentlemen* that his country sends to swindle this peaceful land."

"To swindle a lady in a hundred pounds!"

"In a hundred pounds!"

"In a hundred pounds: beside, we never could have got it from him if Ruth had not managed to get the old idiot here. Ruth must be rewarded: good girl."

CHAPTER VI.

LEST the reader may feel somewhat surprised at the difference of the pronunciation of the family of Dr. Benzoni, as seen in our last chapter, we must explain—the language in which they last made these merry remarks, was *German*, hence the excellence of their orthoepy—our business being merely to give an honest translation.

After being so long with the good family of this institution, let us look at and about their new domestic—Mr. Stratford.

Jacky had received a note from the Sanspareil management, stating the time of another rehearsal: and Jacky, at that time, not being quite up to the deciphering of written hand, made a mistake of two days: but having a message to that part of the town in which stood the renowned theatre of his debut, he was staggered by seeing a large lithograph-plate with a portrait of, “Professor Costello:” “the greatest artist, in the monster line, in the world!” There was the portrait, surely enough: a large drawing in the centre; and round it were small vignettes, showing portions of the professor’s astounding feats; such as his birth amongst thousands of hobgoblins, singularly formed bats, and the most sinister-looking owls you can imagine. Then his first attempt at catching just such another singular-looking gentleman as himself—in a beautiful lake,—but without success. His

first attempt to take a little sucking baby—with the greatest success—although pursued by thousands of its friends and relatives. But see how determined he becomes when he gets to the maiden department! Walking along ceilings: up perpendicular walls. His hours of recreation:—eating his victims at the top of a palm tree. Amusement and hours of rest:—hanging himself by a rope, in which state, though a regular noose round the jugular, he always takes his sleep. Surprise! chase by skeleton dogs, horses, and counter fiends—for eating a ghost—bidden by the laws of all nations. Three views of the hunt: final retribution: spirits of all his victims arise. Bloody appearance of the moon. The heavens speak! the earth is rent (very much) asunder. Annihilation of the monster!!!!

Jacky's heart sank within him, not at reading out the account of the monster's progress—which he did in less than half-an-hour,—not at seeing the scores of notes of admiration in which the announcement abounded (although we have only placed four) nor at the dreadful atrocity of the business the monster had to wade through —no, but to find that a fresh monster had been engaged: for not only was the name different from the one in which he was to appear,—but the present gentleman was a “professor”—and one thing put all at rest—the portrait!

Jacky went back to the doctor's in the greatest humiliation.

Next morning, however, he was resolved to loiter in the neighbourhood of the theatre in which all these things were to be done; and he took care to meet—as if by chance—the prompter. That good man actually embraced Mr. Stratford: asked him where ever he could have put himself, that not only the management, but the entire metropolis was in the greatest excitement and alarm, lest he should have been either abducted or would

not appear. That they had tried all their means to find him, but without success: and that he must, at once, go and gild the lights of all their new Eastern scenery by his presence at the theatre.

Jacky saw there had been some mistake, but could not exactly tell where it was.

"Oh," said he, "in yer—your last note, to me, you only fixed for to-day; I was just a goin up there now: I've been a studyin hard! I was not aware that I could have made a mistake: beside, you have not got the bills out yet?"

Jacky thought that this would be a feeler: if they were out, why, he had been too great a man to see them, that was all: if the terrible lithography was one—why, this would lead to an explanation: that was, likewise, all.

"Not got them out!" exclaimed the astonished prompter, "why, my dear young friend, there is nothing else out; unless it be all the city to see them! here come to the next window," continued the other proudly; "ha, ha, my young friend, what do you think of that?" demanded the prompter as they arrived at a small-barber's shop-window, in which was one of the very prints which had so much pained Mr. Stratford.

"Ah, I see," said the intended hero of the Sanspareil, "but what has that ere to do with me?"

"Good heavens! what has it to do with you! why sir, don't you see that it gives all your principal incidents, feats, and tableaux? and there, in the middle, sits the great professor himself! there is spirit in a management for you! what other theatre, in the world, would have taken such pains to bring you out?"

"Bring me out?" looked Jacky.

"Why, you know, Mr. Stratford, although your friends may entertain a great opinion of your attainments, still the public—be not offended, sir, but the public—the public!"

"Well! yon's a funny portrait!" Jacky said this in a way so as not to let out, or take in, too much.

"Why, as to that, is it not Mr. Stratford's own fault? If he was away at the time he was to sit for his portrait, whose fault is that? the artist waited two hours—still no sitter; the management could not wait; they must be in time—speed is everything in a management—so, my dear sir, the portrait had to be done in your absence."

Jacky was in ecstasies, but did not wish to be too prompt with the gentleman of the Royal Sanspareil, knowing well that it might be his business to prompt the management in the day, as well as the actors at night.

"Oh! then that was the way it wan't more like? the drawin master never a seein on me—"

"And, not recollecting you, he had to do it from *memory!*" The old gentleman had twigged a bit—there had evidently been a case of incipient jealousy—actor's jealousy. The old gentleman was resolved to see if the symptoms had abated, or were entirely gone.

"Well, well! of course; what could he do else? but what is the meaning of calling me another name? the one that I was to come out in—'Costello' wan't the one, but 'Jackobarti'—there surely could be no reason to do that by memory, too? because such work altogether puzzles mine; I could not recollect it."

"(Damn it!) thought the old actor and prompter, "the monkey has thought that he has been shoved out of the part altogether; ho, ho!)"—Why, the fact is, it was thought a more taking name than the other—more poetical, more classical; indeed, this is what I was going to mention—it took me two sleepless nights to invent it! Of course, I need not record the fact, that for this piece of service you'll not think of passing the prompt-

er's corner, when returning from the treasury—the first time you honour it with a demand—without seeing how I am, after my intense labours to make you. I took a liking to you, or else I should not have shattered my brains in the way I did."

"Well, of course, I am obliged: then, if you invented the last name, at so much cost and labour, pray who nogered their turnips to find out the first—'Professor'?"

"Damn that! I did not see that.—Here, come this way; you'll not betray me? I did it!"

"Well! and are you ashamed of it, then? It certainly made staggerbobs of me, when I first diskivered it!"

"(I am right, he *had* seen the plate before.)—Ashamed of it, my dear boy? ashamed of being the making of a young debutant? ashamed of placing excellence fairly before the public? No!" said the other, solemnly; "when I am ashamed of turning the wheel on which a rising star shall gain its meridian in the high vaulted heaven of the celestial spheres, then say I am ashamed, but not before!" And then the prompter seized the hand of the young aspirant, placed one of his own before his eyes, and Jacky could easily *tell* that his patron had burst into tears, by the twitching in his grasp, and broken sobs.

"Oh! come," said the very young to the old actor, "don't take it hot that way: a drop hot, in another way, is very cheerin! I would rather split into pieces than *burst* into tears—though splittin and burstin are words that conveys no unpleasantness to me, so that they are follered by another passion, then I shouldn't mind havin a *fit!* see how I laugh—ha, ha, ha!" And, of course, Jacky wept: the grandeur of the information, its suddenness, its extent, and above all, the goodness of the feeling old gentleman—who still held his hand so tightly

that it pressed more juice out of the eyes of poor Jacky—undid him quite.

“ Ashamed of it? now, mark! the management will have no objection for me to squeeze the orange of your bounty, when you leave the treasury, for the invention of the name; but, the professorship, *they* intend to own: it’s true, they paid the fees—some two guineas or so—but what is that? wont they get the benefit of it? to be sure they will; but ’twas I who did it, planned it, and so represented your talent to the lords of the admiralty, spiritual and ghostly, that they granted your diploma at once—particularly when I said you were an orphan, and, without reflection, my friend, had a dissipated mother—but I need not tell you what it is to have weight at the horse-guards.” Then the prompter dug a hole through his coat and waistcoat at once, and placed his warm hand to his swollen heart.

Jacky put both his hands in his pockets, tried to whistle; and, though cautious not to snivel, he did not succeed in either of his intentions, but at last got out a few words; which words had for their object—what the management expected for all their goodnesses?

“ Ten pounds is the squeeze! Of course I dare not speak; nay, even one word from you, of what I have told you, and you lay your benefactor—where one of his beloved daughters lies—in Ches—Ches—Cheshire churchyard!”

“ Don’t mix cold with hot in that way; what can be worse weather than hailstones and thunder? d’ye think I am the same vampire off the stage as, by yer goodness, I shall be on? No! I’ve a heart; and if it wur not a pretty tidy one, how could I have made all the young ladies of your company weep so, when I was rehearsing the baby-eating—granchin at stuffed bran? And, you’ll see, I’ll cause some brine to flow the first week—in short,

how could I be so cruel, if I warn't so feelin'? You shall have the ten pounds, old fellow; let the management be content with a dozen of champagne. I'm sure to succeed! Never think any more about the Cheshire churchyard; I was born in that town, so I've been told. And I say, sin' I'm never to say a word about all this, let me beg of you to defer a similar favor on me: even though it may be true, never mention the dissipation of my mother! If I'm born to distinction, never let it be through informin' the world that she who gave me life, and must have watched over me—or else I'd bin a grig, instead of the gentleman who can run up a gable-end—that she had infirmities, and that her son had not feelin' or honour enough to conceal them!"

CHAPTER VII.

“ So, by the left side of a sovereign, old prompter Cousins was right; I am a ‘professor,’ and ‘Costello’ is to be my theatrical name, Italy my nation, Benzoni’s to be my dwelling-place, a golden rope for a watch-guard, and gold-headed stick my station! That rehearsal last night was what Billy Kent calls a conic section; it was a puzzler! I must not tell poor Billy all at once about my degrees; it might make him faint. I don’t know what I shall, eventually, have to do with him—I am now speakin of after life. It is to me the most screamin thing, as how he can won all the prices at school, and yet be such a precious little baby. Dang me! only to think that yesterday, when I went out to take a little airin arter *business*—ha, ha! *business* of Dr. Benzoni’s—that there he was a watchin for me at the corner of the street—ay, two hours; and what for? ha, ha! I livin in one of the best grubbed houses in the west—to bring me a little tart, for fear I should never have had anythin nice sin’ I left his grandmother’s employ! Yes, and bless me if he did not bring one to the back-door, for the cook; desirin on her not to let me starve; said he would bring her a nice book if she would be kind to me. Bless me, but that chap always makes me cry. Dash me, if he finds out when I am to make my grand deboot, he’ll be there a settin up a scream, or kickin up some such fun. Well, as I never had a

soul to look arter me in this world, I must make it up by lookin a good deal arter him: but then he's such a funny chap; he does not give a friend a chance of servin on him, as I have told him, I'd mill a lad or two for him any day; but, as he never makes any enemies, why there's none to whop—nay, the whoppin is all on his side. So we see what a awkward thing it is to be a friend to such a chap: he brings me tarts, but never a customer as has been a puttin upon him.

“ This place suits me crash; only six hours a day, nights to myself—oh! the master’s private bell. A private *audience!* there’ll not be one next Monday night, I’m a-thinkin, at the Sanspareil: some more hints for study from the good doctor—I think I have quite got information enough about the doctor’s present and early career, to put the screw upon him a bit—curly-headed impudence assist me! I must make a man-of-the-world of myself in this seminary. The heads for study will be ‘struggling virtue,’ and the ‘amiable bisiness,’ under Professor Kent—I can superintend the calesthenico and passion departments—and ‘villany, in all its takin forms and pop’lar paces,’ by the renowned Dr. Benzoni.”

After this day-dream, Jacky walked slowly up stairs, but still could not help slight snatches at soliloquy as he ascended.

“ Villany, under the renowned Dr. Benzoni; well, I hope I shall not take it in in such quantities as to prevent me buying my mother a new dress out of my first guinea; pay the amount due to the worthy Mr. Cousins, with interest at common-gratitude per cent, as long as I live. Buy Mrs. Kent a new shawl, and present her with Professor Costello’s portrait, richly glazed, and the frame done brown and goold: and as to Master Kent, there must be somethin done for him more permanent—get him to be my travelling secretary, and teach me a more distinct

knowledge of round-hand: how to bank my salary, and where would be the best place to lay in an estate, to live at when retired from the excitements of public life."

"Come, whotsh a time you are in coming since I ring: well, I have wanted a long times to have a chat with you about the Lady Kent, and the Honourable Master Kent —the last one's namesh is not in the blue-book, mine frien?"

"Nor in the black one neither, nor ever will be."

"Ha, ha, well, don't look vex: I want to speak a words with you, and of your late patrons another time. Madame Benzoni say she ish convinch you are a very bad boy, very deep boy, and persues after bad habits at great rates, and other womens!"

"Indeed, sir!"

"Well then, whotsh have you to say to all this?"

"That I am too polite to contradict a lady at any time; and the feedin is too good, the work too easy, of this *Institution*, to select, as my first breach in my good manners, its mistress and mine."

"(Damned deep boy, I'm convinced—madame is right; I'll try him again.) Well, that ish a good replies, but, of course, admits the chargesh to be correct. Now, I don't dislike you any worse for being a cunning fellow—if you will employ it in my services and nobody's else—I mean in my bishness, mine professhin. In every trades there ish little secrets what good and honest sher-vants should never divulge: you mind me?" and the bulky doctor looked virtuously impressive.

"Eat a man's bread, wear his livery, fall asleep in his hall-chair, go early home at nights, come late in a morning—"

"And betrays hish confidence?"

"No! get his wages and cannot be turned off without a month's warning: why, what more would he have? un-

less he was to marry the daughter, and be taken into partenership when his good old master begun to fall off in his meat and work."

"Bravo, you have almost work me to tears; (he's either a great fool or a terrible young villain) why, that ish jusht what I want: a shervant so faithfuls, honest to me, that, when I am tired and done, I, instead of taking him into partenerships, say, 'Here, mine good frien, mine faithful—no longer mine shervant—here, here, take mine place'—and give him all!"

"Here's my hand, doctor; may that day soon arrive."

"(Ha, I think, after all, he's but a fool—what I've said will make him a faithful shervant, at any rate.) Well now, mine frien, to the main point—what do you take me for? Of coursh you have seen a thing or two sinch you came here—that ringing the bell, knocking at the doors—"

"Sham door?"

"Wotsh I mean: findings out as to how oftens the visitors have come here—"

"And the young ladies always a-going into the waiting-room, and tellin about your wonderful cures—"

"Ha, ha, very goot, very goot, (must be a fool,) exactly; the young ladies chatting just to entertain those who have to wait—"

"When, in point of fact, they have no occasion to wait at all—"

"True, true, vera true: wells then, don't be afear to speak; whots do you think I am?"

Jacky was puzzled; but still he thought he *knew*; and not wishing the doctor to have a mean opinion of his penetration, at once looked at him.

"Ay now, out with it: what do you think—come, why hesitate, whots do you think I am?"

"A JEW-IMPOSTOR."

"A what?" shouted Benzoni, immediately jumping to his feet, and lifting his easy-chair for the purpose of crashing the other down. "What you say?"

"Now, what's the row for?" demanded Jacky, lifting his own chair for the purpose of parrying the intended descent of that of the doctor.

"What do you calls me? you, you infernals villain." The chair still up.

"Poph, poph, I called you nothin; I only gave you a straightforward answer to a equally pointed reply. Why did yer put it so strong? That's what the novels calls yer—ask Mrs. Kent, who takes one at a penny a-week, as does it reglar."

"(Ha, the lad's a fool, but with an amazing penetration.) Sit you down: these are very hard names."

"Why, what nonsense; it's only to them as feels 'em; I've heard such establishments as ours called 'Jew-impostors' all my life; and, of course, I thought that that was the name of them. All those dirty little bills up and down town, are always called 'Jew-impostors'—slop-shops, 'Jew-impostors.' Quack advertisements we always call 'Jew-impostors,' and so on: watch-guards, seals, and mock-silver pencil-cases, have always been called the same. (By George, I'd nearly gone too far!)"

The doctor stroked his hair up, got up, walked up—and down the room, and though he turned his eyes up, he seemed as if it would be some time before he could look up—that is, in a worldly sense—if ever he could do it more.

"(If I can only stun the audience, on Monday night, as much, I shall—oh, he's a-rallyin—I've heard Mrs. Kent read, it would be far more easier to cheat a Jew than to shame him.)"

"Mine frien; I dare say you perceive me much afflict, not at anything you have said as affects me; but to find

that a peoples who wash (as you have read in your Pibes) chosen by the mosht high of all, should meet with such disgracefuls persecution from those whose educations would never have been, but for our teaching; as we give them the book I've name. Not a trade or calling can our unhappy nation turn their attentions to, but, as you have said, it ish called that odious names which I will not repeat. Now since we, that is, I mean the Jews, are the oldesht peopple, the wishest peopple—give you your laws and commandments—the chosen peopple! ish it not mosht likely that they should be the moral standard, and that it ish you who depart from it, and, of coursh, make common enemy with others, as the vile ever calls the virtuous? Ish it not curious that Jews are always rich, always feed well; have every enjoyments this world can obtain for them; every luxury—their vile abusers not one of these, and never share above an average povertyes; nay, the kings and all their governments pawned to the Jews—dosh not all thish prove which ish right, which ish yet elect? Yesh, the Jews wash the chosen of this world, and own it to thish vera hour. Thus," continued the doctor, in a most pompous manner—having completely recovered his self-possession—“you should imitate that wonderfuls peopple; not always abuse them!”

“ Ay, ay, but who is to do the work? who is to make the corn grow—bring the butter to market—take back the stuff that will make the grass grow—fetch us our coals—build us our houses—pave our streets—row our boats—dig our wells—”

“ Why, you, you, you, you—you, you old Jack Straddle—your white-faced nation; you smock-faced inheritorsh of toil: you, who are glads to wear our livery, and brightensh our brass knockers, our ‘ Medical Institution’ plates, our dishes and pans: you, who was destined

to supply our coffers with monish and effects, our houses with grandeur, our larders with the choicest food—leaving the coarsest for these accursth workers of the soil: our women with the richest wear; our men with the choicest women; our—but I'll tear your livery off your back!” And the furious doctor seized Jacky, and was beginning to drag off his finery, when entered Madame Benzoni, three daughters, and another lady, of course of the same nation.

“Why, in the name of Abraham, what is to do?” demanded all the ladies at once—that is, varying Abraham for Benjamin, Israel, and so on. Still the doctor cried out, “Sthrip, sthrip you, or I shall hang you as sure as wash ever the son of David.”

“Whatever is to do?” once more demanded the ladies.

“Sthrip, I say.”

“Well, order out the ladies, then, or let me go to my own room.”

“Go, then, to your rooms.”

“Certainly.” And Jacky crossed the floor, and was going to fling himself through the door, when, thinking it looked like a cowardly retreat, and certainly very unlike the conduct of a *Professor*, he turned back. The doctor was in the arms of his family: Jacky walked up to this very interesting tableau, and said, “I suppose, however, you'll admit one thing—that I'd the best of the argument?”

The doctor and family were again stunned.

“And pray, Sare Jack Straddle, for what fors musht I admit that?”

“Because you got to blows, and I could afford peace.”

“Get off—off your clothes or I shall go mads; this comes of taking you villains without a character!”

“Well, if I did not bring one, I shall take one away, I suppose.”

"From me, Sare Jack? about yourself, Sare Jack?"

"No, about *yourself*, doctor."

"Oh, whots a monstersh!" And the doctor threw himself down in his large consulting-chair, and burst into tears: nor had he ceased telling his anxious wife and family of all the abuse he had received from the audacious valet, when Jacky entered the room, in the same clothes that he had on when, it will be recollect'd, he gave the loud carriage-knock.

When Mr. Stratford saw his master in tears he was a little mollified, and, possessing an unusual amount of greatness of soul, walked up once more to the group, and putting out his hand, said, "Well, come, let's part like gentlemen, at all haps. I never bears ill-will, and pertikilarly to the uncomfitted. You'll find the togs as I found 'em, barring a rip or two which, in the whirlwind of your tempest, you *unripped*; only five minutes' work for one of the young ladies'—"

"What?" screamed the young ladies.

"—Maid."

"Oh," said the young ladies.

"You perceive, master, this is but a poor beginning towards the chalk we talked of—of marrying one of the young ladies, and being taken in partenership: when you, and madame there, could have come in your carriage, just to see how we was a-getting on—just to advise us, and tell us how to move on an keep pushin."

"Here, my friend," said madame; "jusht go into the hall-part a minute: I want to speaks with the doctor a second."

Mr. Stratford obeyed his late mistress.

Then commenced the German, and it lasted a full quarter of an hour. And, at last, it was agreed—particularly when the doctor told about the "Jew-impostor" business—that the lad was a fool, or at most, was nothing

more than one of those little forward cockney lads so common about the metropolis. That is, sharp, smartly-spoken lads, but without even themselves attaching anything sinister to what they say. Nay, the more it was looked at, the more were all satisfied. His claiming the victory in the argument! His wanting to part like *gentlemen!*—and then the good family of the doctor all laughed. His going to marry the daughter!—then they all screamed.

“No,” said madame, “you surely forget the principle that is first taught *us* of all other things; and in that alone we evince our superiority over the *whites*—and which is, no doubt, one of the great causes of our surpassing them in all affairs. That is, always to make a convenience of all, and of none more so, than of those we hate, and by whom we know we are hated in return. Use them for your time; that is our great secret. But really, my dear, in this affair, I think you have been turning christian in very truth; for, if I mistake not, this is the very boy for your purpose. It is impossible to conjure long at once without a confederate; yon’s the one!”

“I should not wonder, my dear, if you are right; the boy must be an innocent,” musingly observed the doctor.

“Then, why should you murder him!” laughingly rejoined madame.

“Send him up stairs; tell him his best plan is, to go down on his knees to me, and implore my pardon!”

“Tut, tut, tut! there you are getting as ridiculous as ever. Tell him to go up stairs, and shake his old master by the hand, at parting—‘part like gentlemen,’ ha, ha! And desire him to partake of something, at least, before he leaves the house. That is the way to show, that our tempers, my dear, are not to defeat the object of our great first-lesson. I thought every child of our

nation had known that—the first lesson, but which, it appears, I have to make the last with you."

"Beside," said Ruth, "I am sure I heard that mad Irishman tell him about the hundred pounds."

"Ah, well, but my dears, there, I think, I showed more tact than all of you," chimed in the doctor. "You proposed I should only give him five shillings out of the money; now, you see, I let him have two guineas, and took his I. O. for it. So you see, should he ever make a noise about my diddling him in a hundred, cannot I show, where so far from that, I had to lend him two guineas, ha ha! There will be no difficulty in making the world believe anything about the poverty of the second son of an Irish Colonel—of militia—who had eleven others!"

"That was good."

"Very good."

"But, then, the Colonel comes for his first sitting to-morrow; now, if I mistake not, yonder is the boy, and the very boy, that might help you to another hundred pounds. Ruth can easily get the old Countess here again: of course, we now know well all about her. And, really, advertisements are a terrible expense; and, with the exception of the twenty pounds you got yesterday, it is the only draw worth consideration for above a fortnight."

"Come, come, my dear, there were the watch, the ring, and the chain—I'm sure to get. Not bad pickings."

"Advertisements, carriage, house—"

"And opera we must have, or else our other scheme goes for nothing, particularly since my cousin has joined us," chimed in Miss Ruth.

"Well, my dear, that we'll talk of another time," said the doctor, a little impatiently.

"Nevertheless," continued Madame Benzoni, "that we shall do, but the advertising, house, and carriage—".

"Well, my love, what could I do without a carriage?"

"That is true enough; but then, I say, it takes thirty pounds a-week before we have a mouthful of bread. I think, after all, the sheriff-officering would have been as good—if not a better profession."

"Come, come, madame; if it has cost thirty pounds a-week, I've never made less than thirty more for a mouthful of bread, besides the jewellery trade."

"Oh, that you could always do, in whatever profession you were. But, however, the first thing is to settle with this lad."

"That is true; and the next thing will be to look after the married lady who came here yesterday for advice—she who has had no family, although married five years. If we succeed in finding out who she is—I've no doubt of her quality—that will be a better pull than the Colonel's, I'm thinking. Come now, in spec., every one for the opera this evening: only find who she is: she'll never like her husband and friends—but particularly her husband—to know that she has been here upon such an errand. That will be a great draw if properly worked, and not for a week or so, but as long as we dare risk it."

At this the young ladies were off at once. The promise of the opera had set them all to industry and study. The doctor, however, checked their haste by informing them, that one, at least, must be in the ante-room if any patients should come.

After some discussion that part of the matter was arranged, and then the other part, as regarded Mr. Stratford, was also most satisfactorily worked out; madame going down stairs and acting the part assigned her.

She could by no means allow Mr. Stratford to leave her hospitable house without his taking something to eat, and a glass of wine; and then he must go up stairs to his late master, shake him by the hand, and “part like gentlemen.”

Jacky did as required; and also, went up stairs to do the parting part.

After he and the doctor had shaken hands; the latter began to expatiate at great length on the grievous folly of a few hot words causing so untimely a separation.

Jacky seemed to arrive at a similar opinion.

“Well, then, mine frien, let me tell you a little more of your duties; in short, Mr. Stratford, let us understand each other.”

“Why, I am thinkin, there will never be much done without it,” replied Jacky.

“In the first place, let me put your minds at resht as to this being merely a Jew-impostor establishments. No, mine frien, I will show you; look at this account, per week, for advertishments alone: look at that ones item! fifty pounds a-week, you see: then the enormous expense of carriage, shervants—and, in short—”

“The touting! young ladies a-keepin the patients quiet for their turn; and my wages, livery, and other expensive gammon.”

“Vera, vera true. Well, put all down at a hundreds a-week, now you see, mine frien, it requires some bishness to make that, to begin with. Well, then, surely a mans wants to lay oup a trifle for his old age. Well, then, mine dear, where is the imposhition? Ash to the sham-knocking and ringing, with mine families talking of my miraculous cures—”

Jacky tried to get up a cough, but slipt a laugh in a mistake.

“Ay, mine dear, laugh if you like: but I will explain.

Now this talk about mine miracles, half cures a patient before it comes in; because I'm shure I've not to tell the shrewd Mr. Stratford, that none comes here but either the silly or the idle, (of coursh, they musht all be rich) or the wicked. The reverse of all these are nots to be caught by impudent advertishments in newspapers —”

“ Disgusting—disgusting?”

“ Dishgusting, of coursh; well, I say, the sensibles go to scientific practisioners; same as I do, mine family, and, of course, everybody but the peeples I have described. So now you see we are not chosen in vain; since there is often given strong passions to weak heads with much monies, there musht, somewhere, be a corrective. The same as there would be too many mice but for cats: virtuous maidens would be ruined only there ish always plenty ruined before. Now, mine frien, you see why we are chosen; why we are rich; why we enjoy, as our ancient race ever ash, the corn, wine, honey—”

“ And the wife of Bethsheba, and the glories of Solomon!”

“ Bravo, bravo, goot boy, I'm glad to hear you have read your Pible so well. Well, are you now satishfy of our great ushe?”

“ Undoubtedly!”

“ Your hand then: no more of the ‘Jew-impostorsh,’ you see we are none; but, on the contrary, the mosht usefuls peeples on the globe.”

“ O, as to usefulness—ask the swell-mob, and they're the boys to speak about usefulness.”

“ Good lads; I'm glad, mine frien, that there ish anybody in thish land of prejudice, that will admit the fact. And now to bishness. I've a hint or two to give you, and which, I am shure, will give you mouch pleasures; it will convince you that I am master of another

quality that, perhaps, you did not give me credit for: and that ish, liberality—or, rather, I should say, impartiality.”

“ Well, I should like to hear that, as I’m fond of fair play.”

“ Thus: of course, there are fools in our nation as well as yours: but then they are not half so easily donees. Still, there ish good pickings to be got out of them. Now I cannot have the leasht chance unless you can tells one of them when he comes to the door, and then you mousht give me the proper signal. Now, mark, as you make different rings when different patience comes; sho, in thish case, you mousht give another ring entirely. Say three times; and then I shall prepare, and wills see if we cannot make these prodigals of Israel pay as well as the fools of other families. I have no doubt of mine own abilities if you are as shure of yours—I means in finding them out.”

“ Phit,” said Jacky, snapping his fingers.

“ You are not afraid of the task? you thinks you can always tell em?”

“ Certain as opera-glasses was suggested by snail-horns!”

“ Well, now, tell me why, and then I will give you mine plans.”

“ Oh, if they’re black-uns, nothing is so easy: cart-rope gold-chains across their waistcoats: half-smoked cigars, ditto skins: impudent, greedy, full, black eyes: four coloured finger rings, and one mourning ditto, all of em precious thick: hook noses, gilt buttons, ignorant fore-heads, very white linen, biggish jaws, and flobberty-bob mouths; and as no old ones are likely to come here, there will be none with big stummacks, or, else, if there was, they would be about the size of yourn.”

“ Vera goot, vera goot, vera. Now the light complexion, mine portrait painter.”

“ Oh, they’re easy known, whether the red-headed ones of Monmouth Street, or the Holywell coves, with the German-coloured hair—light. They have none of the other characteresticks, only the flobberty-bob mouths, shammoky walkers, impudent lookers—under ladies’ bonnets, and under gentlemen’s spectacles, as if they wanted to say—‘ vill you boy a prime box of cigars, or a real-silver pencil-case, with a real-cornealian knob?’ oh, they’ll be easy victims to my ring, will the white Moseses, and there is no fear of the other—see how soon I found yerself out!”

“ Bravo, bravo,” said the Jew, clapping his left hand with two fingers belonging to that of his right.

“ But, now, let me hear how they are to be made to pay for their gold frames above, if I’m to take their portraits below?”

“ Well, in the first places, I mushn’t have the young ladies in the ante-room talking about my miracles and cures: that would make em smhook at once—”

“ Oh, they’d be doin that when they come in.”

“ Yay, cigars; but I mean my tricks, and let them smhook anything so they do not puff away at thats, ha, ha, ha!”

“ Bravo, bravo! now only show a bit of wit now and then, and you’ll be surprised how much faster I shall take to you: wit helps roguery to digest: it’s horse-redish to roast beef; and apple-sauce to turkey. Who would ever witness a roguish play but for the comicality of the beggars in it?”

“ Well, I thinks there should be a bit of fun in all roguery.”

“ Physic to preserves—I mean th’ tother.”

“ Yay; then I say, in the first place, there musht be no waitings, because *their* case ish shure to be of the most private nature. In the next place, instead of being in

the most gorgeous attire, I musht be in a very simple suit of black: not a ring on mine finger—”

“ The mourning one—”

“ Yay, true; that ones of course; all plain: reading large scientific books, in all languages—but the one he happens to know: a chemical glass or two—as if in the act of learned experimentsh: in short, all musht appears to be learning, science, the quietness of deep study, and order; because they having none of theesh, reverence them, as your peeples, on the contrary, are fond of magnificence, *miracles*, and orientals grandeur.”

“ Good, good: now see how much pleasanter it is when roguery’s made into a open dish, instead of when the master and mistress forks out all the inside of the pie to themselves, and leaves the crusts to the servants; because it only leads to the latter a-makin pies for theirsels, and throwing away the crusts for fear of suspicion. Things done in a family way makes one house stronger nor the whole street, as is always a-doin on it with the door ajar. There is so much to conceal and disguise; same as if you hear a man always a-singing ‘ Home, sweet home,’ depend upon’t he whops his wife, and leaves his kids unnourished.”

“ Wills you be mine frien?”

“ Only treat me like a adopted son.”

“ Then to proves that from this minute I do, sho your duty to a loving fathers, by at once telling me all your rogueries, all your life, and what are your future prospects; what wash the move in coming to live with me; and how much you fancied you could do me out of—that ish, I mean before I dishcover in you my lost son, and you found in me the best of fathers; who hash for years wept his wonders as to where you could be—dead or alive.”

And the Jew fell upon Jacky’s neck; wept and winked,

winked and wept at the large mirror opposite—that is, behind Jacky. Still he wept, and stiller still, he winked—and the Jew *caught* Jacky.

“Come,” said the newly-found son, “that’s even better than fun in roguery; for much as I think fun helps a piece, tenderness and sentiment gives it a far higher twist. A murderer a-kneelin on his mother’s grave; or a highwayman retainin the miniature of a dead child, are bits that help to unite a audience—uncommon.”

“Then lets the motto be roguery, wit, and love!” said the doctor.

“Go bid the churls despair,
The sulky fools dismay,
Merry roguery’s always fair;

It’s only clumsy knaves as sleeps all night and practises in mid-day,”

said Jacky.

“Rather a long foots in that last line, mine son!”

CHAPTER VIII.

THE reader will doubtless rejoice at the friendly position of the master and man, as we have just left them—particularly if he happens to remember their differences a little before. Doctor Benzoni entreated, and not in vain, for the entire history of his new valet, and—got it, of course, including the engagement at the Royal Sanspareil. The doctor was certainly staggered at the latter part of the history and prospects of Mr. Stratford, but at once promised him his support; nay, that he would take a private box for himself and family, and cause it to be given out in the next morning-papers, that he was an anonymous royal duke, who having witnessed the Professor Costello's performances (surprising) on the continent, left the attractions of his majesty's theatre for those of the Royal Sanspareil.

This was a tender place with Jacky: the Jew knew it would bind—was sure it would, and to do him justice, as well as that of his entire family, no man could be more anxious to secure the *serving* abilities of Jacky than was the doctor.

“ Well now, I will tell you how you can be of use to me and pursues your studishes at the same time—I mean your monkey-runsh, joumps, and chatters. The Colonels comes here to-morrow, to commence his sittings: now I’m thinking the besht way will be, to put him into yon old loft, at the bottom of the gardens. You see the lasht

tenant in this house had a very funny hobby, which wash knife-making: so he had the laundry fit oup as a work-shop: had a forge and everything. And one day I happen to go into the loft and there found among many things he had left wash a vice. Now that will be the thing to pout the Colonel's nosh into for a few daysh, and then if that dosh not make him tire—and we cannot pluck any more—I have a further plans ash will remove the nuisance at once.” And then the doctor told his son all about the sheriff-officer terror; how he had since found why the poor man was so frightened, and concluded the whole by informing Jacky that, if no other way suggested itself as a deliverance from his presence, after three days, he would surrender him to his anxious friend—he who held the writ.

Jacky rather started at this, and said, “O, come, that's not surely a part of your liberality!”

“What,” said the Jew, “are you not mine sons in roguery?”

“Oh, as to that, as I have said, I would not mind being your son-in-law—or indeed, in-roguery—particularly in doing a rogue such as the Jews, the magistrates and turnkey of Rochester, (Jacky had told about his being locked up in the last-named place,) or in any sort of roguery, so that it is equitable and clean; but I'll neither claim nor allow relationship in villany.”

“Mine frien, mine dear—mine frien—”

“No, no,” said Jacky, “I'll put up the shop shutters and a ticket on, TO LET, at once; enter without good-will, and throw the cat, flower-pots, and canary in, first.”

“Well, well, well, manage him yourself: and to show I wish all as ish fairs, only succeeds to get as mouch out of him as will pay for his board and lodgings, and he may lodge (in the loft) and sleep (on the boards) as long as he has a mindsh—stay there, if he likes, till the wris is

out of season ; if that will do him any good, I'm shure I shall be too happy. Bout there ish one thing, into the vice his nosh musht go ; because, really, I thinks if he has fortitudes to sit there a month, pulling his nosh the reversh of the twisht, *I am* opinions that the straightness of his nosh will be surpasshed by that of his *legs.*"

The doctor thought he had been going too far for his disciple ; though, it must be confessed, his last remark appears candid enough.

Jacky actually thought the plan would succeed, and was resolved to act in unison with the doctor, at all rates, as far as the vice went—take out the lever that turned the screw, and so leave the patient until the cure was completed. Jacky also found that this would be the best place in the world for private practice ; and since he had his master's authority for it, was resolved to prepare the loft at once. He did so ; took out every thing but the vice-bench, and a form or two. Then he fixed ropes along the ceiling and walls, whereon to practise his monkey-gambols : walk on the ceiling with his head downwards, of course, and essay other fearful passages in calisthenics, to all of which the world had never, nor ever was to record a parallel.

The doctor, who quite approved of everything which Jacky had proposed, had also a little plan of his own, which was—and by the very means of these monkey-gambols, so to frighten the Colonel that the writ business itself would but be incipient in its terrors. The whole family were told of these operations, as well as of their new servant's high attainments, in short, about his being the great Professor Costello, at the Royal Sanspareil.

Jacky became an object of great interest to this pains-taking family.

On the first day of passion-week, and, consequently, second week of the servitude of the faithful John Strat-

ford, the gallant Colonel of the late Balingosly dragoons, arrived for the purpose of undergoing any and all operations that the notable Dr. Benzoni might think advantageous to, and for his nose.

The doctor was delighted to see him, as what great operator would not; for, if successful, the news was to find its way to—at least, to be added to the list of his great cures; and to be advertised in every paper, in every locality—and what locality is wanting in its fondness for astounding cures?

The Colonel had been ordered to prepare himself, for three days, by taking a series of the most searching cathartics: he appeared ill enough, but declared he felt well enough. The doctor felt confident enough: Jacky and the rest of the family, delighted enough.

The Colonel had just left the lady whom he called his “Daphne,” who said that she would make up the loss of all that ever could be *dear* to her, by fasting and prayers—that is, she would give up her lunches, until they, with the assistance of the great Northumberland-street physician, had induced Providence to set that right which nature, in her slips, had left wrong—the Colonel’s nose.

And here we may observe, that “Daphne” was only the poetical or fond name which the Colonel gave the lady, but which, in truth, was not her name at all. No; the address which invariably made its way to her, both by letter and in tradesmen’s bills, was “Lady Mary Bourgoin,” wife of the late extremely gallant general of that name. She was what the late general fondly called, his second plague; meaning, probably, his second wife, for he had had two. By the first he had a family of four, all living. By the second, he had no such blessings to add to his proud position—we mean in the possession of such a lady as the one we have so often heard called “Daphne.” And though the fondest of women, and the

most liberal, as surely the reader will grant, even from what he has seen bestowed on the Colonel, yet we have the assurance of the whole of her late husband's children, that nothing could exceed her economy; for though they were but badly left (financially) in consequence of the bad state of their late father's eyes, as to the affection borne him by his second wife, and their supposed want of such feelings, his will gave her all, at least for her life; and she had too much respect for his last determination to, in any way, disturb it, even to give to his children one penny, or one look of acknowledgement.

But, though this lot of disaffecteds might talk in this invidious manner, as to the stinginess and so on of their step-mother, it must be consoling to her to know that all her bounties and charities have been faithfully recorded in this book. And this, it is hoped, the reader will think fair; for, as such has been the nature of our labours so far, to show up the little knaveries and cupidity of several individuals; let not the ill-natured say it is our only delight. No, truthfulness compels us to show both—the naughty tricks of Doctor Benzoni, the virtuous ones of Lady Bourgoin: his startling cupidities, her lavish bounties.

When the Colonel saw the arrangements made, he, for some time, kicked, not at the vice, nor at Jacky's legs, but said that the said legs, with the arms and body belonging to them, might have carried the vice and bench—if not into the drawing-room of the doctor's establishment, at least into a bed-room; and one, too, befitting the dignity of a Colonel, a hundred-pound fee, and the visits (expectant) of a lady of title.

To all this the doctor said, he had his reasons for selecting the odd-looking, though commodious loft. He assured the Colonel that even he would be better satisfied with it than himself, after a time; and would live to

bless and pray for his memory for the selection. “Nay,” said the doctor, “I’m under the greatest obligations to mine neighbor for the place—the expenses—but we will not speak of that until after cure—but it hash been awfuls.”

The Colonel made a hundred demurs, but every one was met by the doctor, by saying he had his reasons for all he did. The Colonel was again going to raise another objection, just as the other raised his lips to his ear, and caused the said lips to whisper into the said ear, that three sheriff-officers had already searched the house—even until it came to the drawer of the kitchen-dresser.

“I’m riddy,” said the Colonel to the doctor’s assistant; “I’m riddy, but in justice to Ireland, let there be a bit of something put at each side of my nose beside those file-like jaws of the vice. I’m riddy to pull away like a little divil when he sees St. Peter coming, but I merely want my nose made straight, and not into a double file, as I’m convinced will be the case if I’m held there half a-year or so.”

The doctor was inexorable. Nay, had been at a frightful expense to get the sides of the iron mouth new cut. It was a part of his theory.

“How am I to dine, or who is to read to me? or tell me some divilish diverting tales; or somebody to whom I can prove the injustice under which Ireland has groaned, long before any other part of the world was populated, as we can prove it was the ancient paradise—even before a soul lived in it—it’s the envy all other countries have towards her that’s her ruin: I must have somebody to badger about her abuses, or I shall be found dead with lock jaw!”

“How can that be, mine friend, when you will have a lock nosh? you cannots have irritation and counter-

irritation, at once," said the doctor, looking sternly; "reads pathology for a few years as I have (not)—it will amuse you whilst in your agonies, my friend, and patience," and the doctor gave a look at Jacky: and Jacky returned it, and they fired a double wink simultaneously.

"As to your hours of eating, will be whenever you feel hungry, and the lady Daphne dishposed to feed you; those of relax will depends upon the fees you give your keeper and frien, here, to whom also, you can fox about the injustice to Ireland."

"'Fox!' about Ireland! I said 'badger,' I said badger about her insults, her wrongs, her rippling rivers, her flowing rills, her birds that sing—"

"Her crows that grub—on worms; her swallows that sip, and fly arter flies, and bilds their nests on her cottages' thatch; until the fell Saxon come and tumbled them down, that's why he's called fell: accused the crow of tater-set stealing; said the swallow was a foreigner, and your fire-sides—that's when burning wheat stacks—your cricket and your cat were aliens to their comforts!"—*Jacky Stratford*.

"Now, mine friend, don't you think I have provided you with one capables of listening to the groans of your native earthquakes?"

"Man may show fear, the earth may quake, through the same cause, but never was seen to trimble Ireland's green sods, her waters, her skies, her—"

"Or even the strings of old Erin's harp—(that one as we see upon a Irish halfpenny—)" *Mr. Stratford*, again.

"Git riddy the vice, I am satisfied."

The Colonel then, with the assistance of Jacky, prepared himself: put on his morning-gown and slippers: his nose into the vice! just at the same moment that

the doctor put his tongue into his cheek; and Jacky gave the last twist of the lever, not without asking the Colonel if he would have one turn more.

“Not if Ire—land—was—w—a—s sink—in—g.”

“‘Comfort combined with good fits—particular regard shown to the strength of the material!’ It aint too soft, is it Colonel?” asked Jacky, at the same time taking out the lever—the doctor had had a loose one made to prevent the patient from unscrewing.

“There, mine friend, I mousht go to mine other patients; I shall come and see how you get on every three days, at leasht. You will have every attentions; good mornings, mine friend.” And the doctor hurried out to tell his anxious family, that now they might ascend the gallery—a sort of half loft at the other end of the room—and witness the performance.

“Now,” said Jacky, “pull against the twist, or else I must put another turn on.” Jacky spoke through his nose.

“O Saint—Pat—ric—ric—Pat; it’s tigh—t en—ough or else there’s no pur—ga—tory,” said the Colonel, through his mouth, though he wanted to sneer at his attendant.

“Let me feel it,” requested John.

“I wish to—the—vir—gin—you could in—in—instead of me.”

“Well, then, must I salute the lady Daphne should she honour us with a visit, instead of you? Who is to eat your dinners, if you can do nothing for yourself?”

“D’ye think th—the doc—tor is skil—ful; a mustard plaster is your sweet—heart’s lips compared to this.”

“If he aint, d’ye think he would ever have thought of taking away the lever: getting his fees in advance, an employin such talent as me.”

“Oh—by—I shall faint, unless you aise me: it’s quite

clear, though I never wanted more in my life, I cannot do it myself."

"O, easy; talk about the injustice done to the potato-crop of old Ireland."

"Damn old Ireland: as well ask a man to go to family prayers when he's the bailiffs in his house: here, take off a shilling's worth," said the Colonel, holding out a shilling behind him.

"A shilling's worth could not be felt by a elephant. A half sovereign's worth is only a hair's breadth—at the root-end—don't stamp your foot at me, Colonel, I should be stopped a quarter's wages: but however, as my mother was a Cornish woman, and you are so great an advocate for the wrongs perpetrated by old Ireland, I'll risk half a twist." Jacky saw that the Colonel was about to drop off the chair; and, he also receiving a signal from his master, who, with his family, was in the gallery—he put a ladder pin into the screw-head, and greatly relieved the patient.

"There, there, is half-a-crown for you; don't make waste of it, as I may want to borrow a few shillings off you, in the course of a day or so: that's aisier, I felt like as if I was in the grasp of a boa constrictor, and now as if somebody had cut off his tail. I believe there's always a great stench set up whin you chop a serpent in two?"

"I never had the pleasure of paring off a boa's head, and therefore cannot say. But I shall always be able to describe the state of the atosmosphere when I had the honour to break my master's commands as regards your nose."

"Pon my sowl, my young friend, there is nothing to boast about in this world, except martyrdom; I've been trying to get a name for this last twenty years, and I think this turning Bramin will do it for me. 'The extraordinary enthusiastic Colonel O'Craizem, who made

a vow that, if Providence would give liberty to his country, he would put his nose into a vice for twenty years; and would have succeeded, but the jealous English passed an act of parliament to prevent it, not before it was eaten off, although the handsomest man— ”

“ That ever had half-a-hundred of iron for a nose-ring! Oh, it’s sure to be the making of you one way or other, for you are certain my master will issue half-hourly bulletins, if only to swell his fame.”

“ Don’t you think that something is doing the same to my nose just now?”

“ How can it swell? if it’s as tight as you say. It’s martyrdom as is a doin on it, and a personal regard for a descendant of the O’Craizems. But, however, I see my little brother yonder has brought my dinner, so whilst you are a ruminatin upon the rewards of your country for the honour you are a conferrin upon her; I’ll try whether or not I’ve lost the use of my top grinders.” And with this Jacky stript, and was about to commence one of his monkey-runs, when, from the stamping of the Colonel’s foot, and other indications of acute pain, Jacky took another skin’s breadth off the squeeze: this was done gratuitously and was, therefore, not the less pleasing to the martyr, and the beloved of Lady Bourgoin.

“ Now, get your dinner in pace, as I certainly feel the wrongs of Ireland less by some tons than I did; I can now think of my speech: how to defend her injuries now that I no longer feel them: git your dinner and tell the doctor to order me a broiled chicken to be ready in two hours: it still hurts!”

“ O, you should have more resolution in your fortitude.”

“ Well, that’s thtrue, but my brother who first gave me the twist, and now’s causing me all this pain, deserves his back flayed alive.”

Jacky, by this time, had got to work, and after about four turns round the room on his hands and feet—doing the monkey gallop, he whipped up the next rope and away he rattled up the ceiling; then one of the cross-ropes, and at last, let himself down; and then rested to take breath, which having to take pretty quickly, the noise caught the ear of the patient.

“Why lord, man, you’ll choke yourself if you ate in that way: what the devil do you pant so for? is it after a long drink? or have you got a thigh-bone in your throat? what is’t your aiting?”

“O very, very fond of cats!”

“Aiting a cat! I hate to shoot one; the stinking things; and you are devouring one, you vampire, as if you had never even tasted a mouse in all your life!”

Jacky, quite intent upon his studies, gave one of his vampire squeaks, and then made a scrambling run up the next lofty prop of the roof.

“Almighty Jupiter, surely you’re not aiting the wretched beast alive. Och, you foul fiend, is it up and down the roof you are chasing your dinner? I wish her tail may stick as fast in your throat as I’m stuck here—or I’d run a poker through your vitals: git decenter victuals, you anthropophagi, (squeak—mew) poor dear, (sq—u—eak) murder! I say it’s murder to kill a cat in hot blood. By Cæsar, you may well pant and puff—what the devil in hell! are you going through the roof? I wish there was a barrel of gunpowder here, and I’d a match; you’d see where you’d be—you inimy to the mimory of Lord Whittington (sq—u—ea—k—queak) oh, the mother of virgins, if I don’t think he’s plucking her alive!”

At this moment Jacky, trying to make his grand pass, came right bang from the roof to within a yard of where sat the commiserating Colonel. This, with the roar

the horrified patient set up, caused a sudden clap of laughter from the doctor and family, which certainly had the effect of making the poor Colonel think, that the place was haunted by something, even worse, than live-cat eaters. He was satisfied, however, that Jacky had had a tumble, and exclaimed, “heaven’s justice fall upon you! but what’s that horrid laugh? I must have more peaceful doings, or I’ll insist of having my sittings in another place. Go fetch me the doctor; he’ll have a lunatic to cure as well as my nose, if that infernal game is to be proceeded with. Did you catch the cat, or break your back in that last tumble? I shall have another subject for a speech whin in the British senate. Justice to Ireland! I’ll have justice to the cat yit: you cross between a Scotch terrier and a vampire!”

“Hem,” said Jacky, mortified at his last tumble, and not at the slashing remarks of the patient, “I must be better on Monday night.”

“What, don’t you feel well after your dinner? perhaps a drink of *new milk*, or a pennyworth of lights, might make her sit easier on your stomach. I niver believed in the rat-eaters of China taking to opium after dinner until now.”

Jacky, in despite of his discomfiture caused by his tumble, could not help chuckling at this last piece of savage satire, and defence of poor pussy’s wrongs; and also finding that he was suffering in the estimation of the good doctor’s family, who, though determined not to be heard laughing any more, were equally resolved to watch the continuation of the performance—prepared again.

“I’ll do it this time,” said the professor: “and now for a specimen of the baby-eating, and the virgins, the next.”

“Oh, horror! let out my nose, or I shall not be able

to contain my inside—I've not a child of my own, but go on with cats instid of thim other innocents. Irish babies for a hundred! brought over in butter-firkins, mixed with little pigs; entered as pickled herrins at the Customs. By Heaven, but this will put fire instead of sugar into the meal of my speech. I thought the Saxon a tyrant, but not a vampire and a—by Flying Childers, he's off.—Lord, what a twist—eat a cat!—(sq-ue-ak) game already! (sq-ue-ak) O, poor darling! (qu-eak) Wait while I pray a minute—(cre-a-k) O, mother's milk! is it a baby or a virgin you are at?"

"*Both!*!" was the stunning reply, and in a second, the gymnast sprang upon the back of the horrified patient's head; shook it, gave another of his vampire shrieks, and began to gnaw at the top of the Colonel's cranium.

"I'm neither cat nor baby—murder! murder!" and the Colonel fainted.

Jacky seeing this, undid the screw, ran to the doctor and family, told them to fetch in something nice for the patient, and, finally, sprinkled some water on his face; and opening two of the shutters, let in a great body of light.

The Colonel, at last, came to consciousness, not, however, before the doctor had arrived with a bowl of nice chicken broth.

"Well, mine frien, how do you feel after your nice refreshing sleeps?"

"O, horrid, horrid, horrid!"

"Why, you snored like a sea-elephant—that is, through your mouth and ears, and no doubt, would ha' done through your nose, only for feelin a uncommon tightness."
Master Jacky.

"How comes my nose to be out—out of the vice?"

"Oh, we've just come to bring you some refreshments, and I want to feel—ah, mine word, a great deals softer;

that ish vera encouragings," said the doctor, feeling at his patient's nose. "Persevere, persevere, and get such nice refreshing sleeps as theesh, and the works is done!"

"Sleep!" called out the Colonel. "Hell's fiends as like! This fellow has been aiting a cat for dinner, and running on the roof to ait babies: look where he has been gnawing at my head!"

One roar of laughter followed this statement—of course.

"Ah, mine frien, mine frien, they all feel alike: irritability of the nerves," said the Doctor Benzoni, "and stands to sense: in takings out one twisht, you musht have another: see how you had to pull your heads to get the twisht of your nosh out: well, you have nearly finished that, but then, it wash shure to fly into your brain."

"Sure to do so," said Dr. Jacky.

"Into my head? you young monster, you; is he right, doctor? because if that's it, here's a thundering nice cure—a straight nose with a cranky head!"

"Yes; but then, don't you see the wide difference, Colonel: if yer head's all right, and your nose aint, the first named member of your body soon makes you acquainted with the defects of the latter; whereas, if your head's wrong, you'll never know a pin about it; and since all as is wanted to make you the finest man in the world, is the handsomeness of the knocker to yer front door, why, so that is well polished, and the door a handsome colour, never heed how the cracks are puttied, or the lobby disranged." *Dr. Jacky.*

"Doctor, is this divil's imp right? am I to die cracked, like a flea, if I have a commindible nose? because if that's the vulgar-fractions of it, return me my money, and I'll indict the house for endeavouring to manufacture patients for Bedlam!"

"Ha, ha, ha! mine frien, mine frien; it ish by these little goot-tempered sallies that we keep our patients' spirits up: you see, mine frien, you was a little too severe upon your attendant here—cat-eating and baby-devouring are very serious discoursesh, when, after all, you have been in a profoundsh sleep; and he, all the times ash been with the cook, getting somethings nice for you. Take theesh little drops of broth, and then at your gallant resolutions again. You have had enough for one day," continued the doctor, feeling the patient's pulse: "let me see your tongue. Help the Colonel off with his boot; I want to examine the big and little toe of the right foot: ah, beautifuls, beautifuls! the cashe could not proceed better. If you go on as you have done, I shall soon expect mine diamond snuff-box."

"Oh, but to say I have been asleep is such bamboozling stuff!"

"Well now, come, to put the matter to the permanent rest of a granite bed: did yer not give me some silver to unscrew yer nose?"

"I did."

"No; I heard you say in yer dreams, you would give me some if I would break the commands of my revered master—but no: feel in yer pocket."

"My money is here sure enough! (Jacky had crammed it in during the fainting:) I am bothered."

"Say, at once, that you have had a sweet sleeps."

"No, in justice to Ireland, I'll not, never can say that; nor can I say a *sound* sleep, though there was the most thundering *dins*; but I suppose it must have been a *fast* sleep enough, for I could have sworn I was awake."

CHAPTER IX.

THREE days afterwards the Colonel prepared for another operation; and was scarcely screwed up, when who should give a creeping ring at the door-bell, but Master William Kent, and asked the servant who opened it—Jacky, as may be supposed, was assisting in the operation department—if poor little John Stratford was within. William was at once recognised as the beautiful boy who had given cook a tart to induce her to behave well to the new valet—Mr. Stratford. He had brought two beautiful books, and presented them to the servant who opened the door, with a desire that she would accept one herself, and present the other to the other good lady of the establishment, which was no other than “*cook*.”

The request was cheerfully complied with, and the requester was most politely desired to walk into a back-parlour; for both of the domestics of Dr. Benzoni agreed that there was something more than common in the friend of Jacky: nay, perhaps he was one of the young masters of the place in which the valet had last lived.

He was pumped a little about this, and candidly confessed that he was the grand-son of Mrs. Kent. Here was a discovery! the young ladies must certainly see him: no doubt they would have an intense desire, particularly when informed that he was one of the most beautifulest, sweetest-spoken, modestest, young youth that the ladies, of the beautiful books, had ever seen.

Master William was, at once, honoured by being introduced to the family of the great doctor. From madame down to the youngest grown-up daughter Ruth, even to the cousin, all declared that the opinion of the other ladies of the family was quite correct. There, certainly, were all the amiable and beautiful qualities that had been enumerated, added to which, there was aristocracy peeping out at every finger point.

Then this must be no other than the beloved master of Jacky—the honourable William Kent.

He was asked by madame if she had not the honour to speak to Master William Kent—the honourable Master Kent.

“My name is William Kent, madame, and I hope I am honourable,” concluded the said Master Kent, with a smile.

“No doubt of it,” replied all the ladies.

“Your late servant, sir—John Stratford—”

“Not my servant, madame, but my friend—” interrupted William.

“There’s breeding, and family kindness,” thought all the ladies at once.

“I am aware,” resumed madame, “your grand-mother’s servant. Well, sir, as I was saying, he is busy in some operations with the doctor. He will be here presently.”

“Oh, if you will permit me, madame, I will go to him—I am wishful to see him.”

They could not refuse the request of so great a young nobleman. It might lead to something. He must partake of a glass of wine, and then, if he could not wait, of course he must go and see his friend.

William was taken to the old loft, and made his ascent into it just as the doctor was coming down. The latter soon saw William embrace his friend Jacky, nor was he much longer in ascertaining who the friend

was. His family had done quite right in sending him up to his old favourite servant.

This suggested a thought in the doctor, that even the honourable Master Kent might be of some use in the dress-rehearsal, which they were about to have to appropriate scenery—that is, Jacky was going to rehearse his vampire business in full-dress, with every thing suitable both as to machinery, scenery, lights, and the rest. The doctor turned back just to speak to his assistant, which was for the purpose of telling him that, perhaps, his friend, who had called to visit him, might be induced either to read, or, in any way amuse the Colonel, whilst the rest of the business could be got *ready*. This was the more requisite, as the Colonel said he would not be left alone for the world: and whatever they did they were not to let him go to sleep. For that still his former dream haunted him.

O, yes, William would read to the poor patient with great pleasure.

“But, tell me, Johnny, what are you doing at him? it seems so strange to see a gentleman with his face held close up to yon iron thing, in that way.”

“Oh,” replied Jacky, “he’s only fulfilling a vow, for the good of his country; so, wants to be kept awake.”

“Oh, he’s a patriot then?”

“Yes, that’s what he is, William; so, of course, he’s put his nose in yon slit: funny beggars aint they, these patriots?”

“Great mortals, you should say, Johnny: I do reverence a patriot. I am glad now I shall have a chance of seeing one. No doubt a philanthropist too.”

“Rather, he raves about a cat.”

William smiled, as he feared that Jacky had hardly understood him.

“But, however, I’ll introduce you, and as I shall have

a good deal to do, you can read to him, or talk to him as you like, until I've done my work, and then I'll have a walk with you: any lads about Westminster to whop yet?"

"On my account, John?"

"Whose else's? you don't think I'd lick 'em upon account of their father or mother?"

"No, I am sure you would not, Johnny: but I hope that you will never have to quarrel through me."

"Well, Colonel O'Craizem, here's an old friend of mine, will keep you company, whilst I go dress for dinner."

"I hope it's not such an old friend as visited you before—but, however, I suppose that must have been a drame. Just let me hear your friend speak."

"I am happy to see a patriot of your resolution and enthusiasm, sir," said William Kent.

"I'm delighted to thank you, young sir—here, Mr. cat-aiter, walk as soon as you like, now."

"Come, come," said Jacky, "I'll no longer swallow sich disgusting physic; *I'm* no patient. Sich remarks don't fill my bread-basket: nor shall they do step the first, on my corns. Aint it more likely I was hunting sich game to make yer broth with?"

"Haik, haik," and up came the broth!

"Now, I should think, you are satisfied as to which has been taking such unpleasant food on their stum-macks: yer see *I'm* not sick! and yet I'm sure a rat biled, let alone a drop of stew from the other, would be enough for my oilfactory vessels."

"O, O, O, a sad young monster I've no doubt—to aite vermin!"

"No, Colonel, I don't eat 'em I tell you: I only slay 'em like St. Patrick: I leave the eatin to the destitute: that's the way that a peasantry is first formed in a new country."

"I'll put red, red-hot poker into ivery sintince in my no-justice-to-Ireland speech!"

"Ha, ha, ha, bravo; I've no doubt yer speech will do 'no justice' to Ireland! but I would not proclaim my dis-insincerity before you get into the ministry: begin with 'justice to Ireland' until you get a place, and then (of course) comes your no-justice-to-Ireland speech."

"My dear young friend, first kick your old friend in the ribs for me: and thin tell me whether at this stage of the proceedings I'm comminced draming? by all this young divil's brother-imps, I'll not be gammoned that I'm in a 'sweet' nap this time. Lave the room, you tempter of St. Anthony!"

"O, dear Johnny, don't irritate the worthy gentleman: and permit me, dear sir, to assure you, that Johnny here, would neither kill a cat, partake of one, or allow any one else, knowingly."

"Why does he keep scratching me so, then, and spitting in my face?"

"Because yer a strange hannimal, (ha, ha, ha!)" Jacky only chuckled to himself.

"O, Johnny, don't call names."

"I didn't, Master Kent, I only said, as cats is always afraid of strange dogs, as I might say, that though they prefer soles in pairs, yet do you think if they was very hungry, they'd refuse an odd-fish?"

"Since your name is Master Kent, do, if you fear your Maker, and love your parents, and iver had a floating drame of justice to Ireland—and would earn a clane shilling—murder that villain for me."

"O, Johnny, do leave the place whilst I soothe the good patriot's mind."

"Oh, two to one—you have turned too; I'm off," and Jacky went down stairs nearly crying with laughter.

"Sur, I'm proud of the tone of your voice, and feel

grateful for the turn in the conversation, as well as that you have given to yon monster. For I'm convinced, in my own mind, that he was the ganius that did the draming and thin wanted to lay it upon me. I allowed my brother to lay upon me before I was born, and if I live, I'll lay upon yon fellow after I'm dead."

"Patriots—pardon me, should never be revengeful; and I was introduced to you as a great one!"

"By whom?"

"The very young man you have been scolding."

"Bub, bub, I see he wants to set you a-draming too. Patriot, the divil, all I want is justice to Ireland."

"I really, I fear—I am commencing dreaming!"

"O, for the lord's sake, don't: keep me awake if you iver wish to be roused at the last day: I'd sooner be sparring with yon divil's seed than have another drame—"

"Where, where, is the dear sufferer? oh, my Lothario—a martyr to love, tender, romantic love: was ever so much for a fond-one done?"

"Oh, my Daphne, you're come at last: you see what I'm undertaking for your sake!"

"(For her sake; oh, then I see Jacky was wrong when he told me he was a patriot.)" Master Kent thought all this.

"O let Love fan you with his wings, comfort you with his promises, and give you fortitude with his bow and little arrows."

"O, me Daphne; I've suffered the pains of millions of the damned—yon young monster that you met whin coming in—d'ye know whin sitting fastened up here, he whipped off my thumb for the purpose of selling it for dissection, and I've had to pay an extra twenty-pound fee to a city-surgeon to have it jointed nately. For, me Daphne, what would have been the use of me coming

to your arms with a beautiful nose, if there was a thumb wanting. And I had to borrow the amount off the good doctor here: and he's just sent an express to say that he'll never let me out of this vice until I have first paid it. So give me the money at once, my darling Daphne!"

"Indeed, my love, I think, at this rate, you will be a dear Lothario, indeed. But let Love carry you out on his fairy wings, knock down your cruel jailor with his golden bow—"

"And pay the *fee* with his little arrow! what (damned) stuff you do talk to me, Daphne: give me the money: it's all along of you."

"Really, Colonel, how you talk—through your nose: how your voice is altered!"

"It is, because, my tinder Daphne, I cannot talk *through* my nose: I thought the difference between talking through a chap's nose, and having one stopped, had been known to every fellow that had iver worn cotton in his ears."

"I've none in mine."

"How is it likely whin you let me run in debt for your sake?"

"Ifear I intrude, madame, I will bid you good morning: and you, sir, a good morning—"

"Hold, sir; stay, you must keep me company; you must not leave me, but keep me from draming—"

"Ha, ha, ha, I think he would have some difficulty. (O, what a beautiful youth! there, is Love personified! Now, certainly, if ever a woman did a foolish thing, running away with a youth so exquisitely fair would—be excusable.) Stay, if you are going to take your departure, my sweet sir, I will walk with you, and I'm sure I shall be able to obtain for you better employment than that of keeping—in broad day-light—a gallant Colonel from

dreaming: this way, my most interesting, dear, sweet, young friend. By—by Colonel.” And the lady took her departure side by side with Master William Kent.

“Why, thunder in a feather-bed; my Daphne, you are not going to lave me in that way, and I without so much as a pawn-ticket in my pocket? they’re gone, no doubt. O lord, does any one think I’m beginning to drame again? Daphne, Daphne! O, horror! I’d rather badger about cats—no, I must not begin again about thim, or I’ll be draming sure enough. Is Daphne unfaithful? Niver, after parting with above eight-hundred pounds: yit, she left me very cool. If I thought she was going a cherry-picking with that sweet little bird, I’d soon be selling sparrow-heads at a halfpenny apiece. I thought old cats should keep to vermin; but damned a thing comes wrong, whether creatures that crawl in the air, sea, or float upon land. Poverty is of no use to a poet unless he has genius, nor is it essential to the voracity of a cat that she should be hungry—”

“S-q-u-e-a-k-mew, m-ew, s-q-u-e-a-k.”

“O, mighty Jupiter, there is the divil agin: now I’ll know whether I’m draming or not: if my nose is fast they forgit I can bite me thumb: it hurts sure enough: there I’ve nearly bitten it off: let’s see if I can puff my nose: Och, the villains well know that proof is out of my power. Ha, ha, but my thumb is all right: let’s see if I can stamp upon my toe: ha, ha, I’ve nearly crushed a corn off I know—that is one comfort. Let the villain commince his gammoks; I’m as right as I was wrong when I was left before. I’ll see how far this young monster will carry it. Wait, until my nose is unscrewed, and thin I’ll rusticate my drum-sticks upon his parchment.”

And now, for a moment, we must leave the patient to see what is going on in the doctor’s house.

The reader has heard some hints about a full-dress rehearsal; he will now see how the thing is to be managed. Jacky had got his new vampire-dress; and terrible enough it was; giving the figure much the appearance of the flying squirrel, with this difference, that the skin, instead of hair, was supplied with scales of almost every colour; all bearing a frightful glare: the eyes were of horrid-looking glass: protrusive, and awfully offensive: the cheeks were mountains, of ruby colour. It would be impossible to describe the mouth, save for its capability for voracity. The depth, width, length, and shape of the teeth, were terrible to be—held by. The wings were bat-like: and the hands, with nails, that would satisfy any terrier for incisors. The toe-nails were evidently designed for equally savage purposes; indeed the whole was unique, and did the Royal Sanspareil management intense credit.

Jacky was equipped in this new costume: *all* were in readiness.

The Colonel was chuckling about his being wide-awake; when the parties entered, as well the audience part, as those who were to work the machinery, scenery, &c. The lady Daphne was left in the house, talking to what she was pleased to term, the sweetest youth in the world.

Every thing was ready.

The performance commenced with partial darkness: a roll of thunder.

“Blazes, what a suddin change in the weather; who would have explicted thunder?” soliloquised the Colonel, imagining it was some real though somewhat distant meteorological phenomena to which he had been listening.

A terrible flash of lightning.

“By saint Jupiter, I hope this vice will not conduct the electricity up my nose, it would be as bad as that

*chicken-broth, a very *tinder* chicken!* O Lord, but that was a terrible clap, and must be divilish near as it came before the lightning!"

This was the fact, the doctor did the thunder, and was in such a hurry to make an impression, that he kept shaking away at the sheet-iron faster than his servant, Master Stratford, could fire the lightning.

Lightning; bang! This was a small piece of ordnance fired below.

A fire-ball whizzes past the Colonel's head, and explodes close to him.

"Oh! that my nose was loose: the fee and Daphne might go to the devil!"

Total darkness.

"Thank Hivin! I can still bite my thumb, or else I'd begin to think the drame-season was commincing. To the devil with Daphne!"

A voice—“Blasphemy!”

"To Hivin with her, thin. O Lord! save me."

A laugh by a score of fiends.

"Shall I wrench off my nose?"

A thin scream of ghosts.

"O, that would be unlawful, thin: O Lord, dirict a miserable villin—and yet, I'll swear I can bite my thumb."

A trumpet sounds more dreadfully than the Colonel had ever heard it when dreaming of the last day.

Trumpet—“Renounce the Lady Bourgoin.”

"You may take her to make witches of; or to patch up an old shrivelled ghost, or so."

Trumpet—“What makes you babble about justice to Ireland?”

"Why does a rogue ever talk about honesty?"

Intense darkness: during which time a large mirror is let down exactly opposite to the Colonel's face—then the

whole is in brilliant light. Feats of the vampire commence: vampire squeaks—jumps. Laughs of fiends; screaming-whistle of ghosts; and, lastly, the vampire springs upon the Colonel's head!

The Colonel became so horrified, that he actually wrenched his nose out of the vice; not, as may be supposed, without leaving it some of its skin.

And again the gallant patient toppled over.

All the dramatic properties, &c. &c., were removed; the Colonel recovered, rushed wildly out of the loft, and was just making his way up the garden, when whom should he meet but, first, the great Doctor Benzoni and the Lady Bourgoin; next, all the doctor's family, with the honourable Master William Kent; and, last of all, the faithful domestic, Jacky.

“Ah!” said the doctor, meeting the *red-nosed* and frightfully pale-faced Colonel O'Craizem, “Joy, joy, joy! mine dear friend; congratulate me for the great cure I have perform: your nose is now as soft as pliables, and will soon grow as straight as mines. Joy, joy! now for the diamond snuff-box! Here is miracles for you!”

“Start! you infernal—you fiends! I suppose I have been draming, this time?”

“No, mine frien, I only mesmerise you; then, with mine great arts—which I study twenty years in Egypt and Japans—I conjure all sorts of terrible things, which so frighten you, that you give your noshe a terrible *twisht*, and one terrible pull; sets your organs—which from birth had been out of joint—and the crack it made, when it got to the right place, bring us all out to congratulate you; the report was as loud as *thunder* and *lights*! I now pronounce you the finest man in the world: depart in peace *vobiscum*! Preach up mine miracles, evens to the wilderness.”

“Oh! all this was done on purpose, then?” said the

Colonel, who felt a little relieved from his terror; still, his appearance was so pitiable—and, from something Jacky had seen in the behaviour of Lady Bourgoin—that the ex-vampire took him into his room, renovated the sufferer, sticking-plastered his nose, got him some refreshment, and made him up a sofa-bed: William Kent, and, no doubt, the Lady Daphne, would have lent willing help, but she had ridden expressly home, and would insist Master Kent took a seat in the carriage with her.

Then the Colonel said—when a little brought to himself—that, if he had died under the operation, so long as he lived he should not be surprised!

CHAPTER X.

EASTER Monday now arrived, and with it the grand rehearsal for the evening. The stage-manager and Jacky had received a carte blanche, as to the monkey-department ; and, certainly, what with the invention of Jacky, and the aptness of the stage-director, something new, and in all ways brilliant, was done. Nay, when night came, the management was as much startled as the audience, at the novelty, power, and miraculous agility of the great Professor Costello.

The evening has arrived ; the professor arrives at the stage-door of the Royal Sanspareil. And how does the reader think the professor made his way thither ? thinks he that he has walked, omnibussed, or carred it ? Oh, no ! nothing of that sort. No ; but in a great foreign nobleman's carriage ! a nobleman, covered with stars, orders, cart-rope gold chains, rings, and studs. The title of the nobleman was not known, though all said it would be in the newspapers next morning. We shall not let the reader wait so long ; for know, it was the great Doctor Benzoni's carriage ; and the nobleman who was in the manifestation of so much condescension to his *protégé*—the Professor Costello—was the great Doctor Benzoni himself.

“ Huzza !” from we don't know how many voices who saw the arrival.

"See wot jolly respect the foreign noblemen pays to the hactors, towards our English bits of snips do."

This was agreed to, by all in all.

"Three thousand seven-hundred could not get in!"—so the bills of the Royal Sanspareil said, next morning.

The great invention of Jacky was this—to have five other monkeys dressed so like himself, and also to be so near his size and appearance, that it would be impossible to tell one from the other; particularly as their transits were so rapid—they only having to peep in from a corner—hang from the ceiling, or the bough of a tree: "rick" and then disappear—the great professor doing all the rest.

Now, although the piece was called "the monkey-vampire of Tchacasipapyogoos," as we have said, yet, the reader must not suppose the Professor Costello's performance commenced with the vampire business: no, he was first of all, a baboon of the first class; born, as we have hinted before, with very unusual phenomena: indeed, his mother was a rock, and his father a mountain-demon in the neighbourhood. His first appearance, then, in this world, may be said to be attended with fore-warning circumstances: indeed there could be no doubt that the birthling would be a very sturdy monster, if not, in reasonable time, a somewhat successful demon. We, perhaps, need not say that he never grew an inch from his birth: in other words, the "baboon of the mountain and rock" was as big a lad as ever he was a man.

The career of this young gentleman was somewhat curious, probably arising in some degree from his education, paternal example, and advice.

It has been much the fashion, of late, to ascribe the right of early instruction and moulding of mind of the young, to the mother; as it is said that all right prin-

ciples, feelings, habits, and the rest, must be impressed by her upon her offspring, almost as soon as she perceives her infant's fondness for that nurture which sustains him during the intellectual regimen. This may be true as far as the "gentler habits" are concerned, and it was, probably, the singular indifference that the mother of our hero showed towards the early training of her son, that made him, first of all, so mischievous, and afterwards, the ready tool of his cruel papa—the demon of the mountain. For, scarcely had he achieved a few cocoa-nut robberies, and youthful calisthenic distinctions, than his father appeared before him—not, as many immortals have visited the nether earth, in golden chariots or silver clouds, but preceded by a whirlwind, and attended by minor spirits of the mountain—potent gentlemen enough, no doubt, but still not fitting for the high employments to which the truly-begotten son of their master was destined.

The first meeting of the father and son was not characterized so much by tenderness, as it was by the appalling nature of the father's disclosures, advice, commands—and the employments which he gave his son. Amongst other undertakings wherein he pledged his son to an immediate engagement, was to take all the young maidens which he could catch and carry away, to the top of his favourite mountain—these were to supply his father's table—he and his friends never eating less than three a-day. The next was, all the small babies he was to carry to the top of a tree, and use them for his own sustenance—but not one female infant. The injunction seemed so necessary that the father repeated it several times over, and never did it but the heavens split and the earth rolled—so the programme of the bills said. And, perhaps, the reason was that, if the purveyor began eating the female babies, there would

be no maidens with which to supply the mountain-table.

A good genius next arose, or rather descended from a beautiful star, and in a musical committee consisting of herself and some scores of half-naked genii, made resolutions and arrangements to frustrate the evil machinations against their sex and protégés, of the demon of the mountain. One plan was to dress a little female genius as a boy of that kingdom; then, if the terrible heir of the mountain-demon took her and ate her, in a mistake, they would remind his father of his son's disobedience—and would not there be a rumpus? Of course, we must do this committee the justice to say that, although they were going to dress-up a little female sacrifice to this evil-one, and that, too, for the purpose of being eaten alive; yet, it was understood, and a minute entered upon their books, that it should be again restored to existence; and that, too, at the same time that the kidnappers should be doomed to *annihilation, and lasting torments.*

This is a sketch of the plot: only it will be seen that the ladies made a slight miscalculation, when they talked about annihilation: no, change his form they could and did—but we fear not for the better—from a monkey—a desperate one, it is true—into a vampire. A vampire, too, as it may be supposed, of the most fearful activity; and, from his unchaste and reckless education, of the most obdurate, indurate, and calculating callosity.

The first appearance of the monkey was the signal for that display of enthusiasm which is ever given, by an English audience, to a foreign actor. The reception was uproarious: the first few gambols, glorious: but all were thrown into obscurity by the feeling and impassioned manner in which the son exhibited his filial piety at the approach of his august father. Pathos, in

a monkey, was new. And the Sanspareil audience evinced proper gratitude for the boon.

And now came the surprise, which was one even to the management, and whole corps dramatique. And that was in the scene when the monkey is pursued by the good genii, for the purpose of touching him with the fatal wand—to *annihilate* him. This was the first part we more particularly alluded to, as to the professor's invention—his having a number of monkeys dressed like himself, and this was the display. They were fixed in different parts of the house, round the front of the boxes, ceiling, top of the proscenium, &c; and, so soon as the chase commenced, each popped his head out, “ricked,” did a gambol, and then withdrew; but all was done with such precision and rotation, that the audience, (as, indeed, who would not?) thought that the whole was the wonderful result of the extraordinary agility of Professor Costello. The applause was rapturous; but, at last, when the professor was seen at the very top of the theatre, dangling by one foot, and eventually making a spring, turning a summerset, and dropping the frightful distance from the ceiling to the stage; seizing one of the good genii, and carrying her off in triumph—the applauders tried, but could not effect a climax. If the theatre had been found to be tumbling, or on fire, there could not be a greater commotion.

The vampire career (for, by this time, he was turned into one of those unhappy wretches) was equally wonderful; heightening in horror, pathos, and the rewardship of virtue—the annihilation of the vampire! the destruction of the mountain-monster! the restoration of the eaten virgins and babies! the feelings and tone of the audience! the green-curtain and gas-lights were brought to a greater vraisemblance than they had maintained

ever since the commencement of the powerfully-constructed drama.

The calling for the professor to come and face the audience in the front, then commenced; and such a commencement, and continuance, surely, was never heard before.

The principal manager, in person, immediately appeared in front, and such had been the rapidity of the professor's movements and metamorphoses, that the audience thought this was another surprise, and cheered accordingly.

The manager placed his white kid glove to the usual place, bowed, hemmed, and the audience silenced for a speech from the great professor. No, it was the mere "ladies-and-gentlemen" of a manager's begging of the audience some concession against their—and, of course, in his favour. However, the speech was received with tolerable patience and even with applause, since it concluded with an assurance that the great Professor Costello would have the honour of bowing to them so soon as he was in possession of certain breath he had lost in the performance, and had time to make himself fitting for the high honour they were about to confer upon him.

Five minutes more, and no professor.

Even the great foreign nobleman in the private box began to exhibit signs of impatience.

Second manager bows: do let him entreat for two minutes longer: the professor's excitement; first night before a British audience; the well-known sympathy of a British audience; love of justice of a British audience; wives and children of a British audience; homes and sweet-hearts; the wooden walls, all, all, being true British glory.

"Huzza!"

THE PROFESSOR!

And, certainly, the audience were as much taken by surprise as ever; for, before them stood a creature, in all so different from the one who had been electrifying their passions, that they again marvelled. Instead of the fierce monkey and more frightful vampire, stood, in deep black, and the whitest of linen, a slender and youthful figure; nay, he would be considered a boy, but for the strong black moustache.

This last part of the management was due to the great Doctor Benzoni's tact. And this last part of the management was the making of the management of the Royal Sanspareil. All was carried by acclamation, not unmixed with tears of admiration and astonishment. The managers announced their intentions of running the piece for three years, with Saturday-night illuminations; drank champagne until three o'clock in the morning, and mistook for their lodgings those of some of the young ladies of the spiritual committee.

But though they forgot their wives and their lodgings in these hours of general joy, their wives did not forget them. Domestic tribulations in the management ! ! !

But, what had the public to do with them?

"The greatest hit ever made on this planet. Professor Costello's engagement made positive for three years. The monkey vampire of the long name, &c. &c. for that time." This was the next morning's announcement.

On treasury day, the whole company, at Jacky's approach, opened as did the Red Sea of old, and formed a sort of living wall on each side of the new debutant, and let him pass first to the treasury door. It was some time since they had had full salaries—now there could be no doubt. They were right: the two managers received the professor with the most humiliating respect; entreated him to sit whilst they stood—enquired about his sleep, his health; whether his terrific jumps or springs,

and falls, had either impaired his limbs or his understanding, and the rest, and the rest.

Jacky was never in a more flourishing state of health, happiness, and spirits. Then the management begged that Professor Costello would accept £20, and would be pleased not to require more weekly, until the theatre recovered a little more strength in the back; as though, on the whole, a tolerably healthy and good constitutioned theatre, yet, had been somewhat weak in the important part of her frame just mentioned. And the expenses had been enormous: the portrait of the professor alone costing two hundred guineas; scenery, dresses, and—but Jacky cut all short by expressing his sincere concurrence in all that had been done, and would (why not?) accept the salary at once. Jacky went further, said that when the treasury had finished its duties, he would have no objection to adjourn to the next tavern, and *lush* there until the hour of performance. The managers scratched their heads, rather, at this proposal. Had the professor expressed a desire of taking champagne and kidneys with the management and a select friend or two—perhaps some of the ladies of the female committee—it would have been right—but to go *lushing* with the whole *company*, it was rather squeezish: they felt it, knew the awkwardness of the thing, but then, they knew they had got the professor's services at old-ballad prices, and durst but obey. All great men were whimmy, and it would be dangerous to neglect, or not fall into the humours of the greatest and most startling artist in the world.

Mr. Cousins also waited at the treasury-door—extended his arms at the very appearance of Jacky's return—locked him in them on his approach, and said—of course, with tears in his eyes—that his present joy almost compensated him for the loss he had sustained through the Cheshire church-yard.

Jacky then began to count out the ten guineas; but the good Mr. Cousins could only be prevailed upon to accept five. The fact was, he was afraid the trick might get a little breath—thence proceeding to a wind, it might cause such a breeze about the prompter's chair that would not only render things inconvenient, but put out the gas-light by which he prompted, altogether. He assured Jacky that he was, probably, the greatest creature that, at that moment, retained breath: that he must be very select amidst his professional brethren, and above all must—since his business was of such a fiendish nature—attend to his christian duties; love his great Creator, and come and lodge with him.

Jacky, however, had not much time for talk, but hurried off to see his mother, a lady whom, we are ashamed to say, he had not seen for two years, and not above two or three times for many periods of similar duration: and as Jacky had two or three other things to perform by the way, we will introduce the reader to an entirely new scene, and a few new players, but must here end

PART THE FIRST.

THE LORD OF THE MANOR.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

No man should take up his pen without some motive; whether to promote some views of his own, though wicked, or, if it advantage him, to crush those of another, though virtuous. This may be said to be selfish: why, that is just it, but then it is straightforward. You may mistake a man, but seldom his pen—if used often enough. Thus, whilst some quills have been muscularly employed in the reviling of gin-shops, and what are, by their wielders, termed, “the resorts of the dissipated,” let it be our humble effort, with the reader’s gentle sympathies, to draw our steel and ink in their defence; better, it is trusted, than the steel and blood which have been drawn to support more ancient, though, perhaps, less useful institutions.

For what could the poor man do without them; so long, at least, as there is an equal number of well-established and well-capitalled pawn-shops? If ladies go a-shopping, not because they stand in need, but because they have just received their pin or card money, their allowance, or state bribes; why, surely, a poor man, or his dearer help-mate, after pawning her bed-tick or children’s pillows, her own shoes or her landlady’s

fire-irons, has a right to carry the proceeds to where they will meet the readiest welcome. That place is the flaming temple at the top of the dark street, into which the still gloomier court breathes its stenches.

What else could the family do with them? Why, nothing, unless buy rosin-chips or coals: stay at home to cook a hot supper: even then, perhaps, scald their mouths in eating it—go to bed so early that they could not sleep after six in the morning—or, perhaps, come to the gloomy determination of never going to a dram-shop again!

Let us leave such murky, fill-belly, mawky determinations—dingy-court and sooty-cellar comforts, and attend the levee of the noble proprietor and gentlemanly assistants, of yon one-hundred monster-puncheon bower: where, in day, it is made blithe by the smiles of the proprietor himself—at night, by more, and brighter gas than that of the adjoining thirteen back streets—their courts, alleys, piggeries, and all the Irish lodging-houses. Not a barrel but has a gorgeous picture on its breast: not a hoop but sends forth more splendour than Venus' zone. The shining garniture of the monstrous Old Tom himself, shows that his wealth and discretion are equal to his size and comeliness.

Not a pump-handle, even for the most maudlin beer, but would vie, in inlaid-work, with the temple of Solomon. The ceiling renders that of the Queen's drawing-room no longer a sight to the lieges. The mural enrichments struggle for mastery over that again. But the counter, of divers woods, and marble tops; the spirit stands, and glassery, in turn compel the other to recede with becoming modesty.

Who could look at this abode of the Blisses without entering—entering, without wishing to sip from the many sparkling fountains—nay, get drunk with the

inspiritive joy of the mass, and pine-apple rum; quaff Lethe from every bursting spring; ascend his frightful shores, 'midst the odours of handmaids' scented clothes, perfumed breaths, and the fragrant pipes of cabmen steeped in heavy muddle.

So much in praise of this modern Pantheon—which, we may here observe, is on the Surrey-side of Westminster bridge—and now, something in favour of the principal godhead.

The proprietor of this poor man's Elysium was not less an entity in the scheme of social happiness, than the temple itself: he had done many things to cheer his heart and make smooth his pillow, should anything, at any time, hint to him the probability of his not wanting the latter any more, or the former going cold after its being so warm during the greater portion of his pilgrimage. It is true that, in the earliest part of it, he had not been so stiffly honest, as, he had satisfied his neighbours, was the case in his wealthier struggles through this naughty, though, to him, considerate world.

And, even then, he considered that all his answers to impertinent questions, put by a little troublesome chap who lived in his breast, would have been more pat, but for having had read to him that beautiful apophthegm of Dr. Franklin's, which sayeth: “It is hard for an empty sack to stand upright.” *He was* an empty one then, now is a very full one, and in his own affecting words, he had long given the *sack* to such pernicious advice: nay, that he would never have an empty sack near his, though the property of his own brother, mother, or father. Let the empty sacks lie by themselves!

Now this good man's name was Joseph Mellow, and this good man's person was somewhat short: but, then, it was very plump and equally sleek: had a very benevolent face at the top of it, with a rather wicked

eye therein—carefully-combed black hair over that again—whilst the age of the whole was about forty-five.

He had a beloved wife and five darling children: all of whom (so he said at a dissenting tea-party) were “the children of her bosom and his line.”

This worthy missis (that is what he called her) said that, though the perprietress of one of the jolliest dram-vaults in all London, she would never have a babby inoculated from any other little babby’s arm, unless both its papa and mamma were teetotallers. Joseph used to say that he did not think it *mattered* so much, as that, from the youngest to the very eldest, he never allowed one to peep, let alone ever to serve, in the temple. There were poor people’s children enough to learn temptation and the mysteries of the sacred—and, as always was the case—money-making temple. They should neither serve the contents of Old Tom, nor their time to any trade—unless to a bishop, or if one of the senior judges took a fancy to one of ‘em.

As to the young ladies; well, certainly, a year or so as maids of honour might give a little polish: they might not need it, as they would have every thing which goold could tach ’em—but there was time enough to think of these things:—as the largest licen-sed vittler in the kingdom, why he paid the greatest amount of duties to the king, and, therefore, ought to receive corresponding family favours.

Now Joseph had, beside this residentiary establishment, seven others: keeping up his own surname upon them, because of its great popularity, but varying the christian names in the licenses, and putting into them those of his cousins, nephews, or nieces, as might be—all, however, from the country. Then he owned a third in three smashing pawn-shops, in which were his own brothers; and, to show that he was not ostentatious, his name did

not appear in any of these firms, though carefully placed in the bonds—which bonds, with equal prudence, were not only placed, but could at any time be found, in his fire-proof safe.

“Ah,” said Joseph, “a lot of would-be-very-wise-people, talks of the hurt such establishments as these is calkilated to do to the suckling, as well as the more adult popelation. There may be some as does—for even a church gets abused—but grant it; see the good I does by my three pawn-shops; (because they are *mine ha, ha, ha!* whatever the magistracy may pre-sub-mise to the conter-a-ry;) see, I say, the thousands I daily keep from crowding the work-houses, or smashing lamps, or plate-glass panes, the penalties of which is three months’ food and clothin in a jail. If it was not for the money I loan out of these shops, at all hours of day or night, what a many would have to drowned themselves in the Tames river, in order they could commit suiside. Ah, how little does the unpremeditating world think of that!

“Then, when I was the relieving officer of Lambeth, was I not a father to thousands of poor wanderin creeters?

“And is not my wife a mother to her five children?

“Did not I advokit the enhancipation of the poor black-man, when I found that it would not interfere with the price of rum?

“And though I may have done a good deal of mixing up of my hardened spirits—which after all will do no hurt if the drinker will dilute ‘em with a strong dose of water—and smugglin, doesn’t every body else do the same?

“And though my place is supported by such char-ac-ters, did I ever serve the biggest prig or the most smashin lady, amongst ‘em, after twelve of Saturday night—or rather of the blessed sabbath mornin? Not

but, though there is a heavy penalty against it, did I ever refuse to a good customer—in a quantity—and perticler if I thought, nay knowed, he durst not tell.

“And what man and his family attends better to his duties, or is oftener visited by his clergyman, or his wife by his pastor’s lady—than mine?

“And if ever the devil tempted me to go astray, did I ever rob my family of a pound—for such work: and then did I not always say my prayers before and after?

“Besides, I am worth fifty thousand pound:” said Joseph, with an imperative nod of the head. “These are warming considerations,” continued the worthy self-examinant, rubbing his waistcoat from the very bottom to the very top; “they warm without.”

And Joseph took a little brandy, with hot water and lump sugar; thanked Heaven for its manifold blessings, and—he felt cheered within.

CHAPTER II.

AND now to business. The reader may, perhaps, imagine, after the luxurious picture of the establishment and its owner, that its customers are on an equally elevated, and richly-attired scale. Why no, to say the truth, the customers were no such visionaries, but seemed rather to seek the blandishments of their temple than to rival it by any ostentatiousness on their part. As we see the same in priest-jockeyed countries—their cathedrals and their congregations always forming the most *pleasing* contrasts. And not only in their attire were they indifferent, but, though nice in the smell of Old Tom's contents, they were singularly remiss as to that of each other. And Joseph and his assistants being very particular, in these little respects, it accounts for the width of the counters—and the seventeen ventilators.

But, as the reader has seen the palace, we will now introduce him to its votaries.

Mrs. Brady, there, is an Irish lady; (and the beloved mother of Mr. John Stratford;) she is standing with Mrs. Johnson, the maternal grand-mother of the fair-faced William Kent. She deals in lemons—her basket is behind her, in which are about two dozen.

Then the other is a Welshwoman—at home, but a lady here. The hoarse man is a pot-seller from Lancashire. The other dozen, who are staring so, are

miscellaneous:—not exactly Rag, Tag, and Robert Tail, but Jink Jack, Tinker Mat, and Sir Stuggy O'Rale.

“The truth of the matter is, we are all born to woe, Mother Johnson—”

“O, my dear Mrs. Brady, your discourse is always so cheering.”

“—With a little of something to wash it down: but go on with your story—here's to you in heavy.”

“Ah, my heart's heavy enough, Mrs. Brady: but, as I was saying, my two eldest daughters comed up to me —them as is in business—the most fashionablest milliners—but you know, anywhere. Well, I say, they got on one side of me; my son from the bank—yes, Mrs. Brady, although so young, he's second cash-keeper there: then my other son, as is head booker at Chaddock's & So., and one as I loves better than all—almost—my eldest daughter's son—her as is dead, poor lamb!—blessed little boy—William Kent—they all attackted me at once; one on them with his arm round my neck, and my best of husbands with my hand hold of his; all impertreating me to abandon myself from lemon-selling, getting too much gin—without, and, don't be offended, my love, they didn't mean you—my low acquaintances, old shoes, and unwashed under-gear. Well, you know what I mean —be a mother once more to my family, then they would all subscribe to make me a rale lady. ‘Yes, and,’ says my eldest daughter, ‘you shall have the most finest clothes, and a quart of stout a-day,’ to commence the attack on my bad habits. ‘And a noggin of gin,’ says the banker, ‘leaving off by a thimbleful a-day; and tobacco and snuff in reasonable dacincy,’ to pass on my time till I had a relish for more improving studies—fancying of my meals, instead of intoxicating drinks; going to a theatre, or to a chapel, for change, instead of, what he calls, one of these dens of innifunny—don't be

vexed, love, he doesn't know you come here—and selling lemons—”

“Chapel to the devil! do I ever miss of a Sunday morning?—but proceed. I am afraid you have but a queer family—slightly upstartish: but go on, Divil Johnson—chapel!”

“‘Well,’ and says my dear husband, ‘to show you how happy I am at the promise’—I had promised to become one of the family—‘of the wife of the best family in England, as I first fell in love with you, for those dear little foots, in my youth, I’ll make you the prettiest pair of shoes I ever made yet; I’ll make them with my own hands,’ says he, ‘although I keep twelve men, yes,’ says he, ‘if I stay from my duties next Sunday.’ And then I give him a kiss, and we all cried, we was so happy as I was declaimed.”

“No doubt, what the honest people call ‘reclaimed,’ but go on, Divil Johnson; such fire of joy will soon meet with some cold water, I’m thinking. But how’s the exchicquer? even woe, as joy, must have its support, or else why so much whisky at a funeral, or fireworks at a rejoicing—och! you’ve plinty left I see. Here, two goes of gin—proceed.”

“Well, my sweet, dear husband kept his word, and made me the shoes last Sunday, and I went to church with all my family at night, with my new clothes, and I was, I thank my Redeemer, quite an altered woman; and my husband said, ‘Bless them little foots, they look as well as they did the first day I prayed it might be my good fortune, at some time or other, to have the measuring of them.’

“Well, at supper, I’d my quart of stout, and my noggin of gin, and my ’lowance of tobacco and snuff. I didn’t sleep very well after such a sudden limitation, but I was resolved to get used to it. And so the next

morning I rose early, and my husband gave me three shillings to take little Billy Kent, as he's a scholar, you know, to show him the Diorama, and for him to *look* after me, as I suppose, for fear some of my old friends might wish me to take my mornin with 'em—”

“Served him right if you had; to be prigged about by a young shrimp of a grand-son—it's him as led my Jack astray—I'd like a child of mine—but proceed.”

“Well, I unbethought me as we was going along Rupert street, that, about a fortnight before, I had left two dozen of lemons—the landlady thinking I was a little too far gone to see 'em home, and so I thought I might as well get the price of 'em, as I had declinated the business, and show my old customer my fine clothes, my new shoes, and what an altered creeter I was, and also to advise her to go to chapel, and to act as an example to her poor be-gas-smoked customers. I had just begun to make her cry, and confess her wicked life, when in come an old friend, who had been receiving her son's prize-money as had been shot in an engagement; and she begun to cry too, to see my changed condition, and to think what a good son the lad as was shot was; and so we all three cried so that we begun to chick-up, and a corn-doctor as was there, said we might all go off in a fit, unless we took a drop of somethin. Little Billy started at this, and pulled at my gown:—but then, to die in a fit! and so—I took a little drop of port wine—”

“Made you sick?”

“Right, Mrs. Brady, I was worse; so then we all agreed to take a drop of pale-brandy.—I would not have touched it, only it was so very pale. Well, I was a bit better, but still did not feel right until—”

“You got to the real genuine blue.”

“You are a profit. I was—indeed, we all was easier after the first glass:—and that first had been my last—

but where was Willy Kent? I suspected, all at once, that he had run home to tell his grand-father."

"A little monster, I would have took another out of revinge."

"I did, and should have gone home and presumed my plan of reformation, but I was afraid Johnson might come and catch me in the place, and so I off to another: I recollect getting a drop there, I was so terrified at what I had done—and then I suppose I must have got some more, and have gone somewhere else—where, I have no recollection; but I'll be *damned* if somebody had not stole the new shoes off my feet—and the very first day I had 'em on!"

"O world, O world, thy infamies!—but order another pot of stout, Divil Johnson, before I begin my sympathetics. Ah, there! what, steal the shoes of your feet? O planet, O planet, henceforth call thee not earth. And yet it's not the shoes I care a damn about!"

"What! a new pair, made of a Sunday?"

"It's not that I care for—don't tease me childer! No, Divil Johnson, it's not the shoes—but it is the ungalantry of the act that's freezing the beer upon my stomach. If I had been a hen, instead of a lady, that tale had made a hole through my gizzard—to the divil with the beer—or here, give it to the childer—order in some snips of the rale thing. What? to stale thim off your feet! thank the saints, the act did not polute ould Ireland; I wonder what country gave birth to the monster. I don't think an Englishman would have done it, as, to do him justice, he's naturally polite to a lady. A Scotsman durst not—so far out of his own country. Would a Taffy? Why, yes, if he could have humbugged his conscience that he had found them. But an Irishman! instead of prigging the unprotected shoes off a female, would have pulled the petticoats over them:—

becase, by how much more you wanted protection, by so much more would he have found it his duty to have afforded it till you ; and as, no doubt, you were in a state of beastly intoxication, he ought to have taken you up in his arms; sought out the place of your abode; taken you to your own door, and have said; ‘Mr. Johnson, Mr. Johnson, I bring you home the partner of your joys and afflictions—the mother of your beloved children, and her new shoes!’ That’s what an Irishman would have said.”

“No doubt: but they are gone, and now I have nothin to wear but these old trashes!”

“Is there no revinge?”

“Yes, Mrs. Brady, and I’ll be damned if I don’t get drunk this blessed, blessed day, to revenge it on my husband, for his being so wicked as to make them on a Sunday: what else could he expect?”

“Examine the exchiquer: all right? what limins have you got? damn the limins, sacrifice them: prime-cost thim; this is a great evint, and we must make a stand, or it’s not the last pair of shoes will be made of a Sunday:—hut, childer, don’t worrit me so: don’t I give you a share of all that’s gooин? do I lave you at home to pine upon a sick squab as some unreflecting mothers do? I know you want to go home:—have you got no bowels, Divil Johnson? Whilst I’m groaning for your trouble, you’re not offerin the childer a drop, although you know that Ted’s got the measles, and Ann’s got them nasty chicken pocks. Be patient, Ted; see how quiet Ann is. Ann deserves to be ill, she’s so good.”

“And I’m be damned if I didn’t lose my new shoes, right *and* left, the *very* first—”

“And am I not guzzling gallons to sympathy and comfort you for the loss?”

“You’re a dear friend, Mrs. Brady.—Mr. Mellow, Mr.

Mellow—snips apiece again; a little stiffer nor last.—Mrs. Brady, your affections I'll return."

" Well, but let us sing an hymn in atonement of all our misdoings, and for the losses, crosses—wait 'till I cross me.—Come, Mrs. Jones, Joseph, all take hold of hands, and thin I'll commince.—Now, Divil Johnson."

" Yes but," said Mrs. Jones, " Mrs. Brady, if you calls the Taffies any more, indeed I shall lift your head lower; great omens as you are!"

" O, let's have harmony and pace, as the mornin service is goin to commince. Now, are you all riddy? I shall begin the solo, and whin I nod my head, Joseph, you take the bass; and thin the chorus and dance of joy will follow. Let us mind our duties, as well as our pleasures. Now, all hold of hands, and we'll sing the

ANTHEM OF THANKSGIVING.

(AIR, "*Nora Creena.*")

<i>Air, Mrs. Brady.....</i>	{ For the saints of Hivin may hover about us.
<i>Hoarse Joseph, (wrong)..</i>	{ Better to have us nor do without us.
<i>Mrs. Brady.—" You are too soon."</i>	{ Tow, row, row, row, row, row, row.
<i>Joseph, (right).....</i>	Tow, row, &c.
<i>Chorus and dance, all....</i>	Tow, row, &c.
<i>Joseph Mellow.....</i>	{ "Not quite so loud, ladies and gentlemen: poor things, how they does enjoy their- selves: is it not a beau- tiful sight?"
<i>Solo, Mrs. Brady.....</i>	{ For we're all on us the chil- deren of Hivin, and we hopes for to be forgiven.

<i>Duetto, Mrs. Brady and</i>	<i>Tow, row, row, row, row, row,</i>
<i>Hoarse Joseph</i>	<i>row.</i>
<i>Trio</i>	<i>{ If we're not, to the devil we're</i>
	<i>driven.</i>
<i>Chorus and dance by all</i>	<i>Tow, row, row, &c. &c.</i>
<i>the characters.....</i>	

“And I’ll be damned if my new shoes was not stole off my feet the very first time I put them on. And if it was not for my darlin Billy Kent being an orphan, and no one to look after him but his grand-mother Kent —this night I would throw myself off the Thames.”

“Oh, pace about the nasty ditch-water—think of the Shannon.”

“Peace! oh, here’s my own darling Billy—” and surely enough in walked Master Kent, just arriving at the palace in time to prevent his grand-mother from forming an unhappy illustration of our propensity to gravitation, particularly when our movements are under some direction which proceeds not from the head. In short, poor Mrs. Johnson was gently staggering, and would have tumbled, if her watchful grand-son had not caught her in his arms. This he did, and though but a slender youth, with the assistance of three or four of the feeling chorus party, he succeeded in getting her to a cab, and thence to the longing arms of her family.

Nor did William Kent enter alone, but with him our other hero, Mr. John Stratford, who seeing his mother, said:

“O, you’re there, are you, marm? the fondest of parents!—do take my harm.”

Jacky had just seized his mamma’s waist, when entered, and in the highest temperature—Jacky’s papa—that is, step-father Brady. He had got a strong carrier’s strap, and was about to apply it—it is to be hoped in a com-

fortising way, to the shoulders of his affectionate wife—when the great Professor Costello interdicted.

Jacky saved his mother from the application: so, whether it was intended to be used hostilely, or in the same way in which we see a gentleman place a boa round a lady's neck, as she leaves the opera-box—is not, to this hour, exactly known.

"Come, mother, I'll see yer home, and then I'll come back to father who can be a-enjoying on himself till I do so," said Jacky, throwing down a crown; "here," added he, "*man*, drink my health."

Mr. Brady seized the crown, and *looked* at his stepson: saw the magnificent suit of shining black, moustache, Jacky's impudence, (so he called it,) and into Jacky's new profession—his son had apprenticed himself to the noted corporation, or company as may be—the swell-mob. Well, it was no business of his, only let him bring whacking five-shilling pieces, and he might *swell* away until he *bust*.

"And which is this one, mamma?" demanded Jacky, when he arrived at the dwelling of Mr. Brady: "which of your fortunit issue is this? or is it a neighbour's—a he or a she? I didn't know you'd one so juvenile as this."

"Oh, this is little Jacky," said one of the children, "brother Johnny; aint you my brother?"

"Why, yes, Miss Ann, I believe I am: but how comes there to be two Johnnies in one family?" demanded the stranger, looking slightly puzzled.

"Och! my beloved ildest son, it was yer new father was resolved to have a Jacky, my dear, but then you know my—my dear—my love—"

"Oh, don't hurry yerself, marm, I've no doubt the explanation will be perfectly explanatory."

"Och, darlin John Stratford, to be sure it will: you see you're Johnny Stratford—aint he very like you—"

what an honour to you! and this is—is you know—
Johnny Brady—”

“ So that was it—eh, marm?”

“ To be sure, darlin: och, what a handsome youth you’re making up into. I’ve bin the best of mothers to you—och, to think I was keeping up your birth-day to-day—although not due of a month, and it should have a little overpowered me—just as you come—”

“ Well, but tell the truth, now, how this young cubling—what is so like me—became to have my name? It aint reglar, I believe, to have two of a family of one name; now, mind, and don’t imagine that the floor is your bed, or your chair!”

“ Och! I percave you want to murder me, brake my heart, and make me little in the eyes of my own family: a family as I have tinderly rared: look how civilly your father behaved to me on your sake: he never lifted the strap a inch when he seen you: and you’d return his ingratitude with makin all sorts of hub-bubs about a bit of a child’s name. How can the child be in fault, seeing as Father Murphy christened him in a mistake for another. Och, oh, don’t make a puppet-show of my distracted head, and pluck at a mother’s heart-strings for the dancin wires: och, oh, see how I weep to see you.”

“ Thank yer; but now in fact was not this the way it was done? you, and the rest of the christening-party, had all been making so free at Mr. Mellow’s, that you made a mistake in the *name*.”

“ Well, even thin, it was the fault of the darlin’s god-fathers, and not his own tinder, beloved mother: och, this is dry work. I little thought whin I coralled your gooms to make your teeth cut, you would iver use them to bite a bleeding mother’s breast. Och, oh!”

Jacky was going to interrogate a little further, when an old lady, who, it seems, was in the habit of assisting

Mrs. Brady in her domestic duties—suggested, that it would be better both for beloved son, and affectionate mother, to waive all further discussion until the lady had had a comfortable nap of a few hours, and then, on both sides, the nature of the explanations would, doubtless, be of the most satisfactory character.

Jacky agreed to the terms, but thought he would step back to Mr. Mellow's, just to have a word or two on family affairs with Mr. Brady. He had turned the corner of the street for the purpose, when whom should he meet, but one of Mrs. Kent's carriers, who at once informed Mr. Stratford that he was going in search of the said Mr. Stratford, to ask him if, at once, he would step to the green-grocery store of his mistress.

Jacky promised to be there directly, but though he said so, he made up his mind to stop at a certain draper's shop first, and select therefrom an article or two, that would, at least, show some grateful acknowledgment for the goodness, instruction, and parental kindness, he had ever received at the hands of Mrs. Kent.

He had bought some such things for his mother, and had left them in her house, before he proceeded to the palace of Mr. Mellow: he now laid out about five pounds in presents for the paternal grand-mother of his friend, Billy Kent. He thought he should put a nice little surprise upon the old lady; guess his, however, when his approach only caused her to burst into tears; and his present to induce the exhibition of feelings still more painful.

“O, Jacky, I don't understand this work: have you seen poor Willy? he has not been here of three days, and I'm heart-broken.”

“Poh, bother, I seen him not an hour agone, a-takin of his grand-mother, Mrs. Johnson, from that respected palace at Westminster Bridge—you know the place—Mr. Mellow's.”

“Saw Billy? well, I’m happier: poor boy, he’ll break his heart about that wretched woman, yet. Alas, I did hear that she had promised her family—but she has done it many times—that she would reform, and I suppose she is as bad as ever—”

“And—”

“And what, Jacky?”

“Ditto, my best of mothers.”

“Well, she is your mother, poor boy: but come, now, Jacky, I never knew you to tell me a falsehood in your life,” said the old lady; “I feel unhappy to see you in those new clothes, and as to William Kent, I am told he was seen riding in a very grand carriage: if any thing goes wrong, it will soon lay me low.” Mrs. Kent again began to weep: “Do tell me all you know, Jacky; I know you have been together, I am sure he has been after you; do be as good a boy as you used to be, and tell me every thing.”

And Jacky did, from first to last, and as a proof, bade her examine the present. The old lady was delighted with every thing save the little information he could give respecting the movements of her grand-son William.

Jacky had not seen him for several days before the accidental meeting at the dram-shop. It was not at all unusual for him to be at his grand-father Johnson’s, but then he never missed a day in visiting his grand-mother Kent.

Jacky, then, related all he knew as to the Lady Bourgoin taking William away in her carriage: but that was all the information he could give; not but he promised Mrs. Kent to make himself fully acquainted with the old lady’s doings, and, in due time, report to her.

This greatly eased the mind of Mrs. Kent. She was delighted with Jacky’s prospects at the Royal Sanspareil, but made him promise that he never would carry William

Kent thither: indeed it would be best for him not to know one word of the matter; as he might, nay, would be sure to, go to the performance, and his great love for Jacky's person considered, he might, at seeing one of the hazardous leaps, give vent to his fears in such a way, as to lead to the information as to who the great professor was.

Jacky promised obedience to all and every thing.
And Jacky was always a man of his word.

CHAPTER III.

DR. BENZONI made quite sure, from what he had done in the way of promoting the success of his valet, at the Royal Sanspareil, that he had secured, in his breast, a lasting confidence, and an equally durable gratitude. Made so certain of this, that he let out to Jacky, only in bits, his modes of operation in behalf of the Lady Bourgoin: he wanted another hundred pounds from that doating woman. How was it to be done? not by coercion—if possible; no, there was always danger in that. Nor by threats, yet it was clear there was no other way—“except one,” said the doctor, looking knowingly at Jacky, “except one, mine frien.”

“And what may that be, doctor? beside, don’t you think you have not done so bad out of her already: the one-hundred you got from the Colonel, and the diamond ear-rings for madame, which the old unfaithful she seducer give her: come, I think that’s enough out of one connexion.”

“(Yes, and, my friend, I got a hundred you know nothing about.) Why, mine frien, whats a hundreds or two to such peoples? besides, if we did not get it, there would be lots of other impostors as would.”

“Well, that’s true,” said Jacky, scratching his ear, “that’s true; that’s why I went so far in the other affair:—but what’s the dodge as will reduce the peppercorns into a form more fittin for domestic purposes?”

“Marry her, mine frien, mine dear.”

“Ha, ha, ha, keek! why she may be dead before I’m of a age to be demanded in wedlock, even by a widow of the fourth class in a dragoon regiment.”

“Why, what noodles you are: do you think your monkey-tricks will last you for ever at the Sanspareil? and that the twenty poundsh a-week ish to be as regular ash the Bank of England, during the terms of your natural lifes?”

“Why, no, not exactly.”

“Chertinly not: the Colonel ish done: it ish all oup with him: he got her monies at too great a rates: you don’t ask for money at all: demand her lovely selve for her lovely selve alone; you win the race and pitch the Colonel over the post. I told you I would be a father to you; you be dutiful sons to me: marry the old amorous widow, and give me half for mine advize, instructions, whilst you was young; and above all, for *mine* assistance—how to make sure of her.”

Jacky laughed, and again titillated the square inch of cuticular sensibility immediately above his ear. “I think, arter all, it’s soon enough to marry when the clock has struck sixteen-year-old:—oh, what’s the reason as I see in your new advertisement, the ‘*Institution*’ is of twenty-year standin?’”

“Oh, surely the Professor Costello must see the reasons of that—more respectables!”

“Ah, ha, very good; and yet, the plate at front, which bears the great brazen announcement, is quite new: all the angles quite sharp and square; the black, inside the letter, not a bit worn off! A nice institution of ‘twenty-year standin!’ must be a precious flat key on an old, wiry piano, as couldn’t see that. There’s no wonderin at yer never catching any young spoonies of your own nation!”

“Well, mine goot boys, what would you recommends?”

“Why, set an Irish labourer to work at it: scrub it with sand night and mornin, and then the plate will look like an ancient physic-store for the nobility and clergy.”

“Ah, that ish grand hint: it shall be done about to-night: but, mine son, when will you set about making happy the widow Bourgoin?”

“Oh, I don’t know; certainly not before somebody has done justice to Ireland, in the shape of a wife, a pension, or a pair of handcuffs for Colonel O’Craizem: then, I think, there would be no danger.”

“Poh! nonsense, I tell you she has made up her minds not to see the madmans any more—her very words mine son—nay, said that she should have owed me eternally thanks if I had squeezed his nosh off instead of the skin: sho, *once* more I tell you, the Lady Daphne will see the Colonel not as oftens as I tell you.”

“Ah, but, my talented papa, her resolution of not seeing him again, may not at all affect a similar determination on his part, to see her as often and as long as there is a drop of her bounty to be sponged up. You cannot polish a mahogany table so long as there is any beer upon it: just wipe off the Colonel, and then I’ll try to see my face in it.”

“Ah, there may be some true in that; but ‘none but the prave deserves the fair;’ should never be fear of rivals: see what a grand house this would be to court in! I could introduce you as a young foreign counts.”

“Without my being able to pay the same compliment to a word of French; or that precious lingo in which you, madame, and the young ladies pitch into me and others. Monsieur Costello doesn’t speak one word in his monkey-business, or it would soon be found out what county in foreign countries had honored the world with his production: but in the monkey-business to the Lady

Daphne, talking, I suppose, would be as essential as looking like a jug just before coming in two—cracked."

"Oh, speak brokens English."

"But then, if she parley-vooed cranky French—I expect she would look to me for as much, even if I was introduced as a Calmuc Tarter from Spain!"

"*I think squeezing* would do, with the brokens English; plenty of the firsts." And the doctor looked as he had spoken—emphatically—and as if he had uttered a bit of the Lord's truth.

"More likely *ring* my ears, than *knock*—often—at the door of the *rendez-vous*."

"You thinks you are so young?"

"Not for her grand-son's playfellow."

"Well, now marks, Mr. Clever John Stratford, Straddle, Costello, Professero; she's in love with William Kent, your young master! has introduced him to a number of her friends, and is about consulting them as to adopting—"

"Him for her great-grand-son?"

"No, mine frien—measures to make him her husbands—lawful husbands!"

"Ha, ha, ha, ho, ho, ho, keek! I shall choke—ha, ha, ha!"

"Why, mine frien, mine frien, mine frien, don't be please to be mad; although thish is an 'Institution, curing all disheases,' still it is not an *asylum*. In short, she wishes me to give him *AWAY*." And the doctor looked as mighty as he did when honouring a private box at the Royal Sanspareil.

"Oh, you are to give Billy Kent away! you'd better give your brass-plate away; or a portion of your palace, I think—or any amount of quack-bills!"

"What, my friend, jealous?"

"No, my father,—*serious*."

"Well, I am glad of that: then marry her yourselves."

"What, instead of Miss Ruth—and become a partner?"

"Marry Miss Ruth after, mine sharp boy."

"What! on the same day?"

"O, what a bigamy notions you have! no, when the Lady Stratford no longer needs the hand of her husband to 'sist her into her opera-box."

"Arter she's been assisted to her last box?"

"Then comes grand young wives; town and country carriage; the honourable Mr. Stratfords to his seats in parliament—perhaps call here to be—"

"Cured: of course, I should be very ill."

"All rich mans is very ills: but ish it a bargain? when shall I have the honours to introduce to the Lady Bourgoin, the young Counts Sobolooski?"

"Oh, whenever the great Doctor Benzoni's want of engagements will permit him."

"Your hand, mine dutiful son: happy hour when we meet!"

"And may it be so when we part! why, by George, there is the Colonel, looking at the house as wildly as a lost cat does for the name of her street."

"Ah, Jacky, run out the back way: tell him I have put all the I. O.'s into the hands of mine attorneys, and intend to sue him, and seek the books of every sponging-house in the metropolis: be sures to tell him that; he will soon make offs."

Jacky ran as desired, and just reached the Colonel as he had placed his hand on the knocker.

"Stay," said Jacky, winking at the Colonel—"here, this way."

The Colonel obeyed.

Jacky told him his master's determination as to the I. O. business, and added, that three Jew sheriff-officers

were dining with him then, together with the keeper of the writ-warehouse, from the temple.

“Certainly, it would be an awkward time to visit the villainous magician when surrounded by all his familiars: but the fact is, my nose is growing as perverse as ever, and I must either have my hundred pounds back, or he must assist me in a plan to make the old, unfaithful hag, who set me on, to refund me a thousand for damage done, not only to my nose, but to my brains—they never have been worth salt since—I must have that, I say, or, so soon as this devil’s feast is over, I will stand with a thundering big board, back and front of the house, just to intimate that he’s a swindling Jew—that *I* have found out—and I’ll have a lantern at night, bearing the same gazette extraordinary.”

“Poh, nonsense; publishing season is over, and’s but a poor trade at best. Sittings at Westminster Hall has just commenced, and so fond are they, just now, of libel business, that they are trying them without fees, and paying tremendously to informers for every new case:—I should think one of these monsters has been putting you up to the board-and-lantern trick, in order to make two twenty-pound notes.”

“By my soul, he was a scamping-looking thief; that’s thtrue: and I believe he is engaged in some blackguard employment or other in the courts of Westminster.”

“Did he say anything of superior courts?”

“Did he? spoke of nothing else.”

“Ay, the villain lives in a cellar, in one behind my grand-mother’s, and has just left Doctor Benzoni’s back door.”

“I wish I was at his back door.”

“Don’t you see the trick? they want to transport a few thousand six-feet-two chaps to the new world, for the sake of improvin the animal creation there: and, in

this case, the treasury order is reversed, for ‘none need apply but Irish.’”

“I see the trick—here’s justice to Erin!”

“Ay, that’s what he said, ‘transport all her cattle but her cows; make cheese-and-butter farms of her cities;’ and, even then, he told master, he would put the *screw* upon the first; have the other well churned, and pickle the cows for pork, when no longer able to bear the wear and tear of milking, and going out to oil-cake.”

“Have you half-a-crown in your pocket?”

“At your service, Colonel.”

“Come into the next tavern, while we plan (your mother, you say, was a Cornish woman) vengeance to the haters of Ireland’s green sod, her skies, her echoes, her lakes, her sons; and thin, the way to murder Daphne’s new beau.”

CHAPTER IV.

Now as far as the Colonel's scheme went, of making the Lady Bourgoin refund, the doctor had also been engaged in a little private practice on the same bent—and this, too, unknown to his faithful valet: and he managed it in this way. He sent, in great haste, for the lady, told her that one of the reporters for the "Censurist," and another from the "Scandalum," had, unfortunately—through an Irish servant—got possession of every word of the nose-squeezing; the name of the victim, and of the lady who insisted upon his making the trial, who visited him during the operation, and whose name was—the Lady Bourgoin; that if once inserted in these terrible organs, not only would the price get up to half-a-crown a-copy, but the circulation would be such as to require all the ready-made paper in England; that every paltry rag in the universe would be at the same game; and indeed, what with the scarcity of provisions—might it not end in a revolution?

"For mine own part, I have paid the 'Censurist' peeples, on mine knees, one hundred pounds: and I have promised the 'Scandalum,' which you know is brass-candlesticks, against the other's silver-snuffers—one hundred-and-fifty more on your account."

The lady was staggered, but embraced the doctor; said that the money should be sent to him in twenty-

minutes, and added a something which led to the proposal that was made to Jacky of "marrying the Lady Bourgoin." That something was, "don't for the world, dear doctor, let them know anything about my discarding the Colonel.—O yes, you may do that, but not my taking a sudden affection to another young gentleman, whom I met in your establishment—and have been seen with, once or twice, in public."

That young gentleman, the Jew well knew, was the honourable William Kent.

The doctor got the money, as promised, and then he began to calculate how much he could make out of the *last secret*: was it not a better one than even that of the Colonel?

Things were advancing in this cherished manner, when the management of the Sanspareil began to take alarm at some whispers which every now and then buzzed about the managerial ear—that overtures had been made—and it was feared in part accepted—from other managements, to the great Professor Costello. Mr. Cousins was the first to hear of all this, and, of course, knew it to be his solemn duty to carry it to head-quarters. Here was a fix:—getting the greatest card they had ever had for a paltry twenty-pounds a-week—and another manager upon the scent. They were afraid to offer more, lest Jacky, like all the *vulgar*, might fly off altogether, and fancy that no management was great enough to appreciate, pay for, and retain his services, unless the famous one of *Utopia*.

Mr. Cousins offered to negotiate the whole: the entire management was grateful. The worthy prompter, in the first place, had given sly hints to four other managements, that the professor was dissatisfied with his present engagement, and was, therefore, clandestinely, open to an offer—that offer, however, must come through

him, in writing; and, of course, not contain the slightest hint of the one he had given them.

The prompter received four letters in an hour: parts of which he showed to parts of the management; but, certainly, never named a word of all this to the professor: so, as is often the case, the young gentleman most concerned, was the last to hear that he was about to leg the management, for the purpose of giving runs of a hundred nights to another.

Jacky was greatly annoyed at this, because such a thought had never entered his noddle: made Mr. Cousins his friend and adviser in all this, and in so doing, told who was his real mother, and who his assumed father; and where they resided.

Here was news and comfort for the good prompter: the management was told of his information, and also of the advisability of getting a contract from the father of the professor, to supply his son to that establishment, and that, too, for a term—then the engagement would be binding; as it was, Jacky being a minor, although his signing was done in a style which left his *mark*, it was not worth a flust of red powder, or an encore of orange-peels and pop-bottles.

The only difficulty would be, would the professor work, if his owner got the start at the treasury—it might be arranged; only get the engagement made legal, and then depend upon it, the training of whip, (in case of refusal,) and roasted-horse-bean suppers, would effect wonders.

The prompter must go and find out the lad's parents at once.

And he did as directed by his masters.

Mr. Brady had just spent the last coin given by his step-son, and the pawn-money of the present to Mrs. Brady. The whole, with the exception of some beef-

steaks and white rolls, had gone into the coffers of Mr. Mellow: the present had been carefully placed in the archives of one of his subordinate establishments—the pawn-shops; and, as we have said, the money lent thereon, brought to the palace. We once more enter it.

Mr. Cousins soon ascertained which were the parties who claimed consanguinity with the Sanspareil professor; he then stood half-a-gallon of stout for all the gentlemen present; and goes of gin for the ladies: and after standing this, he danced in the chorus of the *anthem*, and went even farther in their *duties* than they had done: and this was in making a long, energetic, *acting*, prayer. O this was grand: this *was* a new feature: nay, so delighted was, even, Mr. Mellow, that he himself kneeled down behind the counter, making every waiter, who was not actually engaged, do the same.

Mr. Mellow said it was one of the happiest hours he had ever spent during business, and he further observed, “that, mixing bisniss with pleasure, was an agreeable thing, but when a bit of good religion could be stirred up with it; it was like punch when compounded of those cheering ingredients, rum, smoking water, lemons, and sugar.”

“The sentiment was more benefited, if possible, by Mr. Mellow’s head than his gin-glowing heart.”—The new customer, Mr. Cousins, said this.

“O, what would be the frowns of this world without sentiment!”—Mr. Mellow.

“They’d be sidimint without grog.”—Mrs. Brady.

“Let’s have another dance?”

“Not without another prayer,” said Mr. Mellow, tenderly; “if this dear gentleman will be so good, and I will fetch all my family down, that we may do honour to sich a good set of Christians: let the churches and chapels, the hedges, ditches, and high-ways come into

this place, and blush for their negligence to their duties."

This proposal was rather too long an affair for the good Christian, Mr. Cousins, who said, that before he could engage in so onerous an undertaking, he wanted a word of chat with the worthy Mr. Brady.

Mr. Brady was quite willing, of course, and both adjourned into a box at the end of the counter. The prompter opened the business, by at once informing the somewhat-fuddled Mr. Brady that, if he chose, he could put him in the net receipt, weekly, of five pounds.

The other was quite willing, unless it was at the expense of his religion: he did not care how much villainy there was in the scheme, but would never change his religion.

"Not even roguery in it," said Mr. Cousins.

"No matter," replied Mr. Brady; "barring the religion."

Mr. Cousins then told Mr. Brady that, wonderful as it might seem, he could obtain a situation for his son, John Stratford Brady, of twenty pounds a-week: but then he must have an undertaking, that ten must be paid to him, weekly, for getting the engagement: "then," continued the negotiator, "there will be five for you, ten for me—I shall have to give two thousand security—and five to induce your son to an energetic performance of his duties."

"Henryjidick' the devil, I'll use the shaft of a spade to him, instead: give him five bob a-week: oh, oh, I see how it was the young monster could give his mother presents, and me a crown—set us all a-drinking, and lost me three days' work—a young villain."

"Well," said the good prompter, "give him what you like, so that he will do his duties." Mr. Cousins then

drew up the agreements, got them signed that night, and stamped next morning.

So then they'd Jacky fast.

So Mr. Cousins could afford a feast.

Ten pounds a-week added to the thirty-five shillings he had before, made his salary, at the Sanspareil, really worth calling for on treasury day.

Mr. Cousins took the agreement to his managers: that is, the twenty-pound one; the ten-pound spec. he kept in his own safe—that is, he kept it safely.

When the other managements—they whom Mr. Cousins had given the hint to, found that the professor would not stir from the Sanspareil, they began, with machination strong, to find out the real breed and patronage of the great *hit*, and then, to smash him. It was quite time; of course they knew by his sudden success he was an impostor, and find him out they would; that done, and no more of the Sanspareil triumphs.

They were soon fortunate; they had traced Jacky even to the days of his knackership. They found out his mother, and told her, amongst other things, that he to whom she had given birth, was giving it out that his mother was a *rock*.—See the programme of the Sanspareil piece.

This so greatly affected the lady, who once was honoured by the affections of Sir Tatton Stratford, that she resolved she would expose his issue. A “*rock*

Jacky was a little staggered, when he went to the treasury next week, when told that all they could, then, let him have, was five pounds—they were so scarce of funds. Jacky knew that the business had been immense, but did not know that fifteen sovereigns had been drawn by his mother's husband. Had he known that, he would have kicked the management at the time, not so as to

make it of no further use, but as we do foot-balls, and then take them home for another day. The management felt convinced that the best plan of acquainting him with his father's interference, would be when they wanted him *no longer*, and then show him that the account had been regularly paid, as per agreement, to the now mighty Patrick Brady.

Then the Colonel, too, had to borrow two pounds a-week from Jacky, but then this was only until his next quarter's rents arrived from Erin: after which he was to return, to the lender, three pounds a-week interest, making it a neat little thing of five pound a-week. Well, though Jacky was by no means a great usurer, he thought the terms liberal, and so he gave the Colonel orders for the boxes, which the Colonel occupied every night in his *undress uniform*. And did he not applaud the monster!

Just as things were in this proud position—the Colonel trying to find out for whom the Lady Bourgoin had changed him—and Jacky to discover for what purpose the same lady was enticing Master Kent—for as to what the doctor had told him about her being in love with him, &c. he did not believe one word—the very object of his cogitations came up to the doctor's in a cab. And now he was dressed like the honourable William Kent, indeed: he was delighted to find Jacky at the Institution. Jacky was surprised at the alteration and appearance of his late friend, and demanded, with the frankness of an old acquaintance, the cause of all he saw. William said that if he would get into the cab with him, he would inform him of everything. And John acceded, because this was every thing which John wanted. And away they drove: and during the drive, William told Mr. Stratford, how that the Lady Bourgoin had taken him to her house, ordered him several suits of clothes, such

as that in which he was then dressed: had taken him to all the exhibitions, put him twenty-pounds in his pocket—wanted him to have fifty—and, in short, had taken such a liking to him, that there was no doubt, whatever, she intended to make him her heir. That, very much against his inclination, she had had him out of town for five days—though, of course, he had written to both his grand-father Johnson, and grand-mother Kent, and told them where he was.

“And did you put the letter into the post, yourself?”

“No, you silly boy, great people don’t do those things: a servant,” replied William a little knowingly, “the servant took them.”

“I thought so!”

“Why, how could you think so?”

“(Because they never came) oh, I only thought so. Well!”

“Well, I got so unhappy at receiving no replies, that I would insist on coming up to town, and now I dare not go home, unless you, Johnny, will go first, and tell them all about it: you know I’m only a burden on both grandparents, and, if the good lady—”

“Only a burden; oh, fie, William Kent.”

“Well, Jacky, I know they don’t consider me one: but, then, you know, I am one. Poor grand-mother Kent, ever since grand-father has gone away, in the strange, unaccountable manner he has, you are sure she has enough to do; and then see how delicate are both my young aunts, who have, entirely, to be supported by her: she, herself, is getting into years; and my education must have greatly straitened her and grand-father Johnson. And look at the unhappy habits of grand-mother Johnson. In short, this lady proposes I shall very soon go to college; you know, Jacky, I intend to be

a scholar, and nothing less, and so don't you think that all things are very well?"

"Humph! what does she say she took you out of town for?"

"O, she's so tired of this horrid world!"

"Was that all?"

"And was afraid the mad Colonel O'Craizem might follow her."

"Why, for what is a virtuous, hospital-founding, scholar-making lady like she is, afraid of a man only two-thirds of her age?"

"I don't know, Johnny: oh, I believe he is what is termed a great fortune-hunter, and so merely wishes to get hold of her, in order to obtain her immense wealth."

"Oh, that's what's called a fortune-hunter, is it?"

"Yes, that, I believe, is it, Jacky."

"Poor, good lady, has she no servant that, under a pretence of letting him in, might jam off his fingers with the front door? Couldn't she electrify the knocker? set a spring-trap in the drive; or get the game-keeper to mistake him for a cat after rabbits, or the gardener swear he was a throstle eating cherries—and so either of 'em shoot him?"

"Oh, Jacky, how you talk! you are such a foolish chap: she is not only of quiet habits, fond of literary conversation, but looks upon religion as her greatest comfort. Do not talk so uncharitably. Had she either children of her own—grand-children I mean, or near relations—I would not allow her to be at one penny expense on my account, either educationally or otherwise: but being left in the world so lonely as she is, surely you do not think me so selfish, but that, if I could add to her comforts, in any way—either by my society, or by showing, through my perseverance, I had been wor-

thy of her support and adoption—but that I would readily accede to her will."

"Oh, you'll make a great scholar."

"I hope so, Johnny."

"And—but not through the *adoption* of the widdy Bourgoin."

"I am quite aware it must entirely be through my own industry, but you know, Jacky, I'm not idle when at my books."

"Nor at anything else!"

"Well, but we cannot get at them, at all, unless we have the means, you know: but, however, I shall not take a step in this, although it would lead me to fortune, to a certainty, unless it meets with the concurrence of my friends: I hope I am not base: I was left helplessly enough, and but for my grand-parents, though but very humble, the parish, instead of a first-rate school, must have claimed guardianship over me. And then see what a kind friend you have been to me: I never saw you look harshly, or speak in your present style before—"

"Now don't commence the real water in the first hact," said Jacky, seizing the hand of William, tenderly. "If I looked unkindly, I did very wrong: and, I am sure, I never was more glad to see you in my life: but, however, couldn't you manage to introduce me to this philanfanciful lady—"

"Philanthropical—"

"That's no doubt what I should have meant to say."

"Introduce you, Johnny? why now that, as well as for your advice, is just for what I came to see you. She wishes to give a party at Richmond: desires me to ask all of my young friends, and, more especially, to bring ladies: she's of opinion that a party never looks well, unless there are plenty of females."

“(Humph! that, I think, looks a little better.) I could bring lots of ladies, beautiful creatures: by George, Billy, I think the world is disposed to smile upon us—that is, that the sun thinks we are as deservin of a original beam or two, as a oak-tree or a yard-wall. I can manage the ladies, O rare! and since you have told me all, I’ll tell you all.” And Jacky did—every word—about his flourishing engagement at the Sanspareil, and the rest.

William pouted for some time, and said that surely he ought to have had that much of his confidence before.

Jacky confessed it, but excused himself upon the plea, that the leaps and positions were so frightful, that his friend—out of fear—might have disturbed the audience, and ruined himself: the first night, however, being over without an accident, there was now no longer any mistrust; and that, now, so far from dreading his presence at the theatre, he should be most happy to see him in front.

“No doubt Lady Bourgoin will take her carriage there;” said William.

This was the weak place with Jacky.

“Well, certainly, that might do me farther good with the management—a private box being taken.” And then Jacky related all as to who the young ladies were that he would bring to the party.

They were the members of the spiritual committee in the monkey-piece: the *corps-de-ballet* of the Royal Sanspareil.

O, this would, surely, be the very thing.

Jacky would freight an omnibus; but of all things the Lady Bourgoin was not to know who or what they were.

“And why not?” demanded William, “she knows all about my family and connexions, and she must be quite

certain that I could not invite any real ladies: indeed, this I think quite a piece of fortune: so that the young ladies be good young ladies, of modest habits, and virtuous discourse: for though I do not think Lady Burgoyn values rank or wealth, I am sure she is the extreme of delicacy in her behaviour and conversation. Therefore, from the nature of their profession, it might be well just to throw in a caution."

"Oh," said Jacky, rather tartly, "I have no doubt our young ladies are quite as virtuous as your patroness."

"Well, then, Jacky, all will be delightful; you must go with me home; tell them how I shall now be able rather to repay them, for their former goodness and care, than be of any further trouble to them."

"I'll *pitch* it strong enough even for the decks of a eighty-four."

And the young gentlemen immediately drove off for the store of Mrs. Kent. And though interesting, we shall not trouble the reader with all that was said there. It is enough to intimate that Mrs. Kent was rather proud than otherwise. She somewhat marvelled that the good lady had not expressed a desire to see her grand-son's relations, or to know more of his connexions.—Jacky had informed the good speculator as to the dinner invitation for the friends of William:—the ladies, and the rest, he kept quiet, and probably, judiciously so.

The great dinner-party-day arrived: Richmond was the word: but before the word, six of the young ladies of the ballet peremptorily refused the invitation of Professor Costello, unless they must bring their beaus with them. Another—the first "spirit"—could not think of going unless she had a gentleman also. This she said to the professor; and, at the same time, looked so tenderly,

that Jacky could not mistake the hint; so he told her, at once, that *he* himself would be *her* gentleman.

That would be heavenly; to be beaued by the great star—and the rich one too, of the Sans.

Then there was another young lady, who was also without a partner.

The professor would find her one: William Kent, his friend, would do her the honour.

Well, never was a dinner-party—even in the vicinity of the Thames—so happy—in perspective.

And what happiness is there, that is not in perspective?

“But, oh dear, when I come to reflect,” said Miss Adolphina—the first spirit, “I never before dined in the presence of so great a lady: I am sure I aint at all acquainted with hetty-quetty sufficient for that.”

“Oh, never mind him, or any other master of the ceremonies: I used to wait upon a gent—only for *information*—as waited upon the scratchiest nobs at the west-end, and often got a peep from behind the musician’s curtain, and it’s all easy done.”

“How?” asked half-a-dozen spirits, eagerly: “how is it done, Professor?”

“Eat as if nobody saw you: and let everybody eat as if you did not see them: yet look as if you wanted to assist them all.”

“Thenk you, Monsieur Costello.”

“Pitch into all the best dishes: if salmon is a guinea a-pound, and peas as much a-pint—thin ‘em; but mind and don’t devour ‘em as if you’d never had a sufficient tuck in, even when the first was only at four-pence, and the other when aged and boiled in stew.”

“I’ll eat nothing else but green peas,” said Miss Adolphina.

“That’s a duck; and mind, if you should feel a

little bothered, it is soon made up by kissing all the childer after dinner: or a-being in raptures with the pictures. Flattery is a Parisian toy-shop, and should be kept open on Sundays: eat with your eyes, your mouth is only made to sing with. Devour as much as you like with the first, but take care to put the mouth to its proper use—chanting your entertainer's praises."

"O, Professor, you will be the first lord—in waiting, yet. I wonder at your bemeaning yourself with the stage."

"There, that aint a very bad speciment of the 'toy shop,' does yer eyes shoot water? because that's a sure sign the work of mastigation is a-going on."

"But, Monsieur Costello, you must tell us, as we go, when we are to begin eating the fish, soup, chickens, lambs, turkeys—"

"Oh, bother, Miss St. Crisp: look at the Lady Bourgoin, and whatever she does, *follow suit*: so what she plays, you do the same, and never trump—at least, not till after dinner—do anything with the wine."

Brilliance and variety had evidently struggled in preparing the ladies' dresses for this great event. Miss Adolphina had got a fashion-book, and a dress-maker; bade the latter con the former, and select the last cut that had figured at St. James's. Nothing below a *court* dress would do, and this was right, as she had been reared in one. The one selected was what is called a *tulle*, that is, by the French; by Miss Adolphina's dress-maker—a trulle, which was worn over a rich (faded) shaded silk: the *œuds* of ribbon were to match. The tulle was superbly sprinkled with small roses and daisies, and other spots that even, (if needed,) fuller's earth would not remove. The chemisette was under still greater obligations for its beauties to the last-named ones of the tulle. All had a *light* and pretty effect. White-kid gloves—

they had been lemon colour, but being the third time of cleaning, and that too so skilfully, they were completely bleached to the fine whiteness we now see. They were edged with a band of gold, and scented with a drop of gin—but this was in the hurry of dress, mistaking the bottle which contained the spirit for that of Cologne. Head-dress, a *guirlande* of green leaves—her sister being an assistant at an artificial-flower maker's—so it may easily be supposed how natural the youthful ornament looked: *cost* was nothing. It would be impertinent to be more minute, either as to stockings, shoes, or bouquet: but still, the scale all was on, and the anxiety of the sweet debutante's friends, we may here observe, that the stockings were her married sister's; the slippers, though not of glass, were one of the fairy properties of the Sans. The bouquet was some picked up sweets, found by the industrious sister in the work-room of the artificial-flower maker. Her Sanspareil evening cloak was elegantly thrown over the whole—to ride in.

We have given Miss Adolphina's dress in full, not because it was the most gorgeous of all, but simply because she was the eldest of the ladies, and because we have no space for others—this, it is hoped, will be considered a sufficient specimen.

Those who are more curious, can consult the papers of the day, or rather, the curl-papers of the morning.

One lady, one gentleman, then: we will take the Professor Costello.

He had on a stunning white hat, with high, wide brims: a green surtout, with large black frogs: light blue trousers, with a large black stripe down the sides. The waistcoat was a mass of silken and golden glory: a cart-rope gold chain, and locket ribbon, went round his neck—besides a blue satin stock with red spots: on

which again was a tremendous diamond brooch; and, oh! what a magnificent pair of morocco Wellington boots! white kids, which had never been any other colour. His own hair, of course, all but the slashing black moustache: four diamond finger-rings, and a golden-headed cane. And, lest some of his rivals may be chuckling and thinking that the aforesaid head is not gold, nor the diamonds, real diamonds, we shall, at once, declare they are; and, what is more, assert they were his master's, the good Doctor Benzoni: and, to prove the confidence the latter had in the gorgeous Mr. Stratford, and to make miserable his enviers—know they were lent to him for the purpose of making an impression on the worthy giver of the Richmond feast. These were to be a part of the marriage *settlement*; and to do the same to those who have any jealousy, hatred, or malice, to the professor—greatness being liable to those attacks.

Jacky would stand the omnibus—that is, while going the journey, it must be his own expense. The ladies all dressed in one house—in the court we have hinted at, out of a small street, out of a larger again—out of Whitechapel.

Of course, the 'bus waited at the end of the avenue.

The gentlemen also dressed at the same rendezvous; and, to put to blush the mawky regulations of families who profess much virtue, and excessive modesty—in the same room.

We presume the reader will not understand us to say that William Kent dressed there: oh no, he was with his patroness at the hotel at Richmond: of course, he and the lady would be in readiness to receive the goodly, and, in truthfulness—grand company.

“Oh Heaven’s watchful goodness! I’d forgot the rehearsal!”

“Oh!” and so had all the other ladies.

"Oh, we are ruined if we don't all go to rehearsal!"

"Phit," said the professor—"demn"—he'd got his swells on—"the rehearsal! we shall have enough to rehearse all the way, without even thinking a demn about the trumpery, little puddle, dingy Sanspareil."

"Oh dear, we must go: Muster Cousins said he should want us an extra half-hour, as there is to be a new fling introduced in the new ballet; and the rustic dance is to be altered."

"But I aint from my purpose of dining with all you little angels at Richmond to-day. Throw on your cloaks, you demned lovely little witches; jump into the 'bus, and re-collect what Professor Costello is a-telling on you—that if one of your sandals or white wands is discharged—Professor Costello throws up his engagement: not that he's *sick* of it; but he'll do it."

"Oh, what a dove of peace you are," said Miss Adolphina, embracing the gorgeous Mr. Stratford.

"I'm crammed if he aint," said one of the gentlemen, looking proudly to the other four gentlemen.

"Born to be an hero!" ejaculated another young lady.

"I'm squeezed into concentrated pheasant-and-partridge sporting biscuits if he aint." Another of the young gentlemen.

"We are sure to be in time, back, for the ballet, professor? because father will murder me if I aint, I know." This was one of the carpenter's daughters—a stern old carpenter at the Sanspareil.

"Of course, the ballet wont come on before half-past nine; and the dresses you've on will do for the spiritual committee business—give you importance, and stun the management a little: but, however, demn care. Every gentleman escort a lady. Why, demn me, I see there is three thousand filthy images of our species in the court! thinks it's a weddin, sure!"

And this was pretty nearly correct; our friends receiving all sorts of testimonials as to the good wishes of the crowded people of Norbury court: such as huzzaing, wishing the interesting couples much happiness—it was evidently a double wedding—throwing old shoes after them, also many sighs and regrets that they were not of the gorgeous party.

Although there was plenty of room in the omnibus, yet it was deemed essential to the dignity of the occasion—and to make it more impressive to the bystanders—that each young lady was too good to sit upon a cushion, particularly in the vicinity of the gentlemen's knees; so it was each lady to one of them—each young gentleman's arm to his mistress' waist.

This was an affecting sight, and its merits spread from east to west; that is, as the ponderous machine made its way from Whitechapel to Hyde Park corner: and it was the more fitting for sympathy, as the eldest gentleman, even including the professor, was not more than sixteen; indeed, two were scarcely fifteen: the ladies ran from similar small numbers of years to the more lusty ones, in the same proportion.

“Oh, Professor, what a handsome creeter you are—and more nobly dressed than both the managers!”

“And you, Miss Adolphina, are beautifuller nor all their wives.”

“Phit,” sniffed Jacky's mistress, “I should sublimely think so.”

“I don't mean their public wives, but those at Peckham and Blackwall.”

“Oh!” said the pacified Miss Adolphina.

“See there, that's the chapel as I rings the bell at of a Sunday,” called out Miss St. Crisp, as the omnibus rattled along.

"Yes, and a nice ringing on it yer made, Eliza, so I hear: yer pulled it down last Sunday."

"You pull your jacket fronts down—how could I help it? my father would not be the cheque-taker at the Sans. if I warn't respectable, I suppose."

"Of course not," said they all.

"I should never have been in the ballet at the Sans. if the second fiddle, as plays our organ, didn't tell the management how well I blowed it, and that I had handsome legs, and pets of feet."

"So yer has," said the gentleman who held her on his knee, "and what's more than the second fiddle, I loves yer to death. Professor," continued the young gentleman, with all the glow of ardent and determined admiration: "don't yer think it's the best thing a man can do—when he's made up his mind as to the real object of his affections—to marry and settle at once?"

"I thought, Master Spuggs, your father was going to apprentice you to a tailor?"

"Well, so he is: aint I to go to trial to-day, and should ha' done so, but for the honour which is agoin to be conferred upon me by my lady Bourgoin."

"Oh, then, the question, as I apprehends, as you wishes to take counsel's opinion upon, is, whether you should enter the happy state afore you're bound or after?"

"That's it, Professor: that's the pint."

The young lady on Master Spuggs' knee, now looked most wistfully at the counsel.

"Oh, afore, by all means!"

"Oh, Professor, you have wrapped a comfortable round my poor cold heart—"

"Cold!" started Master Spuggs.

"Only, my soul's beloved, whilst I was a waitin for

the professor's decision: cold, frozen it was, but now it is warm—don't squeeze so, as six in a bed."

"But counsel should never give a opinion without giving his reasons why: these is mine," continued Jacky, "if the master should whop you, you can send the missus to tear his eyes out:—there would be a case for British sympathy. A beloved wife's heart-strings, a British wife's heart-strings made into those of a fiddle, for a cruel slave-driver to play upon, like another hero who swam the Hellespond, or to hang his apprentices' little pledges like another Mrs. Brownrig! *the first Tableau—British lion in tears!*"

"Bravo, bravo, bravo! have that in your new piece, Professor. Of course you don't intend to live and die in the monster-business, although it pays so well. Fame, fame, and show verse-it-ally. Play the knocker-down of insulted innocence: crack down the country squire when attempting what he shouldn't with the dairymaid, and then holler out—'for the virtue of a British servant girl should be as sacred as the gods, as lasting, as immortal, as that of WENUS!'"

"O beautiful, beautiful! I am glad, Jenkins, as you have brought yer fiddle, becase if lady Bourgoin should not have thought of a band—or it didn't arrive—we can have a hop on the lawn after dinner."

"Supposing we have a bit of a tune now."

"Oh blazes!" said the professor, in real horror; "what are you a-thinkin on? We surely aint agoin to Epsom in a renovated knacker's cart—or to Gren'ich fair in a lighter down the river? Shame on sich a degradin proposition. I can only excuse the thing through a pardonable consideration of low associations in early life, and perhaps having parents, who have either been forced, or actually engaged in playin the speakin trumpet to a hot tato can. No more of this," said the professor sternly.

"Certainly not, for behold we are crossin the bosom of old Father—"

"O heavens! what old father?" cried a young lady, looking out of the 'bus.

"*Thames!*" continued the solemn speaker. "This is Hammersmith bidge."

"Oh!" remarked all.

"Shouldn't we wet?" mildly asked Mr. Spuggs: "wash the horses' mouths," continued he, as he thought the professor looked rather sour, even at this proposal.

"I'm afraid, gentlemen, many of you here don't, at least, own a carriage, even though you may have often rode in one afore. 'Wet the horses' mouths:' well, be it so; we aint horses' mouths. I've no objection, however, to wet the ladies' mouths!" and the professor saluted the one of Miss Adolphina.

And each gentleman did the same to each lady, *respectfully*.

"O grand! Professor: a rebuke to vulgarity: a compliment to the rights of nature: a page for a stage coach. A lesson of the heart!"

And they all kissed round again; and then they all turned round—that is the omnibus did—not round a corner, but nearly its own axis—upset!

Screams from the gentlemen.

Fears—not from one of the ladies.

"Here's a precious jarvey! 'tammeroo, tam-meroo, here am I your honour!' be still, ladies. O don't squeal so, gentlemen: we're on dry land: I'll deduct it from the bill: it will be somethin towards another *out* in the country. O Mister conductor, is this your system of pitch and toss? It's 'heads or tails of a Sunday' with you, I suppose—same as it is with us now. I shall lay the damages at five pounds, and for every broken leg or arm, five shillings extra!"

"Very sorry, yer honour: I'll soon help you all out: we're close to the Flying Cheese, where you can soon get retittivated up: it's all alongst yon brewer's dray."

"Well," said Jacky, "I'll pardon it in consideration that you can obtain that of the ladies, and a promise that I am to drive back to town!"

"As to the first, yer honour, I am sure that things so sweet and good would rather throw in a trifle towards the haccident, than rob a poor man and his family of a month's wages, beside a repairin on the 'bus. I've thirteen fond darlin babies—and they might ha' lost their nat'r'al conductor, as I'm only the patrol one of this 'ere 'bus: let my tears be a eloquent response?" finished the conductor, whilst hauling out the ladies, and winking to the whip.

"Oh, of course," cried the ladies, in deep sympathy, "poor afflicted ones—thirteen on 'em too?"

"Besides nine of the driver's, your ladyship!"

"Well, I wish the whole twenty-two on 'em was here, sooner nor me, unless you drags me from under this seat."

"Oh, my dear little Spuggy!" screamed out the young lady who had so recently occupied that gentleman's knee, "save my Spugg, or I'll make widowless orphans of all your children."

"Oh, he'll be right, madam, in a moment, yer'll see: see here he is!"

"Oh, my Spugg—my Charles."

"My 'Melia—oh."

And one affecting embrace, and again they were happy.

"Well, arter all, we shall have to wet: I knew we should; rather too long a journey, without either vittles or food."

“What, ho! then, for the Flying Cheese,” said the professor.

And all adjourned to that tavern, until the vehicle could be righted, the horses scraped, mouths watered, and those of the driver and conductor rum-and-milked, and gin-and-pepperminted.

CHAPTER V.

LEST any one may think that the innkeeper of the hotel, in which the great dinner was given by Lady Bourgoin, has feed us to mention its name, by way of advertisement—we shall, at once, declare, that on the contrary, so far from taking so paltry an advantage of his brother hotelists, it was his opinion that the merits alone of his establishment, through our description, would be sufficient: begging of us to place the latter, rather than the former, upon imperishable record.

The accident described in our last caused a good deal of delay, and worse, a good deal of disarrangement in dress, but we are happy to add, not so much so as to cause any serious alarms in the tender breast of the hostess of this great feast.

The omnibus drew up at three o'clock: dinner was to be ready exactly at that hour. So Mr. Spuggs remarked, so soon as introduced, to the fascinating hostess that, though they had saved their bacon, they should, nevertheless, do justice to that served with the boiled hen.

“Or to the fried eggs,” added the gentleman who had brought the violin, and who was not only hunch-backed, but desirous, as we have seen, to make himself at ease, before the great lady: a great proof of breeding.

Two of her ladyship's waiters assisted those of the hotel, in attendance on the arrivals, as well as at dinner.

The whole party was most kindly and courteously received by the lady and her adopted grandson—that was the reading put upon him by all there—the beautiful and gifted William Kent.

His dress formed so singular a contrast to that of the gay and happy arrivals, that we shall glance at it, even before the one of his august patroness.

It was no more than a simple black dress-coat, the same colour of trousers, white waistcoat, black neckerchief; shirt collar a little turned down, and the small frill to his beautifully fitting shirt, neatly fastened down by a small diamond pin. His gloves were faultless, as were his slippers, and black silk stockings: and though we know that the spiritual-committee ladies had a sublime opinion of the beauty and elegance of the professor, still, on seeing him, they all exclaimed, “oh, did you ever see such a beautiful creature, even when dreaming?” And since all asked the question—or one of equal force—it is quite clear there could be no occasion for a response, or a contrariety of observation.

The Lady Bourgoin, though elegantly attired, yet keeping the hostess in view, showed no such display as, at all, to disconcertance her guests: on the contrary, it must be confessed that several of our party outshone her: as to Miss Adolphina—oh, she had ten times as much colour.

But Miss Adolphina had not only colour in her dress, but some on her face—that is, much more than it had in ordinary; and this is supposed to be the reason: she imagined that one of the footmen, instead of putting his finger to his head when he announced her—put his tongue into his left cheek:—of one thing she was quite certain, and that was, that he did not make the usual salutation befitting either his sex or his livery.

And this, Miss Adolphina was resolved to resent, and

so, after the usual ceremonies of introduction had taken place in the drawing-room, she thus addressed the giver of the festival. “Madam, your servant did not put his finger to his brow when he replied to me, nor did he bow to me, as he very clumsily assisted me from my carriage.”

“Oh, heavens! Miss Adolphina, you have so shocked me by what you say, that I fear I shall not recover during the time that you may honour me with your visit.”

“I’m sorry, Lady Bourgoin, if I have caused so much distress: but knowing what servants ere, I thought it to be my duty—”

“Look at our dresser!” said another of the young ladies of the Sanspareil ballet.

“Upset our beer on Monday,” said Miss St. Crisp.

“You’d a thought that a *dresser* was the very place on which beer could stand firm, ha, ha, ha!” added the gent with the fiddle.

“Poph,” said another young gentleman, “our servant drunk all mother’s caudle when she was confined of our little Willy—he’s not three months old yet: so yer ladyship may think what a unfeeling hanimal she is.”

“But what is all that to the unmanly conduct of a six-feet-two fellow in her ladyship’s livery, not paying proper obey-sance to a lady?” persisted Miss Adolphina; “every one knows their pecuniary propensities; but good-breeding, and that too in the employ of so polite a lady as her ladyship, is a desideratum that is easy to suppose would never have been thought about.”

“He shall be discharged, my dear: William Kent, ring the bell—”

“Oh, no, no, no, no, don’t sack the poor fellow for that:” exclaimed four or five voices in a breath.

“No, no,” said Professor Costello, who spake for the

first time: “let him go down of his knees to Miss Adolphina: offer his hand—”

“To shake hands with?”—exclaimed the young lady, somewhat hysterically.

“No, no, no, not to shake hands—”

“In marriage?—”

“No, Miss Adolphina, to place it to his breast when next you did him the honour to inquire after his lady.”

“O Professor,” finished the somewhat mollified Miss Adolphina.

This restored things most agreeably; and all began to try if they could *snuff* dinner. There was still time for an inch or two of chat: when thus the hostess:

“Might I hope for a pardon at your hands, were I to ask in what country one so singularly youthful should have obtained his degree of professor?” this was, of course, addressed to Master Stratford.

“Oh, certainly, madam, certainly: the country of my birth: this free land, England’s glory. Soon done, where there’s merit—granted by the lords of the admiralty, ghostly and spiritual, and was finally signed, sealed, and delivered, at the Horse guards, in the presence of White Hall. My portrait, designed by Wilkin, done in stone by Kurtz, and worked in copper-plate, by desire of the management, *and* to be seen in every shop window—barring all but the barbers’, green-grocers’, cobblers’, &c. &c.”

“Bless me, I never knew the formula of professorships before!” exclaimed the astounded lady.

“Ay, and what is more, madam,” chimed in Miss Adolphina, “had to give two thousand pounds security.”

“Mr. Cousins gave it,” said another.

“Security?” looked the late Daphne of Colonel O’Craizem, “could a pardon be selected for me from

the same store—which I fear I have almost exhausted—were I to ask for what might the security be?”

Miss Adolphina looked to Master Stratford, as much as to say, “why don’t you tell her ladyship?”

Jacky began to feel if his ear had ever been bored, for the purpose of having a ring there, like a foreigner. No, there was nothing of the sort.

“Oh, I’ll tell you what the security would be for—to make you return all the young maidens you might steal for your father’s table—the ‘Demon of the mountain’—and to cause you to give up a week’s salary for every baby that you might devour in a mistake!” Miss Adolphina spoke this a little triumphantly.

“No doubt,” said Jacky.

“Eat a *baby* in a mistake!” exclaimed the Lady Bourgoin, and that, too, without entreating the usual pardon.

“Poph! nothing of the sort, your ladyship! it is impossible even to pick a wing under sich appalling circumstances: but the frame-work and twigs of which a act of parliament is platted cannot be too strong and close: yet, for all that, we frequently find they wont carry water, and are rather the *ridicules* of society than the strong butter-baskets: hence the lumber of the two thousand pounds!”

“Hacts of parliment are all gammon,” said Master Spuggs: “look at that for the recovery of small debts; and yet I have seven under fivepence, and never could obtain a promise—three of ’em in one family—I’ll not mention names—but the eldest brother coolly told me I might take it out in kisses from his sisters! a likely thing when I have a sweetheart of my own!” concluded Mr. Spuggs, looking at Miss St. Crisp.

A slight tittering was heard outside the door: Wil-
liam Kent became infected by it, he gaye the complaint

to Lady Bourgoin:—she to the next but one: and round it went—several times too, like the turning of a worsted ball, when winding, each turn grew wider than the preceding:—from a little the whole became a very scream of laughter.

Well, this improved things: still the Lady Bourgoin was never more bothered in her life: how could the discreet, polished, educated, simple-hearted William Kent ever think of selecting such extraordinary beings as those around him for his acquaintance and friends? The party had been given, entirely, to relieve and divert him from the melancholy that too much seclusion had, probably, forced upon him. He, the beautiful and discreet, to bring upon her possibly the ridicule, as he had already the jealousy, of the six-feet-two footman, who behaved so superciliously to Miss Adolphina:—Colonel O'Craizem's affair was bad, might have been horrid if once in the “Scandalum” or “Censorium”—good Doctor Benzoni had saved her from that—at an enormous expense, though! but might not this be still more fatal? Well, it was too late then: surely things would mend at dinner: else she must cause her same watchful servant to announce to the hotel, that the whole affair was only some orphan children, to whom her ladyship's *eccentric* bounty had given a holiday.

“Dinner; Lady Bourgoin.”

“Stay, sir,” said Miss Adolphina to the footman: “(my mother's brother was a town-waiter,” whispered she to Jacky, “and I'll let him see what is his duty: I'll teach him, for not bowing to me) mind, sir, don't think of waiting, at least upon me, without white-kid gloves; I mention this because I see you have not those essentials to good waiting, upon your hands.”

“Of course, George will attend to your instructions, and for which permit me to select a suitable *thanksgiving*,

Miss Adolphina," said the hostess solemnly: "Now, dear William, lead the way to the dining-room. I shall leave the selection of the ladies entirely to the choice of the gentlemen: and will be in my place in one moment, but crave a pardon for that time, as I wish to give a word of admonition to my servants."

"That's right, your ladyship: no doubts they want it."

The gentlemen did the usual gallantries from the drawing-room, to the more tempting one of the dinner table; and whilst they were doing so, Lady Bourgoin took the graceless footman on one side; and, although he had waited upon a duchess with the identical six-feet-two figure with which we now see him in attendance, yet, she told him that, if she chose, as she that day had done, to have a dozen boys and girls, from a parish school, to dinner, she did not see—since she liked it—that a contrary feeling should be exhibited by the servants: nor would she permit its admission.

"Oh, this is the fetch arter all, is it?" said the tall gentleman of the blue-plush; but mind, gentle reader, he only made this remark after his mistress had been handed to the dining-room by William Kent, who had returned for that purpose. "Well, she may say this to me, and I may say the same thing below—as I shouldn't like to be turned out of the house—that is, I and my lady and all of us, through her scampish conduct. I have a character to lose if she aint: and, what's more, if she don't name the wedding-day, I'll have that character wrote down, and something *put* down, or, else, I'll make her pay more than she did to be kept out of the 'Scandalum.' I've no doubt but that Jew doctor got a precious haul out of her—indeed, I overheard the steward say so: and though she thinks she has banished the Colonel—a nice Colonel—she'll find that he's not yet

done with her. Indeed, she must come to, one way or another. I get a thousand if she marries him:—that wouldn't be bad: but I get all if I take her unto myself. For the soul of me I cannot make out what she is about with this boy—this beautiful William Kent: when they called him her adopted grand-son, I could see the old dame coloured: does any one think—cook says she is sure there is something in it—but I don't know; I have watched her, first on the Colonel's account—next, on my own, and I must confess I cannot make it out: but then, it should be remembered, she is as deep a witch, and as avaricious as an attorney's wife—unless where her *eye* is concerned, and then, for bounty, she's a Catharine the Second. O, the bell: you must wait until I put on my *white-kid gloves*; ha, ha, ha, that's an impudent young slut: still she's desperate pretty, and I think there would be no difficulty in cheating yon showman—that is, by his togs I should take him to be one—though, certainly, I think all yon jewellery is real. Damn me, the whole is a puzzle! and, much as I'm queered, I think her ladyship is a good deal more so. I'll give yon young minx lots of champagne: I'll take the frown out of her collar and cuffs yet. But the most puzzling of all, is the ‘eating-of-the-maidens’ tale—the babies and the rest:—pray heavens the old fool has not mistaken a mad-house for a charity school. But, however, now for the exercise of my *white gloves*.”

It were as needless to say that Lady Bourgoin was placed at the head of the table, as, perhaps it would, that her adopted was placed at the bottom. Master Kent tried to refuse it, but soon saw that, unqualified as he was, he felt assured that no person present was more fitting.

Lady Bourgoin was supported, at her right, by the

great Professor Costello: on the left by the amorous Mr. Spuggs.

William Kent met with equal attention from the fair and well-bred Miss Adolphina on his right:—and

Miss St. Crisp on his left.

Grace being most carefully said, the waiters were ordered to uncover; and Lady Bourgoin commenced with the soup.

As did her adopted with the fish.

As did Miss Adolphina, and one or two more, to look out for the green peas at a guinea a-pint, and the ducklings at the same sum per couple.

There was evident disappointment.

Master Stratford saw this, so when the soup was offered, he looked significantly at some of his pupils, and just said, “nothin like a drop of soup for preparin the way for all the delicacies of the season.”

Still this did not seem, exactly, to overcome the disappointment of Lady Bourgoin’s dinner-party, until Jacky added in an under-tone, that he supposed the salmon at the bottom of the table would, at least, be half-a-guinea a-pound.

This was enough: every one preferred salmon to all the soup, broth, or stew, in christendom. Such was now the demand upon Master Kent, that the servant, with white-kid gloves, had to assist the operations of the fish-slice with a spoon.

The lady had, comparatively, nothing to do, until the next change: and was there not a slight surprise as well as some little mortification! for, like the boy at boarding-school, who had suffered delusion from the promise of “more broth, more ball,” and who, consequently, took so much of the first that he wept at the appearance of the last—they had, alas! too nearly dined.

This was too bad, and when they saw chickens, duck-

lings, turkey, peacock, and guinea-hen poult, green geese—they were greatly grieved at the stupidity of the waiters, in not putting the latter delicacies first; and then they could have made their choice at once. It may, perhaps, be asked, “did not Miss Adolphina understand the arrangement of a fashionable table, since she had a relative who had so often played so useful a part at one?”

No; she did not, and this is the danger of small learning: all she knew was this; that her uncle, invariably, required his gloves to be made *white* when he had to wait at the west-end; and *washed* until they presented a similar appearance, when about to assist at the honours of a table at the east-end. So, it would seem that though the first were doubtlessly kid, and the second, such as Odd-fellows perambulated in, on club days, cotton; yet both had to be *white*. Then as to her knowledge about servants putting their fingers to their hats—when receiving commands from ladies, surely she had seen them a thousand times, even in the city.

This was her only education—save what we have heard the professor hint to her, just as we set out to Richmond.

Had she known more, she had suffered less mortification; for as the dinner was in April, she expected it to be costly and delicate—and so it was—but, like others, she had been a little too anxious.

Then came on, for the next course, lamb, veal, mutton, and numerous auxiliaries: there was every variety of vegetables: as young potatoes, asparagus, spinage, cauliflower—and heaps of *green peas*.

“A little of the fowl,” cried out one of the gentlemen.

“George,” said Lady Bourgoin, looking at one of the waiters—“pullet.”

"Oh, *shove it*, my lady, and I can soon slice a bit off," remarked the young gentleman who wanted the fowl.

Miss Adolphina thought she would suffer no further disappointment, and being convinced that there was, then, plenty before her—even for the most satisfactory dinner—obtained a cutting from three different dishes—and that too by the assistance of the gentleman of the kids—who, through a hint from his mistress, had long taken the field as a carver. He also helped her to three different vegetables, with peas, of course, all on her plate at once; the carver was resolved to serve her out—and out.

This conduct on the part of the domestic who, at first, had given her such just cause of offence, greatly affected her: she was now convinced that—either she had originally wronged him—or that he was trying, by his present intense attention, to win her favour; to induce her forgiveness, and, perhaps, to cause her to speak a favourable word to his mistress before going away.

She would do so: as, beside his repentance, he was evidently a very fine man.

"Lady Bourgoin would take wine with Mr. William Kent," whispered a waiter in the ear of that young gentleman.

Another waiter filled Lady Bourgoin a glass of Madeira, seeing that no *gentleman* offered to do so. William Kent filled for himself—the usual inclination of heads, and then both partook.

"*Follow suit*," thought all the party.

The attentive waiter (of the whites) immediately filled Adolphina's glass, who took it up; and not, exactly, understanding the movements of Lady Bourgoin and her protégé—nay, mistaking the Lady Bourgoin's nod for a command to the waiter to fill her glass—she looked at him of the gloves, and winked at him.

All followed suit.

That is, the ladies did.

The gentlemen conceiving it would be unnatural to wink at a man, and having an unanimous wish to be gallant and grateful, discharged their different fires at the Lady Bourgoin.

The hostess was resolved that no more mistakes of this nature should follow; so, merely intimated to the servants, to introduce champagne, and to do the thing with as little ceremony as possible.

This they did: filling up the long-glasses quite as fast as the guests seemed disposed to empty them.

Jacky said that, if the good Lady Bourgoin would permit him, this time, he would be the fugleman. She did.

And the professor was a stout fugleman.

All followed suit.

“That warms,” said Miss St. Crisp.

“Is it expensive?” whispered Miss Adolphina to the gentleman next her.

“Five guineas a bottle! I believe.”

“That’s the stuff, then, a lady should drink.” The white-gloves was watching the movement; and before Miss Adolphina could intimate a request, the glass was again filled.

This time, Miss Adolphina led.

“No revokes,” called out Mr. Stratford—“come, vice, why don’t yer fill:—and chair—come, my lady, follow suit.”

And the waiters had great difficulty in replenishing the glasses fast enough. But all did honour to the young lady’s lead.

“Is that geese I have been a-eatin off?” asked the youth who had brought the fiddle and the hunch.

“It is, your honour,” replied an attendant.

"I thought so, it's so precious rich: a snip of brandy or I'll be sick—hauk!"

"Brandy, from the side-board, George."

And the snip was at once brought in a small glass.

"Here, stop—I've been aitin *fowl*, too, or a crow, I don't know which; so I want a drop of that sort of winigar to my fat: waiter, a go of brandy, also."

"Follow suit; whips round," called out the professor.

And all got glasses; but there not being enow of small rummers, some were obliged to use wine-glasses: three of these fell to the ladies; and the violinist, holding up his glass, called "The king, God bless him!"

And not one revoked; all demanded blessings on the good king.

"The founder of the feast," called out another, "and then, hip, hip, hip, hooroar! Lady Bourgoin's good health; upstanding, uncovered—"

"Pardon me, my dear young friend; I am aware how much I am indebted to your ardour and politeness; but," continued Lady Bourgoin, with a smile, "as I have the honour to be chosen mistress of the ceremonies, may I request that the compliment you were about to confer upon me, may be waived until the removal of the cloth."

"There, that sarves you right, Bing; I told yer that healths should not be drunk until after the dumpling."

"Phit," returned the gentleman addressed, "I know better."

"Done for a shillin."

"Done: here, waiter, come here," said Mr. Bing, nodding to the white-gloves, "here, a word: which is most proper, to drink healths afore, or after the dumpling's brought in?"

"(Ignorant cubs.) Not before *non nobis domine.*"

“ Well then, I’ve won,” said the one who had offered an opinion at variance with that of Mr. Bing.

“ Why won?”

“ Because that is the Latin for ‘ not nobody is to drink healths until everybody has done eatin’:’ —*domine* meaning a spoon.”

“ Well, it’s worth a shillin to know it; but I perpose it shall be given to the waiter—gentlemen should never pocket money over dinner: the Penny Book on Manners clearly shows that, in section the third: a crooked spine might be the consequence.”

By this time, the guests had dined sumptuously; Miss Adolphina declaring that she had tasted, at least, every thing on the table—and was there a single young lady present who, when she got home, could not say the same?

Then came the pastry, jellies, whips, blanc-mangers, ices, creams; oh! an endless variety of things.

And three glasses of champagne apiece, enabled both ladies and gentlemen honestly to avow that, again, they could assever not one thing left the table—at least, one genus—but they had participated in its cooling, exciting, or *comfortizing* properties.

Now the cloth is removed.

And then the dessert: all, all, on an equally extensive, massive, passive scale.

“ Now,” said the professor, “ I suppose we can begin and spend the afternoon. A few toasts, in bumpers, and then cigars, and a walk up and around the gardens, with our arms round the ladies’ waists: that is, before coffee.”

“ Oh,” said Lady Bourgoin, “ that would be delightful, of course, every lady having the right of selecting her own gentleman: it will be so innocent, mirth-like, and *engagé*: must not indulge in the *abandon*: I am sure, William Kent, you will walk with me?”

"Yes, madam, respectfully."

"But, you young monkey, why do you speak so mournfully? Waiter, fill your young master some more of the long-glassed stuff—ginger-beer wine—what d'ye call it?"

"Kampagne," said Mr. Spuggs.

"That's it: take some of it, Billy," said Mr. Stratford, "and look as if you made your friends welcome when they comes out a-seein on you: dash it, you know I love you better than—I was a-goin to say, my own father and mother—a *nice* compliment that would be; but I mean to say, that I love you better than Mrs. Kent; your other grand-mother—your new one, here—I love you better than all the world:—yes, you may stare, Miss Adolphina, but I do; I love Billy Kent—the honourable William Kent—better than all the world; in that, of course, I include the stars, sun, and all the heavenly bodies, barring, of course, those about me. (Jacky looking slyly at the ladies.) So here's to William Kent, with all the honours, in bumpers."

"Ah, I knew that the professor would end with a compliment at last: he certainly is the most mightiest man alive," said Mr. Spuggs: "William Kent, huzza—'for he's a jolly good fellow, he *is*, &c. &c.'"

Master Kent returned thanks, in a speech that, though neat in its way, seemed to betray uneasiness, and symptoms of pain, rather than the echo of hilarity and loud-toned merriment, which, by this time, could be easily heard to the river

"Just glasses round, then a cigar apiece, whilst the ladies retire to rub down, and then for a go at galloping round the garden."

"Bravo, bravo, Professor."

Thus was the great professor's proposal unanimously hailed by the hilarious company, and preparations for the merry dance were immediately set about.

Fiddler tunes, and then strikes up!

The gentlemen, who are real gentlemen, and not proud up-starts—ask the waiters to sit down, and take a cheerful glass with them.

The waiters have no objections, so act accordingly.

“I say, Mr. Stratford,” said one a little coaxingly, “just do us one or two of yer tricks: here’s *real* trees in the lawn: just show a thing or two, before the ladies returns.”

“Do, bless ye,” said the rest.

Jacky off with his coat; the glass-door, which led to the lawn, was opened, and Jacky commenced with the monkey-gallop, and speedily cantered to the tree in front; and, certainly, not only put a surprise upon the waiters, but several of the inmates of the hotel, who were reading and otherwise employed at the different windows. Such boldness, decision, strength, and finish, that the applause was deafening: and when he hung on one of the boughs, by the tip of his toe, recovered, made his spring upon the grass, again cantered through the window: sprang upon the table, amongst the decanters, glasses, and fruit-dishes—there were new wonders, whilst one waiter solemnly said, that it was either Professor Costello or the devil.

Here was fame! even the waiters, so far off as Richmond, had heard of the great Costello.

The ladies are now returned and are ready, (for there was not one but what could *stand*,) for either gallopades, waltzes, or for foraging parties in the bowers, or snug corners in the gardens.

And who should be passing through Richmond, and in doing so call at the hotel our friends are honouring, but the celebrated Dr. Benzoni:—hearing, by the merest accident in the world, of our goodly party—he sends up his card to the Lady Bourgoin—who, of course, desires

that he shall walk up to the glowing-room; he and the good Madame Benzoni just enter, as the rest are going to do the gallopading. Oh, what mutual surprises; how singular, how fortunate!

The great doctor and lady must take a glass of wine—and then watch the gallopades.

“Watch! mine friens, I shall now do so after the first round: I and madame will do ourselves the honour.”

No; madame must, for a time, be excused.

Jacky and Miss Adolphina led off, and the rest followed with great vigour; William Kent and Lady Bourgoin last. They rounded, and rounded, until most were tired, and, at last, all drew up to a bower, where wine and fruit were in readiness.

An old gentleman, who had lodgings in a wing of the hotel, saw all this; and he being what is called a valetudinarian, as well as slightly misanthropic, with a dash of acerbity in his temper, was resolved to put an end to that day’s sports, at least; and, for this purpose, sent his servant with such directions as he thought would be effectual.

There was a rustic bridge at the bottom of the garden, crossing a small rivulet: this the gallopers had to cross, or very much contract the circle of their race-course; and to this, it would seem, were the operations of the mischievous gentleman’s servant directed.

Quadrilles had been attempted; waltzing tried; but, we must confess the truth, the wine and snips had been too potent, or the constitutions of our merry party too weak;—for any thing like an orderly figure they could not manage. So gallopading was again the word: Dr. Benzoni, very much to the delight of William Kent, was to be the partner of the fair giver of the glorious day’s festivities. They lead off: go the entire round of the gardens; so do all: the bridge was a little crazy,

as, in a less excited atmosphere, no doubt would have been perceived, but it was not so then: the second round came, when the bounding, joyous doctor, and his equally agile fair one, come prancing on—that is, on the bridge, but were not destined to gallop off—for crash it went, and down into its three-feet stream also went its burden: next rolled in the great professor and sylph-like Adela Adolphina: next—nay, it is impossible to say which was in order, but like a mill falling into its own stream, all was blocked up: and, strange to say, the very old gentleman, who was famed for his hatred to all amusement, and love of mishaps, was, with his servant, the very first to offer and to give assistance. Not that theirs was sufficient to dislodge the dam that had partitioned the ornamental waters of the sweet spot; no, all sober hands in the whole establishment were brought into active use, and even then, they were but just in time to save the world from the united loss of the great Doctor Benzonii, and the good Lady Bourgoin.

CHAPTER VI.

THIS was a sad end to the glorious dinner-party; for end it did, and that, too, even before coffee was ordered into the drawing-room—coffee ordered into the drawing-room! Lady Bourgoin's physician ordered that hospitable widow to her bed: whilst her agent, and one of her late husband's relatives, were equally prompt in ordering the great Doctor Benzoni and his terrified lady out of the house: and more, threatened to horse-whip—that is, if not off in greater haste than that they used in coming thither—the entire of Professor Costello's friends—*himself* included.

William Kent, though most anxious to go with poor Jacky, as he called him, with flowing tears, was detained, in order that proper inquiry could be made as to who, what he was, and why there.

The professor, and several more, were in a terrible pickle: the great doctor had a fit, and was really in a deplorable state; for he still thought he was in drowning, or in smothering: nothing could appease him; and though his own carriage was there, it was not deemed safe to remove him to the “Institution,” and so he was carried to another inn.

Jacky was not to be disheartened, and so soon as he and friends got to the small hotel where the omnibus was waiting, (after a slight renovation,) he burst into the most unthinking crack of laughter.

The rest soon followed suit.

And now all are in the 'bus, and Jacky must drive: that was the agreement, else no pay: as it was, he would not only pay, but a guinea was to be subscribed as the parting fees of coachy and conductor.

Jacky mounted the box, and so did the coachman—thinking he could easily seize the reins if anything should go wrong. He soon, however, saw that the professor well understood the use of the thong, if he was not quite so *au fait* at the ribbons, for he put the horses off at a wild gallop.

This jolted the ladies rarely: and then for singing songs—praises of Lady Bourgoin, and anathemas on her agent and physician, and that other monster who dared to speak about horse-whipping.

“Oh, let's be jolly,” said Mr. Spuggs, “where there's love at the bottom, damn the cracked bridge. I wish you had been half drownded, my 'Melia.”

“What for?” exclaimed that astonished and loving young lady.

“To have shown the world the sincerity of my affections, and how I would have pulled yer out by the heels, and have kissed yer shoe-ties dry.”

“Oh, what a love you be! if you think of going to 'prentice before going to the holy bands of mat-ter—what is the matter?”

“Oh, only two of the young ladies have eat too much: that's all: ‘for we are the boys—’”

“Don't be so unfeelin,” said the sweetheart of Mr. Spuggs: “come, my dears, you'll soon be better: you know you aint afloat of a steamer—every one is sick there—but not when aboard of carriage—”

“Oh, besides, the professor will soon draw up to wet, and then a snip apiece of brandy—”

“Yes, and I know a house as we go along, where there

is a smashin dancin-room; into that we'll retire and jig it off."

Unanimously agreed.

"Yoh!" screamed all the ladies; "Oh Heavens! what's that? are we upset again? oh, that bridge hunts me!"

"Stop that ere 'bus," was heard to be shouted from a score of voices.

"Not for my kingdom," replied the gentleman, who now increased the application of the whip.

It would appear that the professor, in striving to pass some drunken cockneys in a go-cart, nearly upset it—was himself driven to an opposite angle of the road, and there did overturn sundry barrels of herrings, and other small-ware, the property of a huckster; two or three children, the property of a neighbour: the casks were smashed; the children only thought they were; but the mothers, brothers, and the owner of the casks, with the sympathizing public, all ran after the flying 'bus: nothing could exceed their clamorous requests that the said 'bus would draw up. Jacky paid no attention to all they could say, but was obliged to do so to what they could perform—the leaders were seized by some road-makers—Jacky was brought to a stand.

"Why don't you stop and see what damage you have done?" demanded one of the men who still held one of the reins.

"Unhand that horse, villain, or—guard, where is your blunderbuss; blow his brains out: don't you see I'm drivin a government express? the king's carriage is upset:—the queen has dislocated her nervous system, and I'm drivin for the privy council—not a soul to help the carriage—"

"Where is it?" asked the men.

"Oh, just round yon corner: tell the man with the

smashed butter and herring tubs to send in his claim to the treasury, and all the childers' broken legs: charge a thousand apiece, and all shall be paid:—God save the King and Queen. "Sus, sus," and away the horses dashed.

And all ran to assist the royal sufferers.

The omnibus drew up to the entrance of the Sanspareil, just two hours later than it should have done: that is, considering the nature and quality of its way-bill; being, as we know, a list of the principal members and spiritual committee of the great attraction of the season.

The managers had been making the usual speeches on these trying occasions—when the call-boy ran to the prompter's corner to announce the important arrival. Another piece had been in *doing* upon the stage, and was still in its tedious operations, when one of the managers rushed on the stage, and in a third speech about Professor Costello's dining at Richmond with a select party of the nobility, and a sprinkling of remote royalty, told them of his glowing happiness in being able to inform them, that the great professor had arrived. It were needless to say that he would appear before them so soon as dressed, with the usual etcetera.

The other piece was not permitted to proceed.

And soon the curtain rises, and soon do the spiritual committee: and equally soon are heard some singular remarks of the audience; as to the appearance, bearing, and fitness of the council: the house gets from amazement to astonishment, or the reverse—from that to hisses, from hisses to hot chuckles, then again to the most splashy laughter—and finally to encores. But the management fearing that the last appeared more like banter than applause, had again to apologize:—the machinery and traps were a little out of order: these had

frightened the young ladies—nothing more: British public—wives and little ones: an Englishman's fireside: home for the free-born: three cheers for the old British glory.

And we are delighted to say, in this way our ladies got out of the first council: the management did not risk a second: indeed, it was not wanted, for now the terrible monkey of the terrible long name appears.

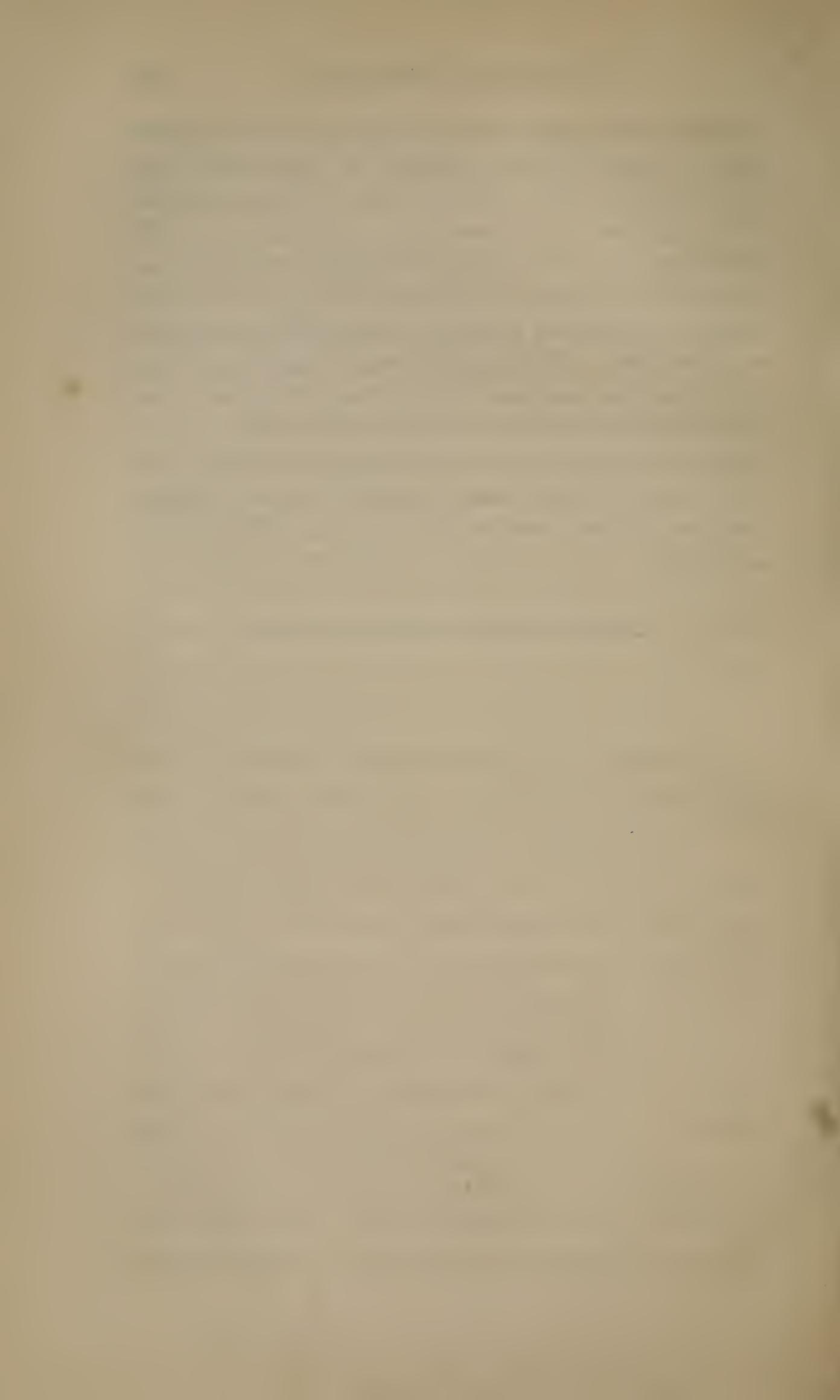
The very first gambol repaid the audience for all their waiting: the second told that fame is not to be clutched but by those who have strong and mighty grasps. But the third surpassed the rest; the fourth was terrific: the next appeared to be either madness or a *tumble*, from the ceiling to the stage. Which could it be? it was soon made clear, by the curtain dropping, and the confusion which was evidently going on behind. In truth, the poor professor had dislocated his neck. Mr. Brady had that day drawn the last instalment of his son's salary; and all that Mr. Stratford knew of himself, or of his own affairs, for one fortnight after, was finding his said self in a small bed, in which he formerly slept when assistant to the good Mrs. Kent: there he was, and beside him was the pale-faced William Kent.

A slight shake of the hand, and a few tears, showed that Jacky was come to consciousness, and William and his grand-mother also shed tears at the recognition; and, though Mr. Brady had drawn and spent his salary, his mother came to his bed-side, when he was insensible, looked at him as he slept, nor waited till he awoke to manifest a mother's feelings, which she did in a little drunken ferocity: pouring curses upon him, for robbing her and poor babies out of five pound a-week.

The Sanspareil had got a new and powerful feature: Mr. Cousins had adopted him, even Miss Adolphina thought she could love the new attraction in time—it

might be even better than the late one—he was so reckless. Colonel O'Craizem refused to repay the money Jacky had lent him. The Jew had been, and stripped him of all the jewels, seeing that the marrying of the widow was now over: his mother had taken care to steal his clothes—of course to pledge for him, as she said it was her duty to look round him, since now she could not see after him. All these, and many other woes, beset the bed-ridden simpleton. Still, there was a quiet chamber, a darkened window, gruel, black-currant tea, cut apples and oranges, a nurse, with plenty of doctor's-stuff for the once great, but now humble; the once mighty, but now in very truth—the poor, poor, PROFESSOR COSTELLO.

HERE ENDETH THE SECOND PART.



THE LORD OF THE MANOR.

PART III.

CHAPTER I.

WE, now, widely branch off to another part of our subject, as well, for a time, to another part of the kingdom; and, but for the heaps of business in our previous parts, we should have been there sooner, as, in point of fact, in this place the real subject of our labours commences.

It has elsewhere been stated, that William Kent had a grand-father, as well as a grand-mother Kent: and that this grand-sire had left home, and stayed from it in a somewhat mysterious manner. We will begin at the beginning of this. Robert Kent, the husband of Mrs. Kent, was from a good family of Chester; the members of it having been, for a number of years, the principal merchants in that city, when it was a principal port. This Robert was brought up to the sea, and eventually commanded one of his father's ships; but from a somewhat steady youth, he, upon the death of his father, became a very gay, if not to say, a profligate man. Suffice it, he soon got through his patrimony: married, and a fortnight after joined the naval service of his Majesty, in which he was soon appointed boatswain. His friends bought him off; and, that he might

not do so profligate a thing again, one of them settled forty pounds a-year upon him. By this time, he had several children; and, after trying a dozen different pursuits, was settled down, in his fiftieth year, as a cobbler near the brewery of Barclay and Perkins—his chief business being to mend for the gentlemen connected with that establishment; viz., the coopers, brewers, draymen; and indeed for most of them, save, of course, the clerks—or the other gentlemen's ladies. And then, for a few gratuitous stitches in a horse's collar, should the saddler be out of the way, or putting a buckle upon a skate-trap in frosty weather—he was the man. His trade, with as much porter as he at all times liked to swig, which was at all times vouchsafed to him, with the forty pounds a-year—made him very comfortable. We say *him*, because Mrs. Kent kept the whole family by means of the green-grocery store we have often mentioned. So Mr. Kent, as may be supposed, was a very jolly old gentleman—that is, not so very old—and particularly as he had originally been blessed with a very good constitution—but about sixty.

At this period, however, though surrounded by all these blessings, he one morning took it into his head to leave his stall, his wife, his brewery customers, his stout—and the strangest of all, Billy Kent: for, though he had a large family of his own, it was known that he loved his little grand-son the best of all. Still, away went Robert Kent. The family were a little surprised, but soon became reconciled, when, in about two months after, they heard that he had taken up his sojourn near the Witches in his old county of Cheshire. This, too, was at his sister's—one who, like himself, had not taken the most prudent course in early life—marrying one of her father's clerks: who—although an old man—was yet in the same capacity in one of the great salt-works.

He had a tidy salary; and, with a few acres of land, a couple of cows, his unmarried sons in situations, and two of his daughters engaged in business, one as a dress-maker, the other in the fabrication of stays—his means were respectable—the family a tolerably united one—and all pretty snug.

Uncle Kent was received with a great deal of welcome; and soon began his old trade amongst them—his cobbling: he, no doubt, missed his gallon of stout a-day; but then he got a good share of the home-brewed.

He did all the family's work, and the neighbours': and then he did some farming: looked after the cows: put up a rail now and then, in a broken fence: a rare one he was at a crippled gate: he improved the appearance of the shippon: rebuilt the brick oven: mended the gaps in the hedges: set a gin therein now and then: caught a hare about a similar amount of times: invented a new rat-trap: caught the cat in it the first night: and in short he became so useful—his forty pounds a-year was so certain: his yarns were so entertaining: his example so improving to the sons: and—but this must confer dignity on a new paragraph.

He was the sole heir to a magnificent estate in the neighbourhood, of some twelve thousand a-year: but then the present possessor, his cousin, Sir Joseph Vernon, was only forty: he might marry, or he might outlive uncle Kent, who was, melancholily enough, twenty years older.

Still, the eldest daughter of his sister, a thin, wiry piece of virginity, all at once got it into the place over which she wore her false curls, not only that it was possible, but studied herself into nightly dreams, that her uncle would, nay must, come to the estate.

Oh then, it would not do to let uncle Kent go back

to London: a vile place, where he had never been treated as one who had the remotest pretensions to twelve thousand a-year.

Now, this family's name was Clough.

And the eldest young lady we have described, and who also was the one reared to the handicraft of a country stay-maker, was called—at tea-parties, Miss Clough—at home, Barbara.

And she doubled and trebled her attention to her uncle; prayed that Sir Joseph Vernon might soon be in heaven: said that he could not be better *off* in any other place; and though rebuked, still her prayer was, that Sir Joseph were in heaven—as he should be.

Uncle Kent was so flattered by all these attentions—for the reader may depend upon it they were not a few—that he told his niece that if the estate and title were to fall to him the next day—she and she only should be the lady of the manor. Her youngest brother should be the steward—a fine-looking chap enough, but dissipated, roistering, and fond of any thing save standing employment, or the churlish doctrines propounded by masters of salt-works, or the office wherein he used to use his quill and pocket-knife. He had long been turned out of his father's office; not by his father, but by those who owned the keys of the doors of the said office.

Butler, coachman, and even the lowest domestics were perspectively appointed, and very well all behaved in their respective situations: better servants could not be.

Uncle Kent must have a new suit of black: and look like a gentleman who some day expected to wear one on the occasion of taking possession of Beachwood Hall.

“I'd make that suit myself,” said the spinster—Miss Clough.

“I'd sit up all night, to help you,” said the steward.

"You should not want something to drink over it," said the butler.

"I'd take care you should have fresh rabbits every morning for breakfasts," said the game-keeper.

"And sha'n't they have nice custards when the cows calve?" demanded the dairy maid.

"There shall not be a cleaner place in Cheshire," remarked the maid of all-work. But it is unnecessary to proceed: the reader will at once see, that we have not at all overvalued either the ability or industry of the new domestics of Beechwood Hall.

A year went on in this way—the black clothes being not quite so sable as at first: the servants not quite so prompt in their respective labours: still, it must be confessed there was no great cause of complaint, and particularly at quarter-day, when Uncle Kent and niece returned from Chester with the usual sum of ten pounds. Out of this she permitted him to treat his servants to the amount of about five shillings, in all; after which, the whole was handed to the intended lady of the manor.

Then Mr. Kent did write twice home to his family, but never received one word in reply: here was a cool-blooded, unnatural family, for you: the old man-of-war's man swore that he would never write again: even Billy Kent had proved unfeeling.

But let us do justice to the character of that young gentleman, as well as grand-mother Kent, uncle and aunts Kent—not one ever received one line from father Kent, ever since he had gone into the country.

And the reason is this; the lady of the manor, though she had undertaken to do so, when at market-town, never put the said letters into the post-office. They could have been posted in the adjoining village, but then, could not the office-keeper have told all his other customers that, after all, Mr. Kent had a Mistress

Kent in London: and as nobody had ever heard that Mr. Kent had a lawful wife at all, it is clear it was better to trade with a post-shop in which the proprietor was not so familiar with the name of “Kent from London” as the adjoining tradesman was known to be.

This, then, broke all off with Mrs. Kent of London, who was known to have been one of the most exemplary wives in the world: she thought that this last stroke of cruelty and neglect was beyond pardon, and being, for her position, a highly-spirited woman, said nothing to any one, but was resolved to resent it by silent indifference: for this was not the first time the ingenuous Mr. Kent had run away: he had always returned, though, humbly enough, and *would* this time.

In this Mrs. Kent made a miscalculation, as we shall see.

But she had a good family, all steady and dotingly attached to their mother: her eldest son (the father of William Kent, and two elder boys by a former wife,) was dead. William Kent was her intense pet; he consoled her for every woe. This eldest son, though but young when he died, yet had had three wives, by the first of whom he had no issue, by the second, as we have said, he had two sons, and by the third, one—William Kent.

The oldest son, Tom, was a fat, idle, churl, and therefore no favourite with the Kent family; the second, Peter, was very little better. Now it will be seen that if ever grand-father Kent should become the possessor of Beechwood, this Tom would undoubtedly be the heir. “But,” as Mrs. Kent used to say, “what idle stuff about inheriting Beechwood!”

The intended lady of Beechwood, as well as all the domestics, after a space of two years, got quite tired of their new position; and the first being resolved upon a bit of change, was determined to visit that ancient seat,

and see, with what she called her own eyes, if there was any chance of the death of Sir Joseph Vernon. For this purpose she got uncle Kent another suit of black, his name printed upon a score of cards, and by means of a post-chaise, soon made the avenues of the inheritance. Mr. Robert Kent as soon sent up his card to his cousin—the secluded old bachelor of Beechwood, Sir Joseph Vernon.

Sir Joseph was most desirous to avoid any communication with the gentleman of the card: and this was not through pride, or any unnatural feeling, but because he had heard many reports of Robert Kent which by no means added to the fame of the family, or benefit of the gentleman who was then claiming an audience. Sir Joseph, however, was resolved to see the stranger: he was his cousin, and whatever had been his imprudences, still he was of the old family of Beechwood.

The latter consideration stifled all objections, on his part, to the seeing of Mr. Kent, and he became actually polite, when he found his half-cousin, Miss Clough, was also a visitor. Both were received in the room in which Sir Joseph was in the habit of seeing the few friends who visited him; for being of remarkably seclusive habits, as well as in but indifferent health, he had not many *callers*—in either sense, he was too retired for the one, too benevolent for the other.

The strangers were received with great kindness: Sir Joseph asking the usual questions of relations: as, when did so and so marry, die—leave this country, and the rest. Lunch was ordered in, and it was observed that Sir Joseph had not been so chatty for a long time. Nay, he actually took Miss Clough through the gardens; and at parting, made her the most solemn bow: said that, at all times, he should be most happy to see her, or her mother.

For half an hour, it is now thought that she wavered as to whether she should *wait* to be the lady of Beechwood, or try to be the mistress at once. All this was soon damped by the information, given to her by the old steward—on whom they called as they returned—that Sir Joseph was about to be married to a widow in the neighbourhood: a woman of great wealth and personal attraction.

Then did this wiry spinster practise her head instead of the business she had been reared to, and which only required the co-operation of her hands:—she dropped stay-making and turned financier.

In the first place, she made herself well acquainted with the position, temper, habits, and movements of the wife elect of Sir Joseph.

As to the baronet, her one interview was enough: he was, undoubtedly, a little hipped; a good deal of a scholar, secluded, and, therefore, narrowed and timid. Him she could easily manage. The widow was a more sinewy task: but then, she herself was made of sinew, with ribs of double-strong blacksmiths' wire. And thus she set about it: she wrote a series of imputations, not against the moral character of Sir Joseph, that were senseless, as no one would believe them, but against his manhood: in short, what she wrote cannot find a place here, for though we are bound to tell the truth as we go on, still it must be clean, decent, and unfilthified; for the reader may be assured he need be under no alarm, on that score, in the perusal of these pages.

The widow and her very *near* friends were wonderstruck: the subject was so very delicate that it was impossible to go into anything like an inquiry.

There certainly were things calculated to favour, rather than dispel the charges.

Be the truth what it might, the writer evinced such

earnestness, defied an imputation of motive in what *she* wrote—in few words the lady resolved—whether true or not, to drop further correspondence with the unhappy victim of this dreadful scheme. It was not until this that it was discovered by all who knew the amiable baronet, how sincerely and deeply his affections had been engaged to the ill-used lady.

Sir Joseph was honourable, proud, and reserved, disdaining to complain; lethargy and gloominess were the consequence; and after about a year's intense suffering, his family were thrown into the greatest consternation and misery, by finding that their beloved master had committed suicide: the poor man nearly cutting his head off with his razor.

These glad tidings soon reached the salt-clerk's humble and happy dwelling: uncle Kent, with his eldest niece, were found in Chester three hours after. They went to the family lawyer: Mr. Kent's claim to Beechwood was at once established; but the heir was advised not to take possession, or to go near the house of mourning, for three weeks. As to any money, however, which he might want, he had better take three or four hundred pounds, just to buy mourning with, or with which to take a slight excursion—or any little indulgence that SIR ROBERT VERNON might want: of course he must go to the funeral if asked.

This was the first time that Robert Kent had heard his new name: he having to change that of Kent to that of Vernon—the entail, so long as it lasted, enforcing that observance.

It may be supposed that there would be mighty rejoicings at the salt-springs: and there were, and no doubt would have been more, but Miss Clough bethought her, that the whole might travel up to London, and the consequence might be, at least, some very troublesome

letters in return: as to anything of a more decided character, she did not fear: that she would soon stop.

Well, she had never seen London; and having two hundred pounds left, after sharing pretty largely with her brothers and sisters, and making suitable purchases for all parties, she was resolved that the new baronet should take her thither; and it being Whitsuntide, the old gentleman could not well refuse. Greenwich fair, he knew, would be on: then he had an intense desire to see Astley's, the Surrey theatre—where British-glory pieces were then done in *their* glory: and, in short, was longing for some real stout of Barclay and Perkins.

The lady had the charms in view of a first peep at London, but she had something else: she knew that even at Greenwich fair, they would stand a chance of being seen by some of her uncle's family or an acquaintance: nay, was resolved that before she left London, some one who knew him, and that well too, should see them; and then would it not have this effect—that the account, *which she knew they had had*, of its being untrue as to his sojourn in the country, would be confirmed: that it was certain he had been living in London all the time—or not far off. And then to be seen with another woman too! oh, it would act. It would, undoubtedly, put a greater chasm in the way than ever—even if they durst try it—of a family reconciliation. The very impudence of the thing pleased her: it had a dash of female Napoleonism in it—strength, greatness of mind: making fit, and getting ready for the ladyship of the manor. Feeble beginnings must end languidly: if bold ones had occasionally to be tapered off, surely maudlin ones could lay no claim to success.

So off the good couple started for London: arrived there in twenty-four hours: and though Sunday morning, the good Miss Clough was anxious to be at Green-

wich, even if the fair did not begin until the next morning. She was resolved to see every thing which she thought would *please* dear uncle.

And Sir Robert said, “what a blessing it was for him to have met with such tenderness and love, as contrasted with the neglect shown him by a cat of a wife, and equally culpable daughters.”

“It is not for me to say anything, uncle, but certainly to be away from home three years without *one* inquiry, is a *little* strange.”

“Ay, and in sickness twice too, and as often fined for poaching: but now, as I am a qualified man, wont I whack every damned head of game that that damned Lord Delarane has?”

“You must not damn *now*, Sir Robert!”

“Then take the title yourself: four years on board of a man-of-war where we had two chaplains, and musn’t swear—what did I serve my time to the sea for? and now it’s discovered I must not do a little tobacco-chewing; squirt the juice out in company, or throw the chaw or a damn at a Jew slop-seller; or at the fellow that pulled me up for drawing the long pond!”

“Oh, of course, Sir Robert, as much as you like when we are alone, but not when any one is present. Remember that there is no class of men knows how to behave better to the ladies than naval officers. A kiss for obedience, and a little pout at an irregularity:—that’s what I shall give you.”

“Or when you see a fit of swearing coming on, can’t you walk out of the room?”

“This to the lady of Beechwood! I should support the honour of your house, and dignity of your table rarely: supposing the rector should be present!”

“Confound all rectors; wasn’t it before one of ’em I

was taken both times in the poaching cases? and yet I must not swear before one of 'em at my own table: now could not *they*, at all *rates*, walk out of the room when they see a savage attack of this natur a-com-ing on?"

"No, Sir Robert, it were cowardly: it is their bounden duty to combat such evil and frenzied spasms: but, however, I know dear unky will do anything to please one who loves him so well: and of this as of other things we will talk another time: we are come here to enjoy a little repose; and after three years' anxiety, scheming, and unwearied industry, apprehension, and suspense through your predecessor—"

"Why, Barbara, what cursed stuff you are a-talkin': if any one heard you, they'd think *we'd* helped off cousin, instead of the razor and the wash-bowl: I think *you* want checking just now!"

And the niece felt that what her uncle had said ought to have been thought over by herself: and she was resolved, in future, to exercise, in relative quantities, all the caution she possessed. This, with her cunning, foresight, promptness, and decision, she thought would be the synthesis of one of the most perfect feminine characters in the world. And she well knew that of Madame Maintenon.

And, as we have a little time in our way, we will give a brief sketch of this singularly-positioned couple. The lady admitted to thirty-eight years of age, which reads forty-two; not that she looked that age; no, though far from beautiful, such were the slightness and springiness of her figure, that, at a glance, many years under the amount stated would have passed current; she was light-complexioned, had gray eyes, white lips, buck teeth, and was purse-mouthed; she had a remarkable cackle in her speakimg; (which she always did in great haste, and threw

out in great quantities); so far as demeanour went, all things might be said to be right: one thing was against her, that is, to the knowing—she always laughed in her mouth. We have spoken of her elasticity of body, and shall only add, that her subordinates conceived that her powers of watchfulness were even superior to it again; nay, some of her more enthusiastic admirers said that, for this quality and apparent unconsciousness, she could beat the cat. As to her other virtues, talents, and general attainments, we shall have, as we go on, plenty of opportunities of judging; of sympathising and conceding our due praises to her merits.

Sir Robert was, at the time of taking possession of Beechwood, in his sixty-third year; of short though gentlemanly build enough; a remarkably red, country-parson-looking face: a head almost as white as his neckerchief: a faultless style, that is, to the admirers of the brusque: a body corresponding to his mind, that is, the one very strong, the other very *weak*. Good-natured, but implacable, when he was, or imagined himself, injured: and the latter being very often the case, particularly since under the *care* of his niece, we must not be surprised if, occasionally, he exhibits a little irascibility, and, of course, like all the uneducated, most when most wrong.

This sketch of him we deem enough, as, like the lady, we shall frequently be able to judge for ourselves:—better than long descriptions.

Miss Clough had great difficulty in preventing Sir Robert from drinking whole pints of stout at every crack house he came to, particularly after he had crossed Blackfriars Bridge. The very atmosphere seemed to awaken him to old recollections, in this particular. Miss Clough kept urging upon him the degradation he was

undergoing in drinking the beverage of the vulgar; that he should now consider, that the very next day might bring its demands for his services to his king, his advice to his country's councils, as high-sheriff, and the rest. Still, he could not help lifting the delightful, well-remembered, and often-caressed pewter pots.

And after he had emptied thirteen of them, a truly funny request escaped from him, and which was, that they should at once go into Rowland Hill's Chapel—being Sunday night—and see how Mrs. Kent looked and behaved during prayers: her attendance to her duties, at this place of worship, being so regular, he knew he should see her there.

“Besides,” added the baronet, “you might see two or three of your cousins, Barbara, whom you never saw before; and then,” said he, in high spirits, “there will be certain to be with his grand-mother the beautiful Billy Kent—oh, such a scholar: you talk about Jack’s lad—phit!” and the baronet spoke like a man who did, or ought to know what the word scholar meant.

“Sir, I have heard you out: is it for this you have brought me to London?—to insult me? is this a reward for all my cares? this a fulfilment of all your promises? (tears;) this to be our happiness? this to be the lady of Beechwood? This a proper *spirit* of revenge for the contumely and neglect which they heaped upon you? see how they have treated (sobs) my own dear uncle! would not send so much as an answer to either of the two kind letters which you wrote them: neglected him when he was in adversity, (incipient hysterics,) and now, in his prosperity, he wants to do the same to his poor niece—she—she—who—wh-o has—wat-watched by hi-him—an—”

“Oh, stop it; quite enough.”

“Never to write to see if he were long since dead—”

“The infernal wretch, you’re right: curse them: I’d forgot that; but I had forgot—I suppose I must not swear before—”

“Strangers: but I hope I know when to allow honest indignation to burst its prison-gates. Therefore you must not go near; as I do not wish you to burst a blood vessel, which I am sure would be the case if you were to give vent to your proper anger. And then this beautiful grand-child—even he could not think of writing to his poor grand-father in exile: O world, O ungrateful. So kind a husband, father, and friend; and yet, had it not been for comparative strangers, this good man might have ended his days without one hand to cool his temples, or without one affectionate kiss to moisten his—hi—lips.”

“Come, come, it’s of—of great use you a-setting on me on to crying like yourself: you’re right, my dear: they are an unnatural pack of devils.”

“Well, then, let us get a coach and get back to the Castle and Falcon, as soon as we can—there is a dear, dear, good Sir Robert.”

“I’ll have another pot, and then: the ungrateful monsters!”

“You shall have three at the hotel, dear—”

“Oh, but the draught at the hotel is nothing! the stout there is not worth a suck through a straw.”

“But, surely, you can have some sent for: I suppose there will be some to be had in the neighbourhood; and whether or not, they will be sure to have what I know you like—some real London gin: and then shall not I be near you?” continued the lady, looking fondly at the baronet. “Could dear uncle refuse any, any thing to one whom he has promised never to disobey—never

to disoblige—waiter, call a coach," concluded the lady, as she finished ringing the bell.

"They certainly have behaved to me like confounded devils."

"Why, now, that is spoken like my own dear uncle once more."

CHAPTER II.

THE next day they repaired to Greenwich fair, and after viewing its glories, Miss Clough was anxious to see the very spot which she had always found by a cipher in the maps of the world: in other words, she wanted to see the place whence the English count their longitude. They had just walked round the observatory, when, all at once, Sir Robert left the arm of his attentive niece, and walked rapidly towards a couple on a rising bank opposite. Miss Clough was surprised at this, but followed quickly after, and was slightly taken aback when she heard the following:

“What! Louisa, you will be seen with that damned young scamp? You young hussy, did not I tell you, that if ever I knew you to speak another word to him, that I would turn you out of doors.”

“Oh, John, if there is not my poor dear father: oh, dear father, I am so happy to see you: John, with me, ask his blessing—”

“Blessing! you young impudent minx!—how dare you to be seen with him?”

“Oh, father, don’t lift your cane—we have been married eighteen months: got into business: twelve men at work, and called our little Robert after you; and so like, no one could tell which is which.”

“Oh, come,” said the gentleman, “I’ll make her a good husband you’ll see, sir. We are as happy as we can be,

and I'm making a fortune: come, you know, sir, she was always your favourite: come and let me pay my duty to you, sir, over a bottle of wine."

"Married!"

"Yes, dear father," said Louisa, sobbing upon her father's breast: "I know we should have had your consent if we had known where to ask it: you know, father, how I always loved you: come with us home: and if you don't like to speak to mother for a day or so, I will break the ice. O, how happy shall we be—and I have such a sweet house—your portrait in the best parlour—"

And the baronet blubbered.

"See how much happier you will be, living at home: people at your time of life should never be seen apart, let alone living apart: eh, and, father, Willy Kent has now above forty prizes, and now he's got an exhibition, I think they call it, for college; how glad he will be to see—he's always talking about his dear grand-father."

And the lady wept, as did her father; as did her husband.

And they all said they never felt so happy before.

"Then Billy Kent—st—still—still loves me."

"Oh dear,—father—how can you ask such questions!—and see how little Robert will love you too—see how we all, always, loved you. I want you to make Robert a ship, like that you made for the scholar—he's taking it with him to college—love you, father!—why, see how good you was to us all—and see how mother frets after you, and prays for you."

"Stop, stop, my sweet Louisa—I've been a bad father—but now I'll make you all amends. Walk down the hill and I'll follow you. John Clarkson, give me your hand: I am very glad to see you behaving so well to your wife. You'll see I'll be a friend of yours."

John Clarkson was in ecstasies: and he and his wife walked the way pointed out by his father-in-law.

The baronet then turned round to his niece; looked at her for a moment and said, “a rather singular meetin, wasn’t it?”

The lady was so moved that Sir Robert could scarcely hold her hand; “run to them; get their address; tell them you will call upon them to-morrow night, or I shall have a fit.”

Sir Robert obeyed: he soon returned, and she, without saying another word—though trembling most violently—hurried to one of the gates, and there ordered a coach for town: got off at London Bridge, and then took another for the Castle and Falcon. This she did to prevent all trace to their lodgings.

In the mean time, Mr. Clarkson and lady repaired, with all speed, to the neighbourhood of Lambeth road; and there sent for a friend in order to advise as to what had best be done. It was agreed by all not to tell Mrs. Kent a word, until father had been home a few days, at least, and then make a family reconciliation on a fitting scale. The family had been an improving one in all respects. Mrs. Kent, it was well known, had a good round sum in the bank: her daughter had married far above her own position, Mr. Clarkson. And then there was a great scholar in the family: so father must be kept from his former habits: the cobbler’s shop must never even be mentioned: with his forty pounds a-year, and a nice business which the family could now give him, it would enable him—nay he must live as he had been reared—a gentleman. A descendant of a good family, the father of a *very* good one, and the grandfather of a prodigy! Oh, what happy tidings these would be for their friends, and how respected they should all be!

To make a proper impression, then, upon the old gentleman's mind, was the first object; and this was the way it was set about.

Mrs. Clarkson was to wear her husband's silver lever-watch, one which he had bought out of his early savings, when apprentice to his present trade—a builder: a dozen of silver tea-spoons, and a pair of sugar-tongs, were lent by his aunt; and, as the letter upon them was C, of course they did not exhibit any signs of being a loan. A set of china which some years before had cost ten shillings, a present to Mrs. Clarkson from her mother-in-law. Then there was both Mr. and Mrs. Clarkson's portrait, done in oil, life size; and then there was a grand coloured print, showing how a very small English frigate had humbled, to the water's edge, a mighty French man-of-war. It was through some very prompt service in this affair, that got father promoted to boatswain; that picture would be sure to please him. Then there was Annis Kent's “*sampler*” framed, with her age marked thereon: the usual strawberry basket; doggies looking face to face, a *sampler* house, alphabet—to teach shirt-marking:—some singular ornamental-work for border, and so this piece of intrinsic merit played its part. Then there was a new set of mahogany chairs—six of them: a little sofa of equally highly polished timber: but the grandest effort was a real side-board: a small one, it is true, but genuine, no chiffonier, or a top with only a skeleton frame under it: no, it was, in truth, a side-board. Then there was a real Brussels carpet—quite as good as new, when bought, and so, of course, was so, or better now. Then there were two models of ships, made by father, placed in two glass-boxes, so were two clusters of rural birds, as we see them in country *salons*. But the great instrument of reconciliation, surprise, and delight, was the grand-son,

Master Robert Clarkson—a beautiful youth, and certainly most carefully apparelled—and nearly four months' old: this, itself, when put into grand-papa's arms would be sure to be enough. Still there was nothing like certainty: that certainty was in the person of William Kent—his exercise-books, his printed essays, and his prizes: letters from Principals, &c. &c.

The whole was a proud occasion: Mrs. Clarkson felt herself to be the happy mother of Robert, who was so like grand-papa—there is style for you—*grand-papa* and *grand-mamma*.

Mrs. Clarkson was often puzzled as to which made her the greatest woman, and the happiest, that of being the undoubted mother of Robert, or being the young aunt of the renowned and silver-voiced William Kent. Her husband might have been jealous at seeing her so equally divided in her affection; but, then, it happened, he was as proud of the nephewship as his wife: indeed, he thought it a great honour, all at once, to find himself the uncle and friend of so much sweetness and positive excellence.

William's anxiety to see his old preceptor, friend, and grand-father, was most painfully evinced: every chaise, knock, or disturbance, as he sat with his uncle and aunt in waiting for the stranger, fluttered his breast. Eight o'clock was the hour when father was to come. No grand-father at half-past. William would go to one end of the street. Mr. Clarkson would go to the other. Both return, and though neither had seen the object of his solicitude, William had met the poor professor, who had, that day, been out for the first time. He was walking with a stick, and seemed very weak. William slightly reproved him for his temerity, but could not get quit of the white-faced patient without telling him (after first obtaining a promise that, upon no account,

would he say anything to grand-mother Kent) all the business of the evening. Then, not only was grandfather expected every minute, but the *surprise* that the Clarksons were about to put upon him. Jacky quite approved of all that had been done, and was resolved, wretchedly feeble as he was, to give *some* assistance, in return for his daily gruel, doctor, and bed, which had been given to him by the family.

Ten o'clock came and no father: the tea-things could not, with any decency, be kept upon the table any longer: the china, tea-spoons, sugar-tongs, and new Birmingham tea-tray, had to be taken away. Still they could be put upon the side-board; for even after supper, the guest might be induced to take a cup of coffee.

A double rap! all rush to the door, William Kent seizes one hand, and Mrs. Clarkson the other—the old gentleman is walked in—“Oh, grand-father,” said Willy.

“What?” demanded the stranger.

No, it was not the grand-father, that is to Willy, though he stood in that honoured position to the young gentleman who had for some time been placed in the cradle. It was grand-father Clarkson, and not Kent. A good man, it was believed, and at another time would have been as welcome as May grass to milking cows, but not so now: all was absorbed in far greater expectations. The senior Mr. Clarkson was placed with his back to the window blind, and Jacky, as we have hinted, intending to do his mite towards the *impression*, and seeing his *shadow* on the blind, concluded Mr. Kent had arrived: no doubt the *party* sitting against the window—all striving to please him—Jacky will not only please, but astonish him, ay, and the whole family also.

A very loud and congruous rap is now heard.

Again several rush to the door.

A footman enters in full livery: “Does Mr. Clarkson, the builder, live here?” demanded the richly dressed servant.

“Yes, sir; walk in, sir.”

Jacky did, right into the parlour, and in the very livery he wore when in the service of the great Dr. Benzon—though no one recognised either the wearer or the livery.

“Could I speak with him?” demanded the imperious footman.

“I am him,” replied the astonished builder.

“Your shop’s in Bell lane? You have been putting a new front plate-glass window and so forth, in Croudle Street?”

“I have, sir.”

“Well, the archy-teck has mentioned your great talents and industry to the agent of the Duke of Sutherland, and he’s wishful to see you with his archy-teck tomorrow, to put a new wing to his house: be there at ten, precisely,” and the imperative stranger withdrew.

All were bewildered: the valet was politely shown out, that is, as much so as their surprise would permit: Mrs. Clarkson embraced her husband.

“Oh, if father had only heard that! why, why doesn’t he come: such happiness I should have had for mother and all the family. Now, don’t cry, Willy, he’s sure to come: what a pity it is, John, you did not ask him where he is staying—then we could have sent up to know the reason: bless me, what is that noise on the steps?”

Again all went to the door: surely this would be he: no, but something lay all the length; a candle was brought, and the being who lay there, was soon found to be the gay footman: he had fainted, or had had a fit: he was brought into the house; his hat was off; his stock must be loosened.

“Heavens! why, it is Jacky.”

And it was the poor professor, who had managed to dress himself unknown to Mrs. Kent; crawl up to Mr. Clarkson’s, and there he thought he would do something towards the “Impression,” and make some slight return for the humanity of the Kents: stoutly he worked through his story, got to the door, and there fainted. Here was dismay, then, instead of the arrival. Jacky’s motive was soon understood by the family, for indeed it was few things he could do amiss: and though his lodgings for the night had to be taken up at Mr. Clarkson’s, and that too when they expected another guest, still the professor did not want a welcome or a good bed.

One o’clock came, but no father.

And the good family, had they known what the box-keeper at Astley’s had known, might have been spared all this anxiety. For in truth, the gentleman whom they were so wishful to see, was, with his ward—or rather watcher—taking as much delight in seeing an elephant dance upon a tight-rope, as the Clarksons would in showing him their great advancement in life, their tea-spoons, chairs, side-board, and *new baby*.

CHAPTER III.

ALTHOUGH possession of Beechwood Hall had not been exactly made by the new baronet, yet, during his rambles up and down London, and other vicinities contiguous, he, that is Miss Clough, wrote down to the new steward —her brother—the dissipated fellow—to be making suitable preparation for the incoming of the new lord and lady of the manor. In the first place, then, though the new steward did not attempt to displace the one he found there, still he tried his hand in a small way; such as getting a few scores of notice-boards put up and down the estate, giving the unfamiliar information that persons found trespassing there, would undoubtedly be placed under the law's protection: and that all dogs would be shot without delay: nay, that there were those singular machines, spring-guns, set in the woods, and fierce steel-teethed and iron-jawed traps planted in the gardens, lawns, and rookeries. Then, the next effort in his new vocation was, to see the farm-houses, shippions, &c.; not for the purpose of examining their condition, with a view to repairs, rebuilds, or enlargement, but to see what sort of buxom daughters were in the former, or what sort of selections the tenantry had made in those useful domestics, cows and Cheshire dairy-maids, to place in the latter.

On the whole, the survey was satisfactory; and as we may have occasionally to do considerable business with

the aspiring steward of Beechwood, perhaps a word or two more than what has been already given, as to his personal appearance, habits, and attainments, may be useful.

He was about thirty years of age, big, lubberly, fairly educated for a clerk—roisterous, good-tempered when pleased, very much the reverse when not, and slightly tyrannical, and perhaps would have been a precious lot more so, but for one or two reasons. First, as to his being well when pleased; the way to do it, at all times, was this, to bring out a gin bottle—if that was the sort of bottle you kept in your cupboard; if not, a whisky bottle; if not, rum, brandy—but no ale, porter, or wine, unless the last was in quantities, and then his temper would be better, benefited, improved, and sweetened.

And the bottle could not be too large, or the alcohol too potent in degree, even should water be inaccessible. The only drawback was this; that if allowed to go too far, and he most assuredly would, unless you wisely adjourned to a public-house, even if a cart should be the instrument of locomotion—he would get from clamour to rumpling the maids, from them to their precedents, and so on to the stranger—if a lady—within your gates. Should you oppose, you must do so at the expense of a bloody nose, or that unpopular exhibition—in rural lands—a blackened pair of eyes—that is all around them, though the eyes themselves might still look blue enough.

It would have been awkward in a new neighbour—these little eccentricities, but in the new steward—and nephew of the new *baronet*—it was different—in short—in short—delightful.

Well, we think our subscription to his portrait enough, the reader may give what he likes, or the tenantry of

Beechwood may have it engraved if they think proper; but we can afford no more.

The new steward had been training these young functions for three weeks, when it was announced to him that the baronet and lady of the manor were to be down in three days, and then further directions might be expected as to bell-ringing, dinners to the tenants, donations to the poor, and the usual tokens of a new landlord to a new estate—and that too without purchase.

As we have heard a good deal, and must still hear more, of Beechwood Manor, perhaps a slight description of it, and its grounds, may be as necessary as that of the new steward: at all risks, we think we are bound to say something about it and them, else Mr. James Clough may not think his appointment as agent to them any great catch: here, then, is what we shall say for the present.

The manor-house of Beechwood-Vernon, or as it was more generally called, Beechwood-court, was a spacious, but by no means uniform building; some portions of it presenting the embattled towers and massive arches of the feudal times; whilst the more modern part and bulk of the mansion, exhibited the elegant gables, lofty chimneys, large bay-windows, and sculptured porch, which characterize the high domestic architecture of the Tudor period.

The useless moat and sullen draw-bridge, had given place to the noble terrace, with its broad, open steps; these were terminated by rigid heraldic sculptures; which, having endured three hundred changes of the fragile flowers around them, now bore the punning motto of the Vernons, with a semblance of stern propriety.

Ver non semper viret. { Spring not always flourishes—
Vernon always flourishes.

The main entrance to the hall was large, open, and commanding: whilst in the shady recesses of its many-angled outline, and its deep back-ground of lofty beeches, there was an air of serene repose and meditative stillness, which admirably served to calm down the jutting boldness of the lofty centre, to a tone of more household character.

So much for the house: of the grounds we may observe that, though allowed to run into much slovenliness, the trees and shrubberies enjoying a full participation in the late proprietor's neglect, yet, where nature and time had done so much—and great former care—it was impossible to view them without feeling that impressiveness and delight which the adorned home-scenery of English aristocratic residences is sure to convey.

The clumps of oaks were ponderous; the chestnut walk magnificent, showing strength and depth of soil; the bush-tree avenues were still more extraordinary; whilst the faultless sheet of water, at the bottom of the broad mound, on which stood the solemn and dignified residence of the Vernons, was unequalled either in character, or for the many lovely trees, islands, obelisks, and other sculptured ornaments which surrounded and studded it—the water-fowl which bathed in it, or the two bridges which broke its line, and rendered it passable to the main entrance.

The deer were numerous and of the great red kind; the undulation of the parks made them highly suitable for the pasturage of sheep—great varieties of the best sort always being kept there. Then the grazing and meadow lands were of rare order; indeed, the valley which bounded the whole was, doubtless, an alluvial remain: the brook which wandered through it—and, widening into a large tributary of the Mersey—was affected by the tides within a few miles of the mansion.

The view from the front of the building was unsurpassable—at least to those who can enjoy English, fruitful, cultivated expanses, as juxtaposed to others who can see no beauty or scenery except in large rocks, glaciers, snow-topped mountains, or ugly passes; on the contrary, here were rich cheesing-lands—the vale-royal of Cheshire—bounded on one side by the Dee, on the other by the Mersey; broken in undulating softness by the Helsby hills, and more determinedly, if not frowningly so, by Beeston rock and well-defined castle. Then, the amphitheatrical range of the Welsh mountains surrounds all. Peace, with her olive-branch, and Love, with his slender maiden, might seem to glide up the jessamine walk, scented by its own flowers, and thatched by countless evergreens, and so closely, too, that the overlooking rookery, though always heard, cannot be seen. Retirement might have taken his abode in a thousand nooks in these densely-crowded and richly-scented groves. Now is the world shut out, and all becomes peopled by contemplation, fancy, and those well-known fairies who make us ramble over the past, and plan love, happiness, greatness, and the countless wonders which are *ever* to come.

The gardens were most extensive, though with little horticultural pretensions—being rather noted for their old-fashioned kitchen-stuffs than those which epergnes and dessert-dishes were invented to adorn. They were not wanting, however, in either green or hot houses, or some well-chosen exotics. The farm-yard was the glory of the place, for the late Sir Joseph was an enthusiastic agriculturist; so that whilst both house and out-buildings wore the semblance of age, and the ornamental grounds and shrubberies were allowed to run a little wild, here was every modern improvement; from the dove-house to the stables, everything was conducted fitting the

science of the age. All the cattle were of the best breeds: nor was this seminary closed to his tenantry; nay, on the contrary, not only was it opened for *their* immediate good, but for any other whose farming notions were not too antiquated to receive instruction and benefit from its acknowledged advantages.

Such was the new inheritance, externally; and though it is not our business to dwell longer upon it, still we may remark that the drawing-room, hall, library, and dining-room, were magnificent specimens of the age in which they were decorated. The ornaments were profuse, being partly of the time of Francis the First, and arabesque: the chimney-pieces, alone, were worthy of the most minute examination and study. And such had been the care and orderliness of this family, for many generations, that most of the furniture—which was of the date of the erection—was almost as perfect as when placed there. Many portions of it, as well as the library, were heir-looms; the plate, also: and it was even arranged that the effects of the late Sir Joseph should be taken by the new inheritor; so that when our family came to the possession, little, if any, change could be perceived; indeed, Miss Clough was pleased to say to the housekeeper, “that she was in all things *satisfied*.”

The great day of arrival came; half-way between the hall and Chester was the meeting point. The tenantry, with their retinues, were there to a man—or woman—as might be; and punctuality being the order with the new baronet, his travelling chaise met them to the minute. It was a quiet dell wherein the scene took place; and never—since the well-recorded one, of two packs of hounds coming into collision on the same spot, and disputing thereon with tooth and nail, the horsemen with dog-whips, and the beaters with clubs, the right of fox—was there heard such a clamour.

The chaise-top was opened, and the new baronet tried to address them, but in vain ; the continual shaking of hands and shouting, so overcame him, that all he could say was, “ You shall finish my cellars first, and then I will see what sort of stuff you keep in yours.”

We say this is all he could say, and so it was; not but there is little doubt he would have tried again, had not Miss Clough suddenly twitched his coat, and that was enough; “ Well ! do it yourself, then : what the devil is the use of talking any *dry* stuff to them,” finished the baronet, slightly petted.

“ Ladies and gentlemen,” commenced the lady, “ you perceive that your new *neighbour* is so overpowered with these tokens of your kindness and love, that he has left it to me—still less capable of returning those thanks, which you not only deserve for your present goodness, but for the very admirable way in which—report says—your respective farms have been conducted, improved, and therefore rendered more valuable to the new possessor. Do not think, from this, that any advantage will be taken. What ! take advantage of a man’s own skill, capital, and industry ? No ! your takings will be as they were—leases being given, if required, thus to secure your interests and happiness to a large period, and not to suffer a sacrifice through a fresh valuation. This is the intent, object, and wish, of your new landlord.”

The most deafening cheers followed the speech, for if Miss Clough had tried for a year, she could not have used *eloquence* so satisfactory to the tenantry of Beechwood-court.

It was nearly spoiled, though, through an ebullition on the part of the baronet, who, in a fit of enthusiasm, cried, (fortunately before the cheering had subsided,) “ what she has said, I will do by G——.” This was

hearty enough, but still, what the men of Groveby parish had not been accustomed to—the swearing from a gentleman. Miss Clough had intended to say more, but found that she could not leave off at a better place.

The whole, then, adjourned to a neighbouring hotel, where viands and beverage, on a grand scale, had been ordered: the baronet and lady sitting down at the same table, the head and bottom of which were honoured by the oldest farmer and widow present; and it may easily be supposed how hearty, happy, and jovial, all became. And the tenantry not wishing to be behind their new lord and lady in promises and good wishes, appointed one of their number—a gentleman who was not only a small farmer under the manor, but the parish school-master—to make the oration. The good man had been studying his part for several days; and, for the purpose of reading it up, took down from his shelves every work that bore upon the subject. It is perhaps needless to say that Demosthenes, Cicero, Pliny, and others, were amongst the number; and after sleepless-nights, and éatless-days, he came to the conclusion, that no modern language was sufficiently congruous or safe wherewith to entrust the great task; so the Latin was the one employed, as being more suited to the antiquity and honour of the great house of Vernon. In this language he addressed, (not without a faltering tongue and averted eye,) the noble pair who had just made their triumphal entry—first into the dell we have named, and next to the tavern, in which they regale, and listen to the faultless, though tremulous, harangue of the school-master.

It did not draw forth the applause that the effort of Miss Clough did, but there could be no doubt of the admiration; even the new baronet—when assured by his niece that the oration *was not* in French—was going

to clap hands, same as he had done two nights before at the Surrey theatre, but a sudden jerk from his monitor, and then a whisper, telling him he must only bow, and say from the bottom of his heart he thanked them—brought him to correction. This he did as well as any stage-manager ever did, when entreating the audience to pardon any little disappointment in the management, and in *return* think of their wives, their sweethearts, and babies.

Indeed, the baronet behaved most impressively; ordered mulled-wine for the gentlemen, and tea, with rivers of rum, for the ladies.

Then all prepare for the march to the manor; arrived there in about three hours, when the promise of the new landlord was partly verified; that is, as far as where he said they must punish his cellars, and then he would rebuke theirs with similar determined chastisement.

Nor was the new steward wanting in either courtesy or attention; he led the fire which was given in lusty style by the domestics of the manor: afterwards he opened with his own *hands* the carriage door: embraced and kissed both lady and gentleman before they alighted: took their arms when they did so—and finally welcomed them into the hall.

He then ascended the grand staircase, introduced them to the drawing-room, next to the rector of Groveby, his lady, with several of the neighbouring gentry—of course, their ladies—the family doctor, attorney—and several others whose attentions were well conducted to the ancient family of the worthy house of Vernon.

Single and double barrelled fowling-pieces, pistols, and crackers, were fired off in every house in the parish and village of Groveby. The rejoicing was complete; but what would it be when the great opening-dinner

came off? No doubt it would be worthy of this beginning.

In the meanwhile, the tenantry withdrew from the hall, leaving only the gentry and the new comers: coffee was ordered into the drawing-room, and Miss Clough would have been glad if her uncle and the new steward could have been coaxed out, for both had been a little too exemplary during the day—we mean in not only bidding the tenantry and others to drink, but in showing them the way it should be done.

However, Mr. James Clough had a good deal of bustling to do, and again a good deal of exemplifying to set, that is in showing what an amount of veneration was due to the new baronet: what admiration it was the business of all to bestow on the new lady of the manor. For though she could not be Lady Vernon, yet the lady of Beechwood and Groveby parish she both could and would be. And so, when the health of the lord of the manor was drunk every day, after dinner, why could not, or should not, that of the lady of the manor also be given: and in order that no mistakes might happen, the lord of the manor was, invariably, to drink the lady of the manor, she was to return an extremely polite move of the head, thank her uncle and the guests, and then one of the latter could drink the proposer of the first—the lord of the manor.

This was the etiquette at Beechwood: the new steward first prefacing the whole by saying grace—when none of the clergy was there; and a suitable thanksgiving, when the meal was over, was to be made by the lady of the manor.

Of course, there were to be morning prayers: a chapter out of each of the testaments, in the morning; and it is needless to say, something to match, in the evening. These were the intentions of this new and prudent

family; and, by and by, we shall see how the whole was carried out: in the mean time, it is our business to attend to the coffee table—just as we left it ere we gave this information to the reader.

“A heavenly estate you will find you have got here, Sir Robert,” commenced the rector, as all were seated.

“That’s why, I suppose, Cousin Joseph was resolved to see heaven itself: as a man brought up in St. Giles’s is never easy until he has seen Saffron hill.”

“No doubt, Sir Joseph is in heaven,” said Rector Yielding—for that was the name of the rector of Groveby.

“Well, that’s where Barbarer, there, always wished him.”

“I hope that all good men will go there,” remarked Miss Clough, looking at her uncle: the look was enough for the time.

“We hope so,” said all the company.

The rector, probably to change the subject, said, “I suppose, Sir Robert, we shall soon see some improvements here—a few changes?”

“As to changes, my dear Rector, before we talk of any more, just, should you see ‘em in the morning, tell them ringers of yourn to call up here to be paid for those they have rung, on my account, already: they must have given the old steeple a sneezer.”

“Oh,” said Mr. Fribble, the attorney, “they will be with you, Baronet, before morning: catch bell-ringers missing their beer and fees at Beechwood.”

“Or an attorney his,” replied the baronet; “or a day’s shooting when offered, either in this or in any other wood.”

There was a roar of laughter. The new baronet was already discovered to be a great wit.

“Ha, ha, ha!” said the rector, “that was certainly

one into you, Fribble; well. But, Baronet, we find you can ring the changes quite as well as the eight men who are hauling away yonder at the Groveby bell-ropes: so now to the improvements."

This was a grave matter, and the proprietor of the manor was resolved to show his auditory that he could vary his style with his subject.

"As to improvements, Rector, Joe was what is called a scientific farmer: well now, let us see what he has done: I've not seen his pigs, though I've heard a good deal about 'em, and, of course, in the morning I shall see 'em. I was not here long when I and Barbarer, there, made him a visit; but I seen enough. I shall be able to make presents for the under-stuff of pigeon-pies, I expect, if all the birds about the house are such as I seen. I'll swear that I never seen the remotest approach to either a pouter—not but even then I don't think so much about them as Almond tumblers, spots, barbs, or mawmets. He certainly had a few carriers, but they was both barrel-headed and peg-wattled, ha, ha, ha! I had a pair of pouters as I refused twenty guineas for, and there a certain person, one day when I was away at Greenwich, let one of them gorge, and though I soon got him into a tight stocking, he shortly afterwards roused, and next morning there he was in the coup without a kick in him." The baronet finished this with a heavy sigh; but, at last, cheered up by saying, that he would introduce such breeds of birds as were not to be found out of Westminster; and concluded the whole (he had got another look from the lady of the tea-urn) by saying, that if the pigeons of any of the present company should ever be afflicted by any disease, either through an *infestation* of insects, touch of the roup, canker, or even the megrims themselves, send them to the court, and they should be returned in perfect health

and happiness. But on no account to send anything deficient in *breed*, unless they wished to come and *lunch* with him on their own *property*.

Every one was delighted at the offer: and would carefully send his or her servants for his or her share of the pigeon slaughter which was to take place next day—and any sickly ones he or she might have, to be cured.

The baronet had got a look about pigeons, and well knew that all conversation thereon, was, thereby, to rest: but did not conceive that the prohibition extended to rabbits, guinea-pigs, white-mice, or silk-worms.

“Now as to rabbits,” again commenced the erudite Sir Robert, “see the trash you will see with the fanciers:—oh, if any of you should wish to catch a pigeon or two, I will show you the best trap ever invented—takes the bird without doing any damage (another look)—and as I was a-saying, see the rubbish you will see even in Manchester or Liverpool, or, indeed, in any place out of town: I’d a horn-lop measured seventeen inches from tip to tip of his ears—oh, you may look, Barbarer; I mean, of course, across of his head—with the largest dew-lap—I say it was,” continued the baronet, looking at the lady—“I say it was larger than Dowski’s, although Beecher denied it the other night: and what was more, she was fawn—in my opinion, not a bad colour; at least I would sooner have it nor mouse, as much as is said to the contrary: but, I say, mine was more perfecter lopped; was tortoise-shelled:—and, damn it, look at the colour his was.”

“Ay,” said the doctor, speaking for the first time, “I know a great deal depends upon your last remark.”

“Of course,” said Sir Robert, glad to find that there was some one to protect him from the frowns of his niece. “I’ve known an out-an-out real-lop come down to the ground, but then there was white spots mixed

with the black upon its back: nay, I'll be—I will, if I would not rather have an oar-lop, even without a dewlap, than a bad markt un."

"Well, well, uncle, and so would I," said the hostess, "no one can doubt your knowledge in the cultivation of *live stock*: but, recollect, there are ladies present."

"Oh," said Mrs. Rector Yielding, "I think a more interesting chat could not possibly be; improvement is now the order of the day, and I am sure such conversations are more likely to lead to such result than the maudlin stuff which too much characterizes the drawing-room of the present time."

"Oh, not a doubt of it," said the attorney.

"Doubt it!" exclaimed the doctor, "I hope to see the hour when even external and internal anatomy, and the muscles, can be talked about as familiarly as—
as—"

"*Cockles at Bagilt*," jutted in the baronet.

Oh, this produced a great roar: the lady of the manor and the new steward joining most heartily.

"Oh, Sir Robert, you are a great wag, I am sure," said Mrs. Rector Yielding.

"Oh, terrible," added her lord.

"Ho, ho, ho!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And the baronet looked at his niece, as much as to say, "you see others can take interest in what I say, if you cannot."

The lady, in despite of all this, was resolved to change the conversation, and being too well-bred to speak of anything in which any one present was professionally engaged, said, that she conceived the youth of Groveby would not want education; that is, if she might judge from the speech made that day by their school-master.

"Oh, ay," said the rector, "how did he manage? I heard that, for the last week, though he had decided what to say, yet the language in which it was to be uttered, sorely puzzled him."

"Oh," said the host, "I liked both the words and the pronunciation: now, Jim," addressing his new steward, "if you wish to rub up your Greek, now's your time."

"In Greek, it was done, was it?" cried out the rector, "well done, Morton, well done; I heard that he had decided upon Latin; but, I suppose, he thought that language not quite dignified enough, and so changed his mind."

There was a new *wonder*: the new baronet could change from the most trifling things, such as fancy pigeons, rabbits, and the rest, to criticisms upon orations in the Greek language.

"What sort of fish, Rector, have I got in yon mere as I crossed, coming here?"

"Oh! prime, truly, Sir Robert; perch, Jack trout, particularly in the stream that supplies it, and down the brook—nay, salmon lower down: then as for carp, tench, roach, or chub—oh, any amount."

"Ay; I hear that the rascals are not for permitting any more fishing either in Paddington canal or Camberwell: I suppose they'll be stoppin the Croydon next. Better for the Westminster chaps. An old friend of mine tried it on, and they seized, (a look from the vicinity of the tea-urn) and they seized—oh, he was the man for tackle—such a perfect set-out he had: trolling hooks, running tackle, gentle boxes, plummets, gorge, snap, baiting needles, trolling rods, gimp, winches, split shot, hooks, gut, a kettle for *carrying fish*—and they seized all (another look) his worms."

Another roar; for to an individual, this was supposed

to be a pre-studied anticlimax on the part of the facetious baronet. When Miss Clough saw how the thing had turned, she laughed more exhilaratishly than all the rest. “Oh, what a man you are, uncle: that’s as bad as the salmon and the wedding-ring story.”

“Why, certainly, if anything would make fresh salmon bad, a wedding-ring is the most likeliest, as it is not the first good thing it has played choppy with.”

Another stroke of astonishment at the new host’s racy style: the rector was in deep admiration—but not so much so, but that he was resolved to know all about the Greek oration.

“Well,” commenced his reverence, “I suppose to-morrow you will be visited by most of your neighbours, Sir Thomas Handly, Sir Richard Priory, Lord Paget, and—though a good way off—perhaps Lord Delamane may come—”

“Lord who? I hope not,” exclaimed the baronet, waxing wroth and colouring at the name: “If he does, I’ll order him to be thrown into the mere: a damned tyrannical rascal: a fellow that would pull a gentleman up, just for catching a hare, and taking a few jack out of one of his ponds: a scurvy—I wish he would appoint me his hair-dresser for a month—”

The lady of the manor gave a withering look.

“—That’s—all,” finished the baronet.

“But, surely,” replied the rector, “this could not have been to a gentleman, surely?”

“A gentleman!” shouted the host, “am not I a gentleman?”

“Undoubtedly,” replied the whole company.

“Ay, you may look, Barbarer: but if *I* be a gentleman, *he* was not far off—”

“Only, perhaps, the distance of an estate,” said the rector, slyly.

“Just so: but it’s not every gentleman *can* have an estate.”

“Bravo, bravo, bravo, Baronet,” cried the doctor. “I quite agree, a man may have the education of a gentleman—feelings of one—”

“Propensities of one,” jutted in the baronet.

“Propensities of one,” proceeded the other, “and yet not have an estate: therefore it’s rather too hard he can’t shoot a paltry hare.”

“That’s what I say,” cried out the host, in triumph, “so down with the game-laws at once: I heard a lecturer, as used to sit in the same bar as I did, say it was absurd to pretend to have an investment in things wild—that have no place of abode: if I have a lot of pigeons I not only know them, but everybody else knows they arn’t his: so, if he traps one, I not only miss it at night but he finds that he has one too many; but it would be a precious nice game, to say, ‘there goes one of my sparrows! you must not catch one of ’em, or else I’ll haul you up; give you—that is, you must give me five pounds or I’ll present you with three months; and if you attempt to take one in the night-time, I’ll transport you;’ so I say, down with the game-laws at once.”

“But,” said the rector, in alarm, “you don’t mean to say that you would allow Jack, Tom, or Harry, to come into such preserves as these of Beechwood, and destroy what he liked?”

“Do you mean, Rector, when you say ‘Jack, Tom, or Harry’—three gentlemen?” demanded the baronet—“oh, don’t look at *me*, Barbarer—”

“No:—poachers, of course.”

“Ha, then; then you should call them John, Thomas, and Henry: Jack, Tom, and Harry are haristocratical happenations—of course puggilists, who are almost as great blackguards, ape ’em; but the names of poachers,

as well as those of the *people*, cannot be too legal, or too long: must be carefully spelt (I know they was always damned careful with mine)."

"Ahem!" coughed the rector.

"Glorious, glorious," cried the doctor, and one or two more: not the attorney, though.

"Well, but to your question, Rector, as to whether I would allow these short-named gentlemen to come into my preserves: you see if they was rich I could not well help them: if they are poor—let them help themselves!"

"Oh, uncle," cried out Miss Clough, "I am surprised to hear you talk such stuff. I am sure our good friends here will not let it go forth to the neighbours, that any such policy, as regards the game, will be adopted at Beechwood, by the new comer. A nice thing, truly, if we had not a head of game to give—we will say to such friends as those who have, this night, done us the honour to greet us! 'Let them help themselves,' truly!"

"And why not have a head of game, Miss Clever, even if they do help themselves? it would be most strange if those, who don't live under the fear of the laws of trespass, could not get as much game as those who do. The trespass-laws are quite enough to protect all sorts of game round a house like this—except the women, no laws can stop them—and so the tenants would be the only men who could take game without trespass: and let them take 'em, I say: or let them support them if they like, either for their amusement or gain. If I keep guinea-pigs and pigeons for my pastime, let them keep 'em for theirs. As far as investment *can* go, they are their property—viz. by a feedin' of 'em: therefore do as they like."

"And so we are not to have a single pheasant, or hare, to give away?" coolly asked Miss Clough.

"Give away your *own*, Barberer; same as you would

a goose, a turkey, or a quarter of lamb. But, you see, the reason why owners of manors, like me, is so prodigal in giving his game and compliments, is because the first doesn't belong to him; the last without it, would mean nothin, as every body knows. But geese, capons, half of sheep, and rounds of beef, are given without compliments. And then we are not to have a 'head of game,' because I have said, let those who feeds it, use it; why, this is very strange; here is, to this house, about two thousand acre of parks, waters, and ornamental grounds; and it is very queer, since we can feed so many deer, hedish beef, sheep, fowls, pigs, and lazy drones of servants, that we cannot do the same to hares, rabbits, partridges, or pheasants. And if we are too proud to have arable lands about the hall, no standin corn to pillage, or stubble to run in, why let them be fed as are the other live stock about the premises, and then they are our OWN. And if we choose we can *give* a 'head of game,' and I think the compliment will be no less, simply because we have not prigged it. But, here, Jim, let's have some grog upon this: order up the decanters, it's dry work, particularly as I see I've given offence to the lady of the manor: that's right, butler. Ladies, you may retire! The gentlemen and me is a-goin to have a house warmin—I mean those who, having listened to my lecture, is not afeared of one under the curtains, before they go to sleep; which if I am, damn me."

CHAPTER IV.

FROM a few remarks in the last chapter, the rectoress had twigged a thing or two, but then Miss Clough had twigged the rectoress; and knowing the advantage of standing well with the clergy, she, before the rectoress had half digested her surmises next morning, waited upon that prying daughter of—an equally inquisitive mother.

After the usual happinesses felt upon these occasions, the lady of the manor commenced with some intense apologies for the preceding evening's conduct of the new lord of the manor: telling all about his sea-rearing, eccentricities, and the rest. A man of excellent heart, though; and, as to understanding, there would be found (if not in his head) plenty, so it was hoped, in the possession of *those* around him.

The rectoress commenced, “Ha, that is, ha—was the new baronet ever mar—but I know how rude it is to ask questions.”

“Oh,” said Miss Clough, with her usual coolness of style, “it is certainly very awkward, that etiquette will not permit a *direct* question.”

This bothered the lady of the rectory.

“As you say, Miss Clough; we might as well live out of the world as not in the arrangement in which that very determined word exists. Well, if we may not ask

(directly) how a person is in health, I suppose we may hope he is *well*, and, in obedience to that, permit me to express a wish that your uncle is so—oh, what a right merry gentleman—and brother also—a fine young man."

"Why, that should have formed a part of my apology," and then Miss Clough related all about the meeting of the tenantry: mulled-wine, and so accounted for the madness of the baronet's speech, as to the game; rudeness in asking the ladies to retire, and what not. That it was always his way when he had been regaling; but to suppose, for a second, that she would allow a lot of town-tradesmen to come to Beechwood for the purpose of shooting game, or even fishing, was preposterous. "No," concluded the lady of the manor, "take my word for it, I will see that there is nothing at Beechwood differing, in the slightest degree, from the usages of the best families in this most aristocratical of counties."

"Oh, Miss Clough, you do not know how very happy all you have said has made me: for, to tell you the truth, the rector has been greatly grieved to think there should be so bad an example set in the neighbourhood. What! not twenty miles off the great manufacturing districts, and to allow every dram-seller, pawn-broker, or small tradesman, to come with his *shooting cart*: leave their wives and vulgar families at some tavern in the town, whilst they desolate the parish: a nice report this would be to get to the ears of the higher families in this proud country!"

"I am too happy, I am sure, Madam, to find that, should uncle persist—I only mean in talking, for there is no fear in anything else—that I shall have so powerful a supporter as yourself. I hope the good rector will lend us his assistance; and, I am sure, I need not say that a promise of a day's shooting from him will be as binding at Beechwood as one from its baronet."

"I am sure," said the rectoress, making a courtesy, "the family will be equally obliged to you; for, independently of my sons, two of whom are in business in Manchester, I have a number of friends will be too happy to pay their respects to the lady of the manor for so much kindness."

"Oh, Madam, I shall be too proud: and I have no doubt but that good neighbourly relationship will exist between the families: my uncle's taste, habits, and pursuits, do not lie in the way of *business* at all: a few amusing hobbies, and he will be *satisfied*."

"I thought so," said the rectoress, slyly: "we must see that they, at all times, be well supplied to him."

"I will attend to that, if only a few good friends will occasionally call to see them—commend them, and them only talk about; and, in short, I am sure we may do things that will be mutually agreeable and useful."

"You must stay and lunch with me, my dear."

"(Come," thought the new diplomatist, at one time I little thought I should ever be called 'my dear,' by a rectoress); why, the truth is, Madam, that I promised Sir Robert I would be speedily back, as we intend to drive and walk over most of the grounds to-day: you may suppose we are anxious to see as much as we can of the estate, as neither of us has ever been a quarter of a mile over it before: and so well *wooded* a one as I am told it is—but, you see, in despite of this, Madam, I could not prevail upon myself to accompany Sir Robert, until I had first paid my duty to yourself and the good rector."

"Oh but, my dear, dear Miss Clough, do let me beg of you to take some little thing or other; a jelly or so—'well-wooded'? you might fell forty thousand pound, and scarcely be perceived."

"Well, now that you have named a jelly, I do think I shall trouble your kindness—"

“Say not another word,” said the lady, ringing the bell; “a glass of madeira—nay, be not afraid, I will join—and the rector being a magistrate too, see how well we can manage the game and other parish affairs—you must have a glass—”

“Oh, who can refuse so much goodness!”

“I am sorry my family are from home—they are at our marine villa; but, my dear, so soon as you can adjust things at the court, I will carry you thither: they will be so happy to know the *talented* lady of Beechwood, and how advantageous for all parties! You see, my dear, the late Sir Joseph —, though a good enough creature in his way—was too retiring—though very polite—but still too distant—to visit—would not *properly* co-operate for the proper *government* of the parish: I see things will be widely different—the rector will be delighted: indeed a magistrate under the late order of things was of no use—that is, he had no power: I see how differently it will be for the future.”

“Madam, give me your hand: a little *mutual* assistance is what I want.”

The ladies shook hands: and the reader will see that they were fast approaching that felicity which is defined by saying, “they have got to know each other.”

Miss Clough drove home, and told the expectant baronet that she thought she had—though after his mad conduct of the preceding night, it would be dangerous to say positively—made his peace, and secured the silence of the rectory as to the drunken, wild, not to say the insane discourse that he had uttered during the first night which he had passed at Beechwood. But, if he wished her to stay another hour under his roof, he must never give utterance again to such trash as that of the smashing up of the wisest thing his noble ances-

tors had ever done—the passing of an act for the better preserving of the game of Great Britain, &c. &c.

The baronet, in great humiliation publicly, though privately a little restive, promised the most intense obedience.

And James Clough, the new steward—when the old one was discharged—was the witness.

CHAPTER V.

MISS CLOUGH, after all this, was resolved to have not only a bit of rest, happiness, and peace; but, after a survey of the new estate, as well as being sufficiently bowed to, courtesied to, and acknowledged by all the sons, daughters, wives, servants, husbands, husbandmen, and miscellanea of the estate, of course including the pal-sied shake of the paupers, would give way to a little joyousness, if not actually some family roistering, particularly when her friends, and such relatives as she had invited, should come and see the now great lady of Beechwood manor.

There are few things in life more charming than the first week of an inheritance: a new estate—our own estate; every where, every inch, every thing in it our own, manor-house, village, shooting-lodges, farm-house, work-house, the hearse-house, round-house, church, and the stocks. And though we do not own every house, pig, cow, or cart that we see, yet we own their owners, which makes tolerable amends for not actually owning *their* live stock.

These sort of feelings did not so much fluster the breast of the baronet, as they palpitated that of the niece. The baronet, as view after view burst upon him, simply said, that he wished he was thirty years younger, or had not lived quite so gaily when taking his early gallops.

The lady said, she would be content, even if she were twenty years younger, but then she should like to be as handsome as the farmers' daughters who had just passed them; not so impudent and awkward, though: she must teach those simple rustics how to courtesy with a little less stiffness when next they meet. She had no objection to be a great friend both to the young and old in the whole parish, but there must be a dancing-master introduced first; for not only were the obeisances of the ladies, but those of their rustic brothers, everything but what she and her brothers had always paid to the lord and lady of their parish; and indeed, to some of the principal salt proprietors at the Witches.

For several days, the baronet, lady, and suite, walked and rode over the new birth-right: in these excursions the new steward was most attentive. Only remove the old one, and then—no doubt he must have been a great rogue, he was so wealthy. It is true, he had been steward forty-five years, a man of remarkably abstemious habits; and being a large farmer, it was barely possible that he might have stocking-bagged a few old guineas somewhat honestly. But for all this, the Cloughs were resolved not to distress the remainder of his days by giving him any more employment at the manor.

“Now, you see, uncle,” said the lady, as they came to the termination of the great Groveby wood, “you perceive that Sir Joseph, with all his amiability, was quite alive to the necessity of warning poachers or trespassers, for I believe there is not an outlet, stile, walk, or by-road, but there are notice-boards for that purpose.”

“Why, the fact is, Barbarer, I have been a-twigging them all along: he certainly intended to live longer, for all the notices look as if they had not been up above half-a-year, at most.”

"Oh," said the new steward, "only a month before he died."

The reader will recollect that these were put up by Mr. James Clough himself: of course, his sister knew it, but then this was a nice opportunity to enforce her doctrines as to the most pungent obedience to the opinions of those who hold, that an infringement of the game-laws, and of those for the prevention of high-treason, ought to be alike punished.

"Notwithstanding," muttered the baronet, "I certainly think it damned wrong, to pull a poor fellow up for taking a hare home to a starving family: or a few fish—"

"Ay, but if he would work, instead of cony catching, his family would not need to *starve*."

"But, supposing, Mrs. game-laws-and-petticoat-government, that he had no work."

"He must beg, or go to the work-house."

"The devil he must; what! when there is plenty of smashin hares eatin his few cabbage-sprouts: so he must be a burden to the parish his-self, rather than help to remove one."

"Well, well; that may be all right; but then don't you see, there must be some instrument of power by which those who govern can subdue those who were made to be ruled. Now, unless there were traps for them, something to snare their passions, (as in the rich there is ambition, in women vanity,) there would be no temptation, no nets, gins, night-lines; and where there are not these, what is there to squeeze—it may be, crush! there would be no necessity for the screw, and what then would be the good of either being rich or powerful?"

"Well, there is one blessing in what you have said: I do not understand one damned word of it—unless it

be as how you mean that all captains a-ships, and lords a-manors should be tyrants: flogging the men in the first, and seizing the women and what you like in the last. I tell you, I hate all that."

"No, no, I do not mean that exactly—I—"

The new steward winked to his sister, as much as to say, "go no further with it just now."

"In short," said Miss Clough, "all I mean is, that these sorts of things will prevent us from insult—"

"Insult! why, who the devil is a-goin to insult us, if we don't mis-behave ourselves?"

James Clough winked to his sister once more; and, as they had now reached a small mound whence there was a magnificent prospect, he asked if the party had ever seen anything so charming, "Isn't it delightful, uncle?"

"Why, I suppose it would be to these poets or painters:—by George, Jim, what a devil of a nose you have got; and damn it, now that I have a fair chance of skewting at you, how very much you are altered since you left home: why, hang my limbs, you look as if you had never even taken your breakfast sober since you came to Beechwood: and what's more, your hand is a-kicking nice capers, truly. I think you have been a-studying for the butlership, instead of the steward trade."

"Ha, ha, uncle, uncle, you are so fond of a bit of fun: I grant you that ever since your and sister's arrival, I have regaled a bit. I suppose, sir, you would wish me to set a good example, and do honour to your board, Sir Robert?"

"Oh, if *you* can stand it, I know damned well the cellars of Beechwood can: but all I say is, that you had better taper off a bit: begin with thirty glasses a-day, and get down to ten as soon as you can: I don't mind that; because ten—beside dinner and supper ale—I intend to do myself."

Miss Clough looked, and said to herself, “will you? then half of your estate goes to insure your life, and that too in my behalf.”

In these agreeable little chats and sallies, the party wended its way to the hall, and had scarcely got there, when who should arrive but two more sisters of the Cloughs, a single and a married one. The first merely brought herself—the latter, her two daughters. There only wanted one more of the family to make it complete—save the father and mother—this one was Jack Clough; a dull lad he always was, and so had been brought up to “flat” building. Now, these “flats” are vessels used (in that neighbourhood) for the purpose of transporting salt to Lancashire, and coals thence to the Witches. It so occurred, that one of them not only carried the articles mentioned, but (as it not unfrequently happens) the captain and his household stuff; in this case comprising, amongst many other things, a daughter, a hale buxom lass, with whom Jack one day, seeing her act at the helm, fell into the usual mistake, and married. A grand wedding it was, there being no less than two fiddlers worked, and two barrels of beer broached, on the occasion.

Now, this couple was amongst the rest which had just honoured Beechwood. Miss Clough was sadly bothered when she saw them, as they had not only made their way on foot, but through the kitchen into the room in which we see them so comfortably seated. The last part of their performance was, because Mrs. John Clough was fearful they might not meet with a welcome. Her husband had not exactly such foreboding, because he well recollects, that when his uncle was staying at his father’s, how often they had tippled together—indeed, Jack was rather more knowing in poaching excursions than uncle himself. Thus, it was all through Mrs.

Clough, that John Clough did not knock at the front door, as if somebody had thrown three bricks at it in succession.

Well, they are undoubtedly of the family, and so must renovate, and then come down to dinner.

It fortunately happened that there were no strangers present—unless the servants may be understood to be such; and, so soon as the steward had said grace, the covers were removed, and, it only being a family dinner, Miss Clough relieved the servants from their usual attention at the table.

Mr. John Clough, however, was most *backward*, and though, in early life, he had often given the young lady, who was at the head of the table, many twists of the neck, and screws of the ear, yet, as he now saw her so gorgeous—and then the plate upon the table, the side-board, candelabra, all, every thing—his heart began to quake; and when she addressed him, he answered, “madam,” and said, “if you please;” and, “I rather wouldn’t ma’am,” and so on. As to Mrs. John Clough, she, when asked of what she would partake, said, she didn’t *mind*, but whatever it was, she would rather have it on her knee.

This made the gentleman in waiting crack out.

And the new steward to look out.

And the lady of the manor to speak out, and to demand, out and out, what was to do.

“Oh, only, madam, Susan has put something into my stockings, and it began to tickle—that’s all,” said George, the waiter.

“Well,” said the baronet, “you do the same to Susan,” and then the said baronet nearly choked himself at his joke.

And it is needless to say the whole company were merry also.

And so was George, the butler, when he arrived at his pantry: and therein he summoned the principal servants, and did recount what had taken place in the dining-room.

And they of the pantry agreed, that they of the dining-room were a very *emusing*, extraordinary set of individuals, if not actually—peeples.

Mrs. John Clough was asked if she would take fish.

And she replied and said, that if it made no difference, she would rather have some flesh.

It did make no difference, and when the meat was put upon her plate, she said, she would feel for ever obliged if they would permit one of the livery footmen to cut it into pieces, and then she could tuck it in with a spoon. “I always liket spoon meight best: it’s th’ handiest and soonest deaun.”

The lady of the manor was resolved that, if it pleased her maker to get that dinner over, the like should never happen again at Beechwood.

Mrs. Ross, the married sister, was equally shocked: she had been a lady’s maid in early youth, and so of course knew a good deal of table etiquette: nay, had brought her daughters to Beechwood to pick up style.

The new steward would have been equally annoyed, only he had managed to trick the butler out of a bottle of gin—though the said official, in the very first night of the family’s arrival, had had strict orders to watch him—had drunk about half of it, and, consequently, his temper having met with a corresponding amount of sweet treatment, most things went on smoothly.

Mr. John Clough took three silver gills of old ale to his soup, one to his fish, and now that he has got to the beef, he is getting on rarely. Oh, a house-rearing or a flat-launching was nothing to the pleasure he perceived.

fast coming over him. Got bolder; called the lady at the head of the table “madam” no longer: nay, soon got to “sister,” from that again (only once) to “Barbara;” and at last he got quite as much at ease as though he was merely paying a visit to his father-in-law in the cabin of the “Mary-Ann, of Nantwich.” Told his sisters to lay to; and of the lady of his own bosom he desired that, whatever she did, she was not to betray any symptoms of being halo (shy), or being short of breath through the arduousness of the dinner exertions.

“I’ll tak’ care of mysel, by Gew, and I’ll leave a bit of room, yet, for th’ baw: I never went to a club-dinner, but so how mich I eight, I always took care to leave a corner for abeaut a peaund of plum budding; and I belong to three sick societies.”

A slight titter from the side-board, not by George; no, by William.

“What, sir; has one of the maids put something into your stockings, as you dare laugh so?” demanded the lady of the manor: “leave the room.”

“If he laughs at me, sister-in-law,” said Mrs. Clough, “you have bien talkin to him about a stockin, and I’ll bet him a shillin, that he will feel my fist on his yed as if it was a brick droppin into one.”

This, certainly, produced a roar, the baronet being highly delighted, for he was glad to see his haughty niece humbled a little, and perceiving there was likely to be some more fun from the same fertile source, ordered the bell to be rung, under the pretence that he wanted more gin and hot water, but, in reality, that one of the servants could hear what was going on: forgetting that, in annoying his somewhat tyrannical mentor, he was exposing himself.

Now, the servant, George this time, was just as glad to be niggling about the side-board as his master was

to have him there: besides that, a score of things has to be done, for which his master had rung the bell.

Mrs. John was quite delighted to find that her wit had caused so much fun, and feeling herself quite at ease, commenced again. “ Whack a footman! why, I licked my own mam before I was thirteen: and even our John here could not down me, only, bein his wife, it’s my duty to obey.”

The baronet nearly throttled himself once more; swore, and that pretty forcibly too, that he would never dine at Beechwood again, but she must have a knife and a fork. And now, as the spirit of mischief was upon him, he winked for more gin.

The giggle of the footman could not be heard at this time, but his surprise was when he heard John Clough say, “ Eh, uncle, you little thought of these grand doings when the chaplain was going to close the book, and the rope was round your neck—”

“ You infernal scoundrel, what did you broach such a thing as that, for,” exclaimed the baronet, in a whirlwind of passion.

“ Eh?” looked the frightened John Clough, “ why, you know, uncle, you told me so yourself—you know—”

“ Get out of the room, George; yes, you cursed addle-headed muff, but when I did, no one was present but ourselves!”

“ Oh, John, John,” said his sister, “ if this sort of work is to be carried on, I will never allow one of my own family to come into the house again.”

“ Well, I’m very sorry if I’ve done wrong; I thought every body knew of it: beside, many have said, to this day, that the mutineers of the Nore was right: and, beside, it was quite clear, as was afterwards found, that your crew, uncle, was compelled to join: so what the deuce does all I’ve said come to?”

"Yes, but," cried out the host, "though the crew I was in was compelled to join, I went willingly, and—you may look—you that would hang a poacher—I'd do the same thing to-morrow; and just to show what I mean, I will wear a suit of black every anniversary of the murder of Parker. And here's my hand, Jack, only mind don't talk about hanging, again, before servants."

"Well, I thought it was queer if I could do anything to offend uncle Kent. I rather think that I have always had as much respect, and more affection, for the lord of the manor, than any one present. And to prove all this, wait a bit." And, with this, the deeply affected Mr. Clough left the room; proceeded to the kitchen, and soon returned with a somewhat rustic-looking reticule; and, after he had turned up a part of the table-cloth, he placed upon the mahogany dining-table, a young *shim-white*, thorough-bred, out-and-out, no doubting it—"real-lop" rabbit.

"What!" shouted out the baronet, his eyes starting with delight—"let me see properly before I speak—a real lop, by George."

"Is there a dewlap there, dear uncle? and he's only five weeks old!"

"Is there a dewlap? the Lord prosper thee, Jack, and bless thee. I hope thou hasn't stole him: my heavens, what a beauty!"

"Well, and if I had stole him; so that I brought him as a present for my uncle, I think it would not show any less respect, or love."

"Not a bit, Jack: but then I should not like a search-warrant to come into the house; not but I think we could so hide him, that the beaks would have a job to find him: eh, Lord, I never see such a dewlap in my life—not for his age."

"Ay, but stay, stay, stay, a bit," commenced the steward, "it strikes me that all is not quite right about him yet. This ear is, or has been, an oar-lop."

"You're a liar, though you are my own brother, and did go to school twice as long as myself," replied Jack.

"Why, but don't you see that his right ear shows—or would have done, only there has been a good deal of twisting—some of the inside: and if I mistake not, a bit of lead has been used to weight it down."

"You leave the room, you vulgar cub: so, 'his right-ear is a oar-lop?' your mother as like. And pray, sir steward, when did you ever know a rabbit of his age with such a dew-lap as this? If you know no more how to manage the tenantry, the estate, and all the rest—I think that the sooner that Jack sells his adze, auger, and caulking chisel, comes to Beechwood to superintend, and you go back to look after your father's cows, pony, and Saturday night's shilling, the better. You had better turn to grinding cob-webs for fly-poison, or distilling soda-water out of fire-damp: a 'oar-lop,' is he?"

"Oh, I've done, Sir Robert, but I thought you allowed your humblest domestic to give an opinion according to his conscience. That's all I have to say," concluded the steward, swooping up the liquor next him.

"Well, sir, but you need not drink my gin-and-water, in your passion: and to show that I always wish to do what's fair, I'll not only allow what you call the humblest domestic in the house to give an opinion, but I will leave the matter in dispute to every, or any one in it; and then we will see who is right—Jack, it *is* a beauty."

"Well, that's fair enough," said the steward; and upon a wink from the lady of the manor, said, he should like to *scrutify* the interesting stranger once more: he was permitted, and after a moment's ardent

examination, said: "humph, by George, now that I see him run, I find I was wrong."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" cracked out the baronet and flat-car-penter—"can judge better of his points when *running* than when you had him in your hand. The fact is this, Mr. James Clough—never prate about that upon which you know nothing. I say, Jack," whispered Sir Robert to his eldest nephew, "as soon as the cloth is removed, and we have washed down with a few glasses of grog—we'll have a walk together, and leave these fools."

"That's right, and we'll look out where to drop a night-line or two. And didn't I see some nice runs, as I came here? only wait until the hares are in season, and we'll not want for pocket-money."

"Hush, there is your *grand* sister listening."

"Oh, the fact is, you don't think we are planning to go to the ale-house?" called out Mr. Clough.

"Nay," said his lady, "you would be foo's, when there's plenty here for nothin'."

Well, this put the company into good temper once more. The present was then ordered to be hung up in a basket to the ceiling of the butler's pantry, for fear the cats might alarm it; and, also, until a new hutch, suitable to its dignity, could be made.

John Clough was a favourite guest at Beechwood.

And James Clough became a little jealous thereat; but—

Miss Clough was rather pleased than otherwise; only, she was resolved there should be no more such dinner-scenes as the one of which we have attempted a description.

The grog had been circulated with becoming celerity; and to it, or the freshness of the Groveby air, were attributed the cheering effects on all the family at the

court. Miss Clough, with her married sister, took this opportunity of making an impression in the servants' hall. There needed one. And the baronet and darling nephew, being gone to look for hare-runs—this was the time. She summoned every domestic in the house, and having commenced with "Ladies and Gentlemen," made a smart energetic speech of twenty minutes—and a clever one too: beginning with the arrival of the new family, and ending with the dinner scene of that day. Insisting at great length upon Sir Robert's fatherly feelings towards them, and her own sympathy therewith—her entire approbation of all that they had done—pardoned the laughing at dinner: nay, said that she should have been surprised had it been otherwise. "But," continued she, "what can I do? in every family, as you are aware, there is sure to be an imprudent one; and though in this case, the imprudence has been rather in the choice of a help-mate than in my own brother's conduct, still, what can we do? she visits us, and though not fitting to sit down with the humblest here—still—"

"Oh, madam, you do quite right," interrupted the gardener; "she is of your own family, and, therefore, must sit at your table: and I am sure nothing could betray greater ignorance than for any servant in the establishment to make a remark, or listen to one."

"I am greatly obliged, and greatly relieved," replied the eloquent haranguer; "I am rejoiced to hear this from you, and I am sure to a community who seem to be regulated by such proper feelings, even a hint, as to the necessity of a complete *secrecy*, would be ill-put—either as to the little sallies of Sir Robert, or as to the appearance, education, or manners of those who, by necessity, will occasionally visit him.

"There is one thing I must name, and that is the careless allusion my unhappy brother made at this day's

dinner, about the ‘chaplain’—and the ‘rope’ being round poor uncle’s neck. It was this: my uncle, as I suppose you will know, was reared to the sea, being the son of the great Chester merchant, Reuben Kent; at that time, the greatest merchant in this part of England. In one of their whaling voyages he got wrecked on a barbarous island, and the natives, being at war with another tribe, compelled my uncle and companions to assist in their war operations; and, through the upsetting of a boat, my uncle and three others were made prisoners; were condemned to be hung and burnt, and had the ropes round their necks; the *chaplain*, as my waggish brother called him, being one of their priests, was yelling a sort of victory whoop, when another English crew came to their friends’ rescue, and I believe actually cut your poor master down. The vehement way, then, in which Sir Robert rebuked my brother, was, because he feared—as well he might—that a wrong impression would be carried to this part of the house: and then what not.

“However, after this explanation, and from what I have seen of your fidelity to your late, and affection to your present baronet, I am sure I need not make another observation.”

“Oh, certainly not,” called out the whole auditory.

“You will feel for his, for our elevation, because to deny that it has been a very great one, would be trifling with your experience: you will let go unobserved any little exuberance you may see in your new entertainer; and when you have found him to be that which I know him to be, a kind and approved good man, I feel assured that, as fond children screen the faults of silly parents, so will you his foibles; nay, by how much more he may need your sympathy, with so much more kindly warmth, I know, he will receive it at your hands; and that we

may live long, a happy, united, and peaceable family, is the very ardent prayer of the humble creature who has had the pleasure thus to address you.

"There," said the maiden to the married sister, as she left the huzzaing servants in the midst of their enthusiasm, "I think I have nailed that lot?"

Sister responded, and said, "Well, I think so too."

CHAPTER VI.

THE “exuberance” hinted at in the last chapter, was carried out both in spirit and quantity; nothing could be more jovial, roisterous, or merry. Mr. John Clough became a favourite, from the dining-room to the butler’s pantry; thence to the very dog-kennels.

The servants’ hall he carried by shower—that is, of kisses, assisted by squeezes, rumplings and hugs—only with the ladies. Indeed, so much was he disposed to this amusement, that his own lady waxed green about the eyes, and gave her complaint to the cook girl—though in the latter case its appearance assumed a darker hue—and boxed the side-curls of the dairy-maid, with all parts thereunto adjacent.

The entertainments were chiefly given in the evenings: the mornings were devoted, by the ladies, to giving and receiving visits to and from the neighbouring gentry. Those of the new steward were young-rabbit shooting, hawk, jay, weasel, or other obnoxious gentlemen of that class—and getting sly glasses of gin at any convenient public-house he might come to. For the baronet and John Clough, this was the order: to build with their own hands, a gorgeous new hutch for the choice real-lop, of which we have heard so much. Then the pigeon-house underwent a survey, and though found large enough, yet it was by no means calculated for the breeding and security

of the fancy doves, in which the proprietor of Beechwood was resolved (on a great scale) to indulge. No; a quiet corner, in a quiet place—the library was the spot! not only could the baronet further out his views as to the pigeons, by which the prizes of Westminster he was resolved to win, but he could have a dozen white mice at work; and why not let a few silk-worms try their hands at spinning silk, in a county, too, in which so much is woven. That might prove a great hit!

As to guinea-pigs, he had ceased to contemplate their welfare; and why? because he had found that their services, when required to keep the rats from the rabbit-hutches, had neither been distinguished by promptness, energy, nor success; so, with them he would not bother: Jack might if he liked.

These were the schemes and plans, not only for the present happiness, but for future greatness of Sir Robert and his protégé; and for amusement, too, since now there was no necessity for a bit of poaching.

In the latter, however, both parties were agreeably deceived; they might still do a little, and in this way. The late steward of Beechwood, (we say late, for he had tendered his books and resignation,) had a most glorious fish-pond at the bottom of his garden: it abounded—not only every body said so, but Jack had seen them jump up after flies, and for fun—with the choicest fish to be found in the country. This would be a nice bit of revenge, for giving up the books of his *late* employment.

It may be asked what revenge? when, from all that has been said, it would be inferred that the family wanted to get quit of him, in order to place in his old shoes the new feet of Mr. James Clough. Why, this is true; but then the *family* wished to discharge him, and not have the compliment reversed. And this was the

grudge, at least with Miss Clough, and so she suggested the revenge hinted at. The poaching of his fish, then, would make him remember being contumelious to the new proprietary. Miss Clough was of the council, as we have said, but took care no one knew of it. The poachers, fearing they should want strength, with secrecy, sent home for a famous old fish-poacher; desired he would honour Beechwood with a few days' visit, his expenses and ample keep being guaranteed. This would be the man, and then the fun could commence. And whilst the preparations are going on, we will enlighten the reader as to the position of the late steward: it will be the more useful, as we shall have much to do both with him and his family.

Mr. Walford, as we have somewhere said, was about seventy: a good round age—but he was of an excellent constitution, having led a temperate, regular life—though he had had his jovial hours. Oh, yes; only let a few friends, good, worthy, old, very old friends, drop in, and then the bottle was not allowed to be a mere ornament on the table, and he would lead the way in its merry-go-round; so he might yet be said to be in the strength, if not in the buoyancy of life.

We have stated how long he had been the agent at Beechwood; and we can fearlessly say, he was alike the favourite of landlords and tenants throughout that long career. His father had swayed the destinies of the parish for a still longer time; so it may readily be imagined that the last steward was well known in those regions: and so he was. He had for a great number of years been a widower; during that period, his house had been managed by his eldest daughter, a widow, Mrs. Collier: her family consisted of two sons who were at college. The other member of his family was a granddaughter, the only child of his youngest daughter, Edith

Walford—afterwards Mrs. Groveby of Groveby. These were all his household, save a couple of very ancient servants and their helps. The Grovebies were respectable proprietors in the parish which bore their name, where their family had resided for centuries. Ellen Groveby was the name of the grand-daughter of the ex-steward; and as she was parentless—both father and mother dying when she was very young—and a very amiable, docile, and warm-souled little girl—the only child about the hearth—the steward paid her much attention, nursing her with evident fondness, and behaving to her as though she was his own very Edith. This the old gentleman had done from the hour that the death of *its* parents had made him the little orphan's guardian; and his love for her had grown upon him, until he thought the sun-beams which played upon her in the hay-fields, flattered as they danced upon her faultless neck, even as the zephyrs were, that arrived at their bowers laden with her silvery laughs and sweet voice. She was little more than a girl when we speak, not having had, by twenty-five summers, the time for improvement, personally and mentally, that had been vouchsafed to the lady of the manor. And yet, it may seem strange, that that good lady, on seeing her at church, and hearing of her grand-father's fondness for her, gave it as a carefully-digested opinion, that “he was an old dotard, and that she was a little peevish-faced minx.” But, to show the difference of opinion on things material, (no wonder about those which are not so,) most of the swains in the neighbourhood of Groveby affirmed that the old gentleman's estimate of his granddaughter's beauty was fully borne out; and to show that the lady of the manor had not all her own way in this very subtle inquiry, the lord of the manor was, openly, of the same opinion; the new steward—covertly.

Be it either way, we must for a short time leave the youthful Ellen, and the question of her charms; and as she advances to womanhood, why then we may find her of such increased importance as to make it imperative on us to render full homage to one who has already caused so much speculation.

In the mean time, we will endeavour to be a little more explicit as to the old steward's resignation: that is, we will give the reader all we know about it.

During the three weeks that Mr. James Clough was down at Beechwood, before the arrival of the family, he went repeatedly to Mr. Walford for advice, instruction, and so on; and, as we have said, Mr. Walford, taking delight in making his friends merry when honoured by their visits, he made most welcome the nephew of Beechwood. But the visitor made too free with this courtesy, as usual after emptying a couple of bottles of spirits, beginning to rumple the servants and then the ladies of the establishment. This propensity toward the *agreeable* had been once put in practice with Mrs. Collier, the widow lady we have mentioned, and several times with the female domestics. The first time the lady pardoned him; but when the rudeness was again offered, and similar familiarity attempted to her youthful niece, Ellen Groveby, she at once insisted that her father should forbid him the house, as he had outstepped not only the laws of good behaviour, but of hospitality.

At this, as may be supposed, Mr. Walford was greatly perplexed, and having business frequently to transact with Mr. Clough, he scarcely knew how to manage affairs until the baronet should arrive, when a definite understanding could, nay must take place, or at once, he would resign.

A good deal of this got up to the rectory, and though

the Reverend Mr. Yielding was most anxious to serve the new dynasty, yet he was nearly as fearful of giving offence to the wealthy Mr. Walford. Miss Clough intimated to Mrs. Yielding the family's wish to discharge—not *exactly* to discharge the present steward—but that her brother, in the event of his *resignation*, should succeed him.

Mrs. Yielding set her face, and then her eyes, and lastly her mouth, to work, all in opposition to Miss Clough's hint: *discharge* to so old and valued a servant was out of consideration: unless, indeed, which she was afraid was impossible, something could be found against his character which would justify to the neighbourhood such a proceeding.

Miss Clough suggested his age.

The rectoress shook her cap.

The ladies then got fairly to work, and argued it, and other affairs of Beechwood, for one hour; when the whole matter was wound up thus:

“I cordially agree with all you have said, madam, as to keeping every thing as it stands in Beechwood: but then there is another to please in all this: you see poor uncle, in his anticipation days, made heaps of promises as to the selection of his new household. The one to my brother was perhaps natural enough, because, whatever may be uncle's position now, he was, and had been, under years of obligations to our family; nay, its humility was caused by its over exertions to give him assistance—a good but improvident man. Thus, one was to be butler, another gardener, game-keeper, and what not.”

Mrs. Yielding, however, still dwelt upon the importance of standing well with their neighbours: said that she must oppose any alteration in the arrangements except as to the keeper (who had offended one of her sons);

him, she said, it might be advisable to remove; “for,” continued she, “to my knowledge, he is always wassailing in ale-houses: a swart galchin fellow: one that boasts he can gobbet a quart of ale; an animal gravid with mischief, lying, and idleness; and though it may be found necessary to discharge *him*, still I fear it would not do to engage one from another parish: in the first place, he would not know the location of the game, or the haunts of its destroyers. Oh, the fact is, if you turn off Joe Black, you must appoint another from the neighbourhood. In few words, the most renowned villain in the whole parish must be the new man.”

“I never was more gratified with an opinion in my life,” replied Miss Clough; “Mr. Black walks on Saturday night.”

“As far as a game-keeper goes, Miss Clough cannot be blamed for the most prompt exercise of her authority.”

“Well, now I have another difficult negotiation to manage at the rectory, but I suppose I must effect it or not go back to the manor.”

“Pray, my dear, what may that be?”

“The poor baronet is quite jealous about his breeds of sheep: protests that his present mutton is finer than any of his predecessor’s: wants the opinions of a few friends in that particular; and, would you think it! without my knowledge—but I fortunately found it out—was going to send half-a-sheep to the rectory; no doubt thinking he could present mutton like game!”

“In this I am sure I am doubly obliged: to him for his honest, sailor-like way of doing things; to Miss Clough, that her breeding enabled such an arrangement to be made, that the one could give, and the other accept the present, without the slightest departure from the soberest etiquette: nay, such an arrangement as would be acknowledged to be correct by the first families in the

land. But this only proves the entire capability of the new and talented management of Beechwood; so that it never can be effaced as a principle—for nothing can exceed its importance—to stand well, under all circumstances, at all times—in difficulties, or in fortune—*with our neighbours.*"

"That woman's mad about 'her neighbours:' wait till I get a bit more strength amongst them, and if I don't tell her so, it will be much but I will make her feel it. I am obliged to keep in with her at present, I have such a terrible lot to manage."

This Miss Clough chatted to herself as she was handed to her carriage, and courtesied out of the rectory by the good, kind, and well-bred Mrs. Yielding.

After the last wave of her hand to the carriage as it was making its way to the rectory lodge, the last-named lady soliloquized in this fashion: "Now, what *can* be the move of that half-sheep? I certainly like those sort of presents infinitely better than braces of partridges or snipe: the way in which it was done, too, shows talent, caution, and breeding—a shrewd woman, depend upon it, and clearly wants my interest. Because, as to the *new* breed of the sheep, and all the rest, it was only, of course, to give the half-sheep—without our receiving, or their imparting, offence. Why, our butcher was telling it that he had been killing one of the old wethers at the court. I must confess that sheep puzzles me more than he would a wolf; or a small flock of *sheep* would a methodist divine. I think I have settled Mr. Joe Black! Watch my sons, or their friends, when cutting in a bit into the manor—will he? Well, I can ask the butler, after prayers to-night, who, he thinks, will be best for the place—I know he has been a great poacher himself, and therefore likely to know."

CHAPTER VII.

“Capers,” to use the old steward’s words, when asked why he had sent in his resignation, had been going on at Beechwood for three months, ere the event happened which caused the young steward to think of his new duties, and the baronet, with his new pupil, Mr. John Clough, to talk about poaching the late steward’s fish-pond.

Mr. Walford had sent with his resignation, the books, maps of the estate, plans, surveys, measurements, and all those things relating to his father’s and his own stewardship. This had cost him bitter noons and sleepless nights; indeed, so much was he affected, that his relations and friends came to the conclusion that nothing could save his life, but a removal from the scenes of his early joys and present woes.

The love and attention of his daughter, the fondling affection of his heart-sweet, little Ellen, could not stay the rising groan. At last, however, he yielded to the solicitudes of his family, and did that which he had never done before—slept two consecutive nights out of his native parish. Cheltenham was to be the rallying point, but Oxford, of course, must be included in their route, in order that the two grand-sons could be visited; so we find that Mr. Walford, Mrs. Collier, her two sons, and Ellen Groveby are making actually merry parties up

and down the West of England. And all being as happy as innocence, family love, and easy circumstances could make them; we will, for a short time, return to the dining-room of Beechwood, leaving the tiny affairs of the little, to mark the progression of those of the great.

“I wonder where yon old fool and his household are gone to!” surmised Miss Clough, in presence of the baronet. “And the tenantry to be mawky, too, about him, the noodles! they shall not want a steward, let them rest assured.”

“What the h—ll does it matter! there is only one thing I am vexed about,” replied the baronet, looking at his protégé, John Clough.

“I think I could guess what it is, uncle,” replied John, with as knowing a look as he could put on: “I think I know—”

“‘I think I know:’” reiterated the lady of the manor, “‘I think I know:’ just you pay a visit to the stables, or dog-kennels, or, I am told you are best known there,—the piggeries: and after that, make up your mind to the day when you are to follow your intelligent wife: since she went, there is certainly one animal less to keep, and I don’t care how soon there is another.”

“By —, Jack is no more an animal nor Jim: a drunken d——n scamp.”

“There, that will do; and in the name of all your fancy pigeons, rabbits, and silk-grubs, do not swear so: I will *not* permit it.”

“Then, what do ye call one of your brothers a bigger animal than the other for? when you know one would cost me more in gin, nor the other all put together.”

“Because he’s not so great a fool: just now, they are neither of them objects of family pride; but I must have somebody here, I suppose. You, Jack, get back to your flat-carpentering at once; you stay here no longer.”

"Well, well, I'll go: I've had a couple of months of it, and that's more than I expected; and if I'm not as knowing as our Jim, yet I'm no hummingbug."

"No, damn me if t'art; nor a tuning mermaid either," and the baronet looked at his niece.

But she *saw* it not.

"Leave the room, John," said the lady, "I want to speak with Sir Robert."

Mr. Clough left the room.

"What makes you so cross, this morning, Barbarer? Walford has left, as you have always been a-driving at; I've sent a whole lamb up to the rectory, as you desired: and insured my life, as you insisted upon, and that too for a tidy lump on your account—ten thousand!"

"But how do I know that it will be kept up? the yearly payment is immense."

"By ——"

"Now, sir, do not swear; that I will not have: there must be a fall of timber: the very earth groans under its burdens at Beechwood; it will realize thirty thousand; put that into my hands, and *I* will attend to the insurance."

"Well, then, cannot you be easy until we get the fall: damn it, let's have a bit of peace some hour in the day, or, else, kill the pigs for porklings at once: what must you send Jack out of the way for? Am I to have no fun now that I am come to the 'state?'"

"Because I wanted to talk to you about this sudden departure of old Walford, and that (rather) designing woman his daughter, Mrs. Collier."

"Oh, let him go to ——"

"I will not permit those expressions: you all but did it before Mrs. Yielding, the other night."

"Oh, she be ——; what is she always here for? I

suppose we shall have to keep that lot too, but if I do, damn me."

"Less profanity, Sir Robert, and now mark; the reason why I expressed a wonder as to where Walford was gone, was this; because he might, nay, I actually dreamed as much, be gone to London; tell all, and make an arrangement with——"

Sir Robert turned pale.

"There, now, you see."

"See the devil in his study! who wanted him turned off? not me: and then, when is the tenantry to have the opening dinner?"

"At the rent-day: let us touch a little of those honest people's cash, and then talk of a feed."

"Oh, that's it; we are to be done out of that tuck-in; damn me, if Jack has not been a-sayin so, all along."

"Why, you know, you are going to hold a court-leet, give an extra feed then: Mrs. Yielding says, she is quite satisfied that that will be enough."

"I wonder—I wish I was sure whether Walford is gone to London or not; if I thought he was, I would soon be after him: and pray when is this court-leet dinner to come off? you'll not let any of the tenantry come and take a glass with me: it's degradin, you say, to treat 'em in an ale-house: so, it appears, there is to be very little fun going on. You have your pensioners three times a-week; gives soup with your own hands, and other things, and a precious lot too: I met a lot of 'em preciously loaded, and hang me you'll neither let me give sixpences or so much as half-crowns; nor even roasted bullocks and free ale to all whom may come, same as we read in books. So that, at this rate, they will take me for a old, hard-hearted, greedy, Chinese mandril, and you the good, charitable, lady of the manor."

“For pity’s sake, don’t talk to me in that way: who hinders you from giving sixpences? didn’t you throw three shillings’ worth of copper the other day—nice amusement truly—from a tavern window? I am sure when the rector (in the way of joke) asked me if it were true, I never was so taken to before.”

“Oh, yes you was: and what’s more, I quite agree with you that it is nice amusement *truly*, is throwing coppers to the women and boys to scramble for, and if I had had more, I would have thrown that more, that’s all: by George it *was* fun, ha, ha, ha (wait a bit)! ”

Now, what was meant by this “wait a bit,” was this; his worthy nephew, Jack, and he had agreed that, so soon as the game season set in, they would gin lots of hares and pheasants, just to have some slight pocket-money, (this, it must be understood, was before the act for the free sale of game was passed) for in truth both of them had been kept woefully bare. James Clough managed to do things a little better, as there were several sly perquisites arising from the cattle, and odds and evens which he found about the premises; indeed, his finances—though rigidly watched—would not have been in an unflourishing condition if he could have bought over the butler, but with him he could not effect terms at all. A pull at the strong-ale tankard he could always have, but that was all: hence, his spare cash had to go for drams when *looking after* the business of the ‘state.

“Well, uncle, we will go home for a week, and then you know you can carry on with your old friends without the reproach of your own neighbourhood.”

“Well, but am I to have a guinea or two in my pocket? go to Northwich, Congleton—where I like, and have a fuddlification? because, though I damn myself, I would not give a curse for the ‘state if I am to

be skewered up this way: give me a twenty-pound note, and let me have a few days from that infernal sash round your waist."

"Ha, how the man frets himself! as if dear uncle could not have a fifty-pound note if he wanted it: what is the use of talking about being short of money, and such silly stuff? Don't I know that if you had twenty pounds, that you would give it away:—and what have I to do with that? nothing: but this I have to do with, Sir Robert: I have my dear uncle's health to do with: how could I ever forgive myself if I were to allow the generosity of his nature to be his own undoing: what would become of me if—i-f—if—"

And the usual relief came to the poor sufferer.

"Well, well, well, I know it is all for the best: and I know you do it for a good purpose: now, yon devils in London always let me have my own way: no doubt, thought I should kill myself: but hush, my dear, but —then damn it, I *do* think we should have a bit more stirring—that's all."

"*What* would be—be—come of—of me if any—thing was to happen to you: you know I—I—I could not live a minute if you were not here: what should I do?"

"Well, as to that, you know I have insured my life—"

"Oh, what is your money to me? what would I care even if I had the estate secured—"

"That, my dear, you know, I cannot make to you, or else I would."

"Oh, do not talk to me of estates: what would they be to me if dear Sir Robert was not in them?" demanded the lady, deeply affected.

"Well, I—I know—I know," and Sir Robert wept too.

"Well, then, don't weep, or ever want money in your pocket again: you see it is for your good—nay, to

save, to prolong your life I do this: and again, is not the estate yours? there is popularity enough in that of itself: now the estate is *not* mine; and, perhaps, legally speaking, I have no right here: therefore, whatever money is to be given, whatever charities, money, alms; whatever good is done at Beechwood, I, and I only, must do it."

CHAPTER VIII.

IN the same prosperous way in which the manor affairs began, so, for the long space of six months, they continued; the family dividing their time pretty equally between the home of the Cloughs and the new inheritance. Indeed, singular to say, the Beechwood carriage was never more than three weeks without paying a visit to the small Wiche in which Miss Clough had learned her business of stay and general dress-maker: this may appear strange, why one now so great should visit the spot where once she was so little: it may appear strange, but only to those who have never known small, mean beginnings, and splendid uprisings; to those who have, few things, perhaps, are more easily accounted for, or more agreeable. That it was so, in this case, for a time, no one can doubt; we may, perhaps, see how it will continue.

During these trips, and, indeed, when the family was at home, the steward carried on his crusades—not because of their religion—against the poachers, and even trespassers on the manor and plantations, in a way that showed both purpose, determination, and aristocratical vigour. The head-keeper was discharged about the time stated in the prophecy of Miss Clough. And a new game-keeper dynasty was commenced by the new steward —sanctioned, of course, by Miss Clough and Mrs. Yield-

ing. The name of this rising family was Harecroft. It had long held a prominent position, not only as the most gifted, but the most industrious of races in the poaching circles: had long longed for a place at Beechwood: made sure, if once there, promotion was certain. Thus the eldest brother, Thomas Harecroft, was pitched upon to wear the green coat and crested buttons of the court. Now, Mr. Harecroft had an aged father, two brothers, and several nephews—a sister—a niece or two, quite worthy of the patriarch of this agrarian generation.

No sooner was Tom elevated from a scamp to a gentleman, from a marauder to an apprehender of evil enactors, than an essay might be written to inquire as to which was of most use—his industry, ingenuity, perseverance, resolution, false swearing at petty sessions, or bravery in apprehension—or whether he deserved most credit not only from the proprietor of Beechwood, but other soil-possessors, in which run, at large, deer, hare, landrail, pheasant, peasant, snipe, or limpid brook—with sportive fishes.

All admitted, all he did was wonderful: he had already succeeded in getting his brother Bill, two of his nephews, and sixteen others, finally committed by the good Rector Yielding: he had only five more to catch, viz. his mother—his father was now too old—his youngest brother—the most cunning of all the breed—had never been caught—his wife, and a gipsy king, that occasionally visited those secluded groves—not, it was said, so much to poach, as to negotiate between those who did, and those who were fond to eat game—or to give it, as being of their own rearing, killing, and the like:—all these, and a daughter-in-law, he was resolved to nab.

These were they whom, Tom swore—in every ale-house, church, and meeting-house in the vicinity—he would clutch. He swore it in ale-houses to show firm

reliance on his own adroitness: in the other places, to give evidence of his sincerity and impartiality. No man attended at Groveby church more regularly than did Mr. Harecroft. It was so remarked by the rector, when acting in his work-day capacity of magistrate.

This was very flattering to the heart of Thomas Harecroft; indeed, he was evidently so rising a man, particularly after capturing Pheasant Crow (William Harecroft), and almost taking—no doubt he would have him—Scutty or Scut (James Harecroft, the cunning chap), both his brothers—that he had some thoughts of bringing one of his sons up to something professional; say an attorney, or doctor at least—and actually did bind one to a clogger, and the other bound himself to a wench, with a ring, and served some time to her faithfully. And this was the young lady that Tom was so anxious to catch with a hare or two tied under her petticoat: he knew it was there she carried them when going to market.

Every day increased the reputation of the new keeper: not a farmer's son who carried a sparrow or thrush-gun, but, if he met him, stood treat:—and yet felt assured that, if he were caught even in too deep an admiration of a pheasant's plumage, the recipient would be the first to drag him up to magistrate Yielding. The labouring men touched their hats to him: asked him how “Ellen was” (his wife, a woman that, of yore, they neighboured with—but so no more): not an old rotten stump could be knocked down, but due information of the imposing event, readily found its way to the *hall*. Not a bit of scandal but did the same, particularly if it affected any of the good family of the Cloughs. In short, everything found its way thither except a few rabbits or what not, which were required for the head-keeper's table—Manchester or Chester markets. Then, as to trespassers in

the plantation, he had one barrel of his gun loaded with wheat, so that if any attempted to run when surprised by his awful appearance, he first sent a stunning “hollo,” after that (if attempting to get off), the brisk corn-shot, and if that did not bring them to—the real *shot* itself from the other barrel. Such, however, was the fear of the urchins who used to go into the woods for the purpose of digging for pig-nuts, climbing for chestnuts, gathering wild strawberries, apples, raspberries, mushrooms—things that would obviously be *lost* if not picked—that they seldom risked any thing past the hollo.”

Then the cat and vermin traps were so numerously planted upon the estate, and their success so great, that there was scarcely a dog, cat, or wandering little one, that had not lost a toe, an ear, or a head. The spring guns were only loaded with powder, it is true; but in consequence of one of the amiable wires of one of these trespass-antidotes being placed across the walk which Miss Groveby used, when in her morning studies, and she treading thereon, the gun blazed off, and though not projecting a missile through the young lady’s heart, the joke was so amusing that she fainted. It must have had the young lady’s amusement in view, because, though the wire lay in Mr. Walford’s property, the gun was set on that of Beechwood; being, indeed, in the boundary hedge. Mr. Walford, not understanding well the anatomy of joking, forsooth, construed all this into a very cruel insult. Then his pigeons were very much thinned, and still kept falling off. Mr. James Clough had been seen to fire at his rabbits over his hedge, and Mr. Harecroft to jump over and bag the slain. A heifer of his had strolled into the park, and a rattling discharge at her side of No. 4 shot was her reward. But, of Mr. Walford’s grievances, hereafter; it is of Mr. Harecroft we now speak; *he* was the terror of the township, to both men

and vermin; to the latter no wonder, for through his activity, and about a ton of shot and powder—beside the traps—the ends of the dog-kennels, barns, and all spare walls, were covered with jays, hawks, fitchets, weasels, cats' heads, dogs' tails, and divers other fragments, as well as wholes of such objectionable animals; poachers, he said, should be nailed there by and by; at least, as soon as he could get two or three or so hung: but it must be confessed that whilst he was the terror of all these, he was not only a favourite at the rectory, but actually a confidant of the *power* of Beechwood.

Now, this industrious officer of the manor was crossing a high stubble, when all at once a hare's run caught his attention, and a gin in a gutter, the thick-soled, well-ironed shoe, in which was his right foot, at the same moment. He fell upon his face, as if he were shot, fearing that some one might have done that to him which he had done to the cony snare, and suspected the great discovery. He lay there some time, holding down his dog, and after a while began to examine the manufacture of the gin: there could be no doubt about it: it was made by the very man, whom of all others he was so anxious to catch—his youngest brother—the wily SCUT—the villain Scutty, the knowing Jem Harecroft. His heart leapt for joy: his bowels, though a little empty before, now felt comforted. But what, indeed, must have been his ecstasies, when, on slyly peeping a bit further, there was pussy herself, hung, ginned, and for market fit. So, from this, it would seem she had managed to pass the wire the keeper's foot could not, but was captured by the tightening embrace of the next.

Mr. Harecroft, when he had only found the gin, thought that at early night-fall, he might creep along the back of the next cop until he could get to some place where he might lay in a couple of days' provisions; fear-

ing that if Scut suspected anything, it might be that time before the sly poacher came to look for the game. But when he saw the said game secured, he felt that it would not be safe to leave it, even for a second. He was, therefore, resolved to spend the remainder of the day, and if necessary, the whole night, in an adjacent ditch; a place whence he could easily see, or shoot, Scut when he came for the hare, that is, if Scut offered to fly his presence.

The difficulty was how to make a passage, with his dog, to his lurking place, he well knowing the nature of Scut's operations; which was, never to make a descent upon snared game, without first making a survey from the highest tree approximate. The transit, then, must be in the blind-worm fashion, crawling on his belly until he had reached the desired cover. His dog, "Bob," looked, as indeed he was, hungry; but his master, whispering a few savage curses as to the necessity of the other's silence, tried to get a nap, knowing that Bob's growl would warn him of any approach.

No, the intensity of his engagements prevented one pinch of that solace, and his snuff being done, he could not get a nip of that. And the head-keeper growled, but then the warming thought came—if he should only succeed; catch Scut, the manœuvring Scut—oh, the thought was too big to dwell upon. Night passed over; forenoon; but, about mid-day, the keeper saw something which cheered his soul, it was his brother Jem climbing a tall poplar tree about two hundred yards off.

This was grand; now, there could be no doubt:—he would soon be there for the prize. Day, however, again approached to night; surely he had not been seen by the villain: that was impossible: night again came: he would be sure to come, as the game would not be much improved by lying in a wet gutter; still the night

passed; but, at gray morn, there was a piano growl from Bob; his master tightened his throat: the hedge, next to the hare, was leaped, and in one moment, Scut, for it was he, ran up to the hare, popped her into a bag, and was going to make the readiest cut home, when the most terrific "hollo" met his ears, and, ere he had run another yard, BANG went a shot: "there can be no doubt," thought Scut, "but that I am mortally wounded as I cannot feel where I am hit, and yet I know that our Tom is too good a shot even to miss a woodcock, let alone one the size of me."

Not only did Mr. Scut hear the report, but he almost felt the series of oaths which followed; threatening him that, if he moved another inch, he would have his head splintered into starling pickings, and his hair shattered into next year's adder seed.

Scut durst not move another stride with the bag. He was captured.

Tom seized the guilty monster, and dragged him to the rectory. The bag he closely tied, and then sealed it. All the rabble, and indeed some of the better sorts, were up to see the redoubted Scut committed to the county gaol. The rector was delighted to hear of the important arrest. But it happening that Miss Clough was to breakfast at the rectory, and the worthy incumbent thinking that it might afford that charitable lady a little amusement, the examination was deferred in order that she might participate in its pleasures. In the mean time the head-keeper had desired the presence of the head-constable of Groveby, with a pair of handcuffs and leg-manacles.

The next step was to cuff the prisoner's wrist with one of the clasps, and the other to be placed upon that of the bold capturer: the leg-irons were fixed the same way, Mr. Harecroft saying, that a less stringent

arrangement would not satisfy his conscience; for he was convinced that, even with the additional guard of the head-constable, his assistant, and two or three of the grooms and cow-herds of the rectory, without great caution, Scut would slip.

After all was complete, Mr. Harecroft was asked, coaxingly, and feelingly, if he would not take a little new milk, or something equally delicate, until his appetite, after nearly fifty hours' starvation, could be brought to endure some more cherishing food. Poor Bob, also, met with great sympathy; so both had some milk brought them from one of the cows in the adjacent shippon; and as the warm libations ran up Bob's throat and down the keeper's, so did the hot tears stream down the agonized face of the ruined poacher: some of the mob were so affected at seeing this, that they would have offered him some of the comforting beverage, also, but for fear of being accused as accessories after the fact; or colluding to avert the blow of Justice when in a savage humour.

At nine, Miss Clough arrived, and was made acquainted with the whole of the glorious news: she was so delighted that she desired to be placed in some part of the house in which she might behold the captured monster, not of the deep, but the very *deep* monster who had been so nobly captured.

The reason why she wished to see him without being seen, was this; in two or three instances where a malefactor of Groveby had succeeded in getting down upon his knees and touching the hem of that lady's gown or cloak—the ends of her boa as might be—those of justice were put aside, and the wretch was pardoned. In early life she had read of princesses doing similar acts even to high-treasoners: was she less than they? Oh, no. She had, however, long asked for an example, and

so she would take care that Scut should not princess her.

But this order came to all the high state-officers—that the traitor must be examined at Beechwood; and so he was at once moved thither.

The iron-bound twins marched first; next the attorney-general, and the rest of the court: than the first, sure Siam never produced a greater curiosity!

The reason of this arrangement was, through a hint given by the lady of the manor to that of the rectory, that the scene might be of *use*; that as a great number of commitments had taken place for poaching and trespassing upon the manor, without Sir Robert's knowledge, and as this was so startling a case, would it not be useful, as tending to shake the baronet's theory—for that he still wished the downfall of the game-laws, there could be no doubt; this might bring him to the other side; and then, the future prosecutions could be carried out by his consent and presence—one such commitment would be worth them all.

This pleased the whole breakfast party; the meal was soon brought to a finish; when the rector, and another of the company—a county magistrate—with the ladies, stepped into the Beechwood carriage, and soon arrived at the hall.

The officers, prisoner, and mob were waiting. Sir Robert had been apprised of the strange events, as he was at his studies in the library—that is to say, feeding his rabbits, and winding the silk from the cocoons of his grubbery; we mean the little colony of the silk-growers.

Seeing the vast assembly in the court-yard, he descended into the dining-room, anxiously awaiting the arrival of his niece. Having once been a prisoner himself—as the reader, if he will think of the Nore

performance, will remember—he hated even the word, and wished, in his own heart, he durst set the manacled wretch at liberty.

Miss Clough soon arrived, and told her wondering uncle *every* thing; “It was a dreadful case, but what a blessing that Thomas had caught the ruffian in the horrid fact :

“ Oh, what a valuable servant is Thomas Harecroft!

“ But what disinterestedness; catch his own brother!

“ Unparalleled in the history of the planet !”

Miss Clough then ordered cook to make the loyal keeper a strong-drink posset, lest he might be too faint to give his evidence. And, before the court was assembled, the whole case was discussed and animadverted upon, in the presence of Sir Robert.

Indeed, Sir Robert was obliged to admit, that Tom’s conduct was very, very—it was a damned clever trick ! and—and—he hoped it might act as a warning.

And Sir Robert’s words acted as a warming—to the hearts of all present.

About half-an-hour after this, the court was formed : the two quorum-men, with Sir Robert, sitting at the head of the table ; their clerk, and Mr. James Clough, sitting at each side ; Miss Clough, and other ladies at a far corner of the room.

In a short time, the officers made way for the prisoner, and his foot-by-leg keeper. The irons were then politely taken off ; this was done by the head-constable, and that, too, without the intimation of any one present ; proving the knowledge he had of his business, and eliciting the approval of all the great court dignitaries, on the free-born-Briton principle.

This done, they were going to commence, when Sir Robert said that he would have no close court ; so told the attendant footman to repair to the court-yard, sum-

mon all there into the hall of justice, and then they could see fair play.

All gladly obeyed; at least, all that could crush in.

Thomas Harecroft was then sworn; not before he had made a long and humble bow to the lady of the manor, which she was graciously pleased to return with a smile—and one, too, which doubtless was intended to convey her extreme approbation.

Call truth 0, and the other extreme of the scale of exaggeration 10; Tom got to 9 with an infinite series of decimals, but could not quite get to the top; that is, in theory, but practically for all poaching-courts, quite far enough.

When he had done, he wiped the sweat off his honest brow, and good-tempered face. The tale amounted to sublimity: nothing could be clearer than the prisoner's atrocity, except, indeed, his indifference to the awful situation in which the proceedings had involved him. Indifference! it has since been satisfactorily ascertained that he winked to one of his old acquaintances.

However, before his mittimus was signed, he was asked if he had anything to say in his own defence. The prisoner was softened by this act of humanity of the court, wept, and said:

“Why, Sir Robert, I don’t know what I’m brout here for; I’ve not yet bin able to larn yet, exactly.”

This was considered impudent enough, certainly; but the chairman, who was as good as he was just, said, “Surely, man, you have heard what the keeper has sworn—that he saw you take a hare from a snare; and, positively, that you put it into that sack.”

“Mark, Sir Robert, what the good rector says; he says that Tom swore *positively*, that I put a hare into that sack—that is, the hare I took off a grin: Mr. Magistrate’s clerk, just write that deaun, word for word.”

"Oh, it is, already," said the amanuensis, with a pretty smile.

"Word for word?"

"Ditto for ditto."

"But what has this to do with your defence, man? this is only trifling with the court: have you anything to say, either as to your innocence, or in mitigation?" this was demanded by the dexter judge.

"Yes, gentlemen; I have so much to say abeaut th' first, that I think there will be no 'casion to say anythin abeaut th' last."

"Go on, then;" from the bench.

"Well! in the first place, I never took a hare out of th' said grin; and in th' second place, I never put th' aforesaid hare into that sealed-up bag."

A roar of laughter at the prisoner's impudence; of course made his case much worse.

"Silence i'th' court!" shouted out the head-constable.

"Open the sack," coolly remarked the reverend chairman.

The seals were taken off; (not a nose nor a lung blown,) the string cut; and out was pulled—every man's neck—and, from the fatal sack—**A DEAD CAT!**

Surprise jaw-locked each beholder's mouth, hand-cuffed his hands, gyved his legs, and manacled his nerves; and thus he held the audience for some time: and perhaps would have handed them, as their final doom, to the lasting care of Petrification; only a gentle spirit was seen to flirt something out of Scut's eye, which was recognised by several as a little Wink—a small fairy, which, for cycles, has always been able to give the go-out either to Surprise or Alarm, even when banded about a lady's room by Jealousy.

Merriment gave Scutty's face a twist, and put his tongue into one side of his mouth.

Rage, Despair, and two or three other iron-faced fellows, writhed the body of Tom Harecroft, until Distortion became envious, pulled down the corners of his mouth, and made whipping-tops of his eyes.

Innocence was so delighted, that she turned the court into a bell-loft, made their hearts into its instruments of rejoicing, pulled stoutly at the strings, and tingle, jingle, went the loud peal.

The baronet first began to cough out; then to swear out; then to cry—shed tears; and lastly, the court was occupied in the deepest anxiety, as to whether the paroxysm that had now so fast hold of him would be a fit—fit to make a doctor's bill from; or one, from which even the most humble could take courage: let the smotherings we have described—like the rumblings of Etna—burst out at once, covering all opposition and court dignity with the lava of their rejoicings.

We are happy to say that the baronet's fit was of the latter sort; he laughed and swore, swore, swore and laughed, until Miss Clough said:

“Uncle, uncle, are you not ashamed to give way to such a vulgar frenzied display of, no doubt, your real feelings? a nice triumph, truly—the trick of a villain! oh, fy; oh, fy!”

“Ha, ha, ha; ha, ha, ha—damn me! I shall ch—cho—choke myself: here, Mr. Head-keeper—ho, ho, ho! str—i—p! SCUT IS NOW THE HEAD-KEEPER!”

“Huzza!” by the mob—that is, what Miss Clough called them.

“Strip, villain! or I'll have you indicted for perjury, in one instant; off with that green coat; a nice mess you've made of it: and lying two—ha, ha, ha; ho, ho, ho! —two days and—ho, ho!—three nights, in a ditch! Strip, I say, villain! perjure yourself against your own brother! a damned nice chance the poor lads in this

manor would have, if you was allowed to run loose any longer; we should have one of 'em brought up for shootin a pheasant, when, in point of fact, it was only a cock-throstle! A blessed good job this is—come, sir, off with your breeches—that it is the *first* conviction through the false swearing of such a ruffian."

"Those are not a part of his livery, Sir Robert," said the steward, meekly.

"Well, then, pull all off him that is; and be in a hurry over it, or else I'll order every one present to assist you: there now, Scut, *you* put them on; rather too big! but you deserve preferment. There, my friends, that is the head-keeper of Beechwood."

"Huzza—huzza! long live SCUT THE FIRST!"

CHAPTER IX.

AFTER throwing off his coat and waistcoat, finding a button which bore the Beechwood arms on one of his gaiters, he tore off the legging; the hat, also, he slapped on the table; and, thus disrobed, Harecroft moodily left the room: he smashed out of the house by one of the lawn windows, which had been opened to admit air into the dis-oxygenized room.

The mob followed the ex-keeper. He walked sulkily along, his hands in his breeches-pockets, looking at—nothing—be it side-ways, before, or after; putting iron bars across his breast, to keep all the devils inside from coming out to fight those which were hissing and yelling after him outside: still he strided on; still the rampant mobbery capered after; and though rejoicingly, yet they took that care that we do when we see pass a captured wild beast, or as little birds do around a predaceous hawk.

Sunk, sunk from a tyrant to a slave; a slave without an owner! Nay, the mob began to feel that, though Revenge had pushed behind, and Retribution was trying to dram their brains, yet Pity was using her gentle interference, showing, at least, that since there is no glory after the chase, it was useless throwing the game to the dogs, but noble to spare a life which had lost the power to save itself.

This was the growing feeling; when poor Bob—the wretch's companion in the hour of watch—came running up, and having breakfasted, began to spring round his old master, wag his tail, and whine; as though he were saying: “You are going out without your gun.” The hint so enraged the savage, that he lifted up his iron-bound shoe, and with it smashed two of Robert's ribs. This made Mrs. Pity stare, and the mob to grumble—quite as much as poor Bob did when he saw Scut jump the hedge. The ladies and gentlemen of the mob were going to revenge the last piece of brutality, when one said that they had better take care as to what they did, as he verily believed that the dog was the keeper's own; and that, therefore, he had a perfect right, if he liked, to crack a rib or start an eye, whenever he felt disposed.

Another, thought Bob was the property of Beechwood, and what was more, was christened after Sir Robert himself.

“O, O, O,” said another, “if that is so, then Tum deserves shootin on th' spot: it is sich a cruel thing.”

“Well,” said another: “but is it not as hard-hearted a thing to pur (kick) his own dog as any other mon's?”

“Why, what a foo thou art: thou might as well say, that it's as great a sin to beat thee own wife as any other husband's!”

This produced a great laugh at the other speaker.

“Nay,” said the first, “I'm not sich a simpleton as that, neither.”

These were the sorts of chats that were going on, and some of the gentlemen had decided upon going off—to their several homes, businesses, and what not, when another case of tyranny and cruelty was enacted by the disrobed pedestrian; one too that needed no subtlety to define: in this affair, they could all run, or even

jump, and read. It would appear that there was a young cat going through some of its *gammocks* upon the steps of a granary, just as Mr. Harecroft arrived; and he taking it for a full-grown cat, and wondering at her audacity in standing her ground when the terrible keeper was passing, began to feel for his gun, but having left it at the manor, without doing the same to his theory—of the necessity of all vermin destruction—looked out for a stone, found a half-brick and hurled it at the impudent imp—missed it—but the mob did not the act. Here *was* a case: here there could be no doubt: he was no longer a keeper: then what right had he to shoot the cat, even if it had been sitting amongst the flower-pots in the parlour window?

“Hizz,” and then—

Whizz go some bits and bats at the self-convicted tyrant.

At this, Harecroft turned round, and swore that if he could only find out who was the first devil that had thrown the first bit of sod, he would rip up, not the youth’s waistcoat, but the fleshy part immediately under that spruce garment. And, to show he was in earnest, he pulled out his large, savage-bladed pocket-knife. When the belligerents saw this, they receded, and actually submitted to a slight chase by the knife-bearer: but some had jumped the hedge and began to open fire in the rear; and this, too, from a heap of miscellaneous ammunition, which had been picked off a newly-manured meadow:—town manure—and therefore consisted of broken pots, pieces of slate, smithy burs, scissor-blades, bits of ancient mortar, fragments of pans, and other such adulterations which too often characterize town-stuffs for grass lands.

With these they flanked, when, as soon as the front durst re-act, even the foot-course-way was robbed of

its boulders; and clatter went they at the assailed tiger: he swore, tore; and not being able to get a stab with his knife, threw it after the nearest to him, a woman; it ran through her cloak, and then he had to do the same through a croft, in order to get out of the fire which was now whisking from both front and rear.

The chase then commenced: by this manœuvre the savage got start about a hundred yards; and though he had scores of times, himself, stood upon a gentle hill to watch the fierce hounds turn round it and round it the fainting doe, or grey-hound to grasp the tottering hare, he waiting with a double-barrelled gun, to *shoot*, should there be the slightest chance of escape, yet he never felt more than *now*, the difference between being hare and dogs—between being huntsman, hounds, gun, and holloers on, and the thing that had to run before all, and that too without breath, and little, very little life.

They near and near, and near: and get hotter, hotter, and as the game well knew, from the process, savager and bloodier—could they once catch. And though the cunning prey had made a wonderful start, through the trick of the croft, he now had got the river to cross; a narrow one it is true, but it must be made, or he to curse the hour he was put under a similar operation.

In he goes, and, after a frightful struggle, out he comes; but then the howling pack had also crossed, by running over a bridge about a quarter of a mile above—losing much ground, yet not quite so much as the game imagined, particularly when he found how much strength he had lost in battling the river. The race is renewed as well as the revenge shouts, and again, inch by halves, the hounds gain ground, and, at once, would have taken him in a large cheesesing pasture, but for an amusing incident, which was this; about sixty cows, with their tails all cocked up, all ran after the fox, between game

and hounds, as may have often been seen in a real hunt; this completely baffled the pursuit and saved his life.

The wretch scrambled through the bowling-green hedge of the head-inn of Groveby; got over the yard paling, through the brew-house, again, bolted the door to cut off the hounds; next through the private entrance into the house itself; locked the kitchen door; flew to the front door, and with equal despatch made it, also, secure; then fell down—slap upon the lobby floor.

There he lay for some time, until the landlady was greatly alarmed, by the surrounding of the house by the mob—she being in one of the bed-rooms at the time: she hurried down stairs, and there saw the prostrate wretch; but not discovering who he was, demanded the cause of all she saw. To this the fierce hunters made no reply, but tried to get in. It was not the first time that a fox had been pursued through the house: gone through it, and hounds after, both canine and human. But this proceeding quite bothered the good lady's notions of sporting etiquette. She summoned up Resolution and Fortitude at the same time, two good servants in a crush; and going to the window, demanded the cause of this attempt to resuscitate the old English sports; or if it was intended to invent some very wonderful new ones.

When the good lady heard that the multitude, outside, were actually in chase of the head-keeper of Beechwood; nay, still more *shockiner*, that that was the head-keeper himself who lay upon the lobby floor, and that the irascible mob, below, had the impudence to assert, before her own eyes and *years*, that if she did not let them come in, they would pull down the house, and of course, involve her in the ruins, her blood coddled and she said: all this she said:—

“Madmen, for the Lord's sake go to your whoms,

and not to Chester Castle, there to be hung by the neck until you be dead, dead, dead; and the Lord have mercy upon your sowls—I mean—bodies—what! attempt to touch the head-keeper of the manor—”

“ Ha, ha, ha; ho, ho, ho!” from the mob.

“ What, laugh? laughin when I mention th’ head-keeper’s name, Mester Harecroft! will you laugh just now, beluded men, when I mention Sir Robert’s?”

“ No, no, no, not likely;” same fellows.

“ Well, then, his head-footman, Mr. Jones, was here this mornin for—for—barm (he had been for a glass of gin), and he told me, with my own years, that Mr. Harecroft had made sich a captivation as was never made in all Engle—”

“ Ha, ha, ha; ho, ho, ho!” as before.

“ Oh, monstrous: your breasts are made of brass, instead of wicker-work, which would then have allowed my words, like akcid upon your copper hearts, to have melted, softened them to repentance, and a forgiveness of your sins. Get to the rectory, fall down on your leg hinges, and deplore his pardon: after that, fly like doves of peas; fall down on yer faces and bellies, to that sweet, sweet, good charity lady—ah, I see you begin to feel my words coming in, and sin goin out—ax her pardon for yer little ones, and after that, for their sakes, a conclusion of yersels. And when all this is done, *I* will try to get Mester Thomas Harecroft’s forgiveness:—first exploring it for mysel, for havvin the boldness to approach his cold-flag side as he now lies in the lobby.”

More giggles, when thus the speaker for the rabble:—

“ And pray, Mrs. Speakman, who *is* the yed-keeper?”

“ On the cold flags doth is warm body lie: and, as Mr. Jones said, after this morning’s rising star, I shouldn’t wonder if he should be the land-stewart.”

Another series of incredibility-yells.

Huzzas were heard in the distance; and soon appeared, in the royal attire of Beechwood's park-rangers —MR. SCUT.

"Huzza," called out all present, when one said, "now Mrs. Speakman, now, now you see th' YED-KEEPER. Beheld his cloo-oths!"

"Eh!" said the lady, "what does aw that mean?"

"What does it mean? That the tyrant Tom is stripped, turned out, and that Mr. James—how's Mary? James, (Scut's wife) and that Mr. James Harecroft Esquire, is now—hurrah, three times nine, lads—is th' real yed-keeper of th' manor."

The lady threw up her eyes, clasped her hands, and it is supposed said a few words to heaven; it is thought so, as her first remarks were these, "how mysterious are thy ways!" ah, I see how things are now (aside). "Do let me, howsomever, beg, my dear friends, that you will not kill that impudent pow-cat, Tom—I'll open the door to let you in, as I am sure you must be thirsty after your run—a nasty swatchiling fellow, to dare to come to my house, and lay him down in my lobby, stop up my passage without leave—wait until I come down."

The mollified mob did.

"Get up, you lazy, disgraceful load of hess-muck: and, to think that, for the last three months, he has had the compudence to come every night; sit in the private bar as another gentleman; drink and spend just like one—a up-start! start up now: making all this confudgion, and we are a-preparin for the court-leet of Sir Robert Vernon, night and morrow-night: a pity that ever poor Ellen should have bin tied to sich a lubbocks—a decent girl shoo was afore she knew him—I always said he was the ruffan who shot our cat: roll him to one side, ladies and gentlemen, and then you can get past without nastying your feet, same as walkin past a middin in

wet weather. How do you do, Mr Scutty—Mr. James Harecroft? I always said—didn't I? now ask every body in the house—that you would be inventually the head-keeper of the manor.

“Pray, Mr. James Harecroft, how's Mary? shoo was here yesterday, and I telled her to go into the brewery, and pick herself some grains to feed her pigeons on—”

“Come, come,” said one of the mob, “Mrs. Speakman, I thought you was praising *Mester Thomas Harecroft*, just now?”

“Ay, so I was, Mester impudent face; but then, it was when I thought he was *Mester Harecroft*; a gentleman in favour with the dear lady of the manor, and not an excurded piece of scum—in short, when he was Thomas, and not *Tum*.”

CHAPTER X.

THE glorious court-leet day arrived at last, and all was bustle at Groveby; and we may be sure there was much “confudgion” at the head-hotel, the Beechwood-Arms—the scene of our last page.

The preparations had really been on a mighty scale, consisting, for the gastronomic part of the ceremony, of a couple of bucks, and as many wethers, three noble beeves; and then, as for poultry and game, oh, nothing could be finer, nor in greater abundance. Turtle, and all Frenchified dishes, were carefully excluded, all knowing the detestation which Sir Robert entertained against anything French, however skilfully prepared.

The wines were the choicest that the ancient cellars of Beechwood could produce; not that they were of much consequence, for, after the cloth was removed, punch was to be the kick of the festival; and kick it was, as will be seen. And done in unflinching quantities, too.

The carriage of Beechwood was soon on the spot; and soon after, was that of the family’s attorney—Mr. Pinchet Hadcock, from Chester. There was, also, the family local attorney; the young man who attended upon the great poaching case, and who, at all such times, was at such times, similarly employed. Indeed, he only kept a sort of jobbing law-shop—a mere cobbler’s as

compared with that of the great county agent—Pinchet Hadcock, Esq.

With this latter gentleman was his son, a brisk young gentleman—reared to the law—learned—as all lawyers are—jejune, and in other ways promising, as all young lawyers are. They had with them a reporter for one of the Chester papers.

Mr. Pinchet Hadcock was a stout bustling man: his abdominal viscera being well developed, as well as the other criteria which denote good living, a comfortable state of the mental arrangements, and, in short, an agreeable, if not an unusual, admixture of the sensual and the sensitive; of the romantic and the solid appreciation of life. For, though the whiteness of his head would predicate age, yet the rubicundity of his face saved him from the sneer, that his life would be either short, or unsatisfactory whilst it lasted.

He was as intensely satisfied with the length of his purse as he was of the brevity of life: that, though he must eventually die, there was no use in doing it whilst he lived: at all events, such a course would be perfect insanity where such dinners as that before him were provided—and he was paid too, for coming to eat it.

The first thing that Mr. Hadcock did, after the usual condescensions on those occasions, was to ask if Morton, the school-master, were present—he of the Latin oration—and, when told he was in the next room, he said to Sir Robert, in a sort of a side whisper, “as there are two tables, in separate rooms, perhaps this will be the best arrangement. You will take the head of the principal, I shall be happy to face you: your steward must take the head of the other, and—this is the spirit of the day—learning must be encouraged, patronized, (it will do you good, sir,) and so Morton must face Mr. James Clough at the other table.”

"As you like," replied the baronet, "I believe he is a very quiet man: a devil of a scholar, and a damned decent fellow."

"Call in Morton," said Mr. Hadcock to one next the door. "Oh, Morton," continued he to the school-master, as he came forth in great humiliation, with hat off, and knees tottering as he neared the great lawyer, "I am happy to hear that Groveby has the good fortune to have such men as you amongst the number of its *citizens*: learning and good conduct (I perceive the press is already taking cognizance of what I say) are qualities of such inestimable observance that, at my wish, it has pleased your transcendent lord of the manor to ordain, and to request, that you will face your invaluable steward at the other table; and, I am sure, that the experience and bearing of the one, the learning and love of the ancient house of Vernon on the part of the other, will enable, cause, and direct the honours, comforts, and pleasures of the table to a wholesome, hospitable, and desirable end."

(Great applause)! So the Chester reporter wrote, whilst Mr. Morton hobbled out his thanks, stops, and broken-backed words, to the grand man: one who, it was very well-known, was in the habit of being consulted by the judges themselves when bothered upon a law-point at Chester assizes. As to county magistrates, phit! they were only *his* magistrates—though he was kind enough to set them to work, not only for the good of the county, but for each other's preserves and new-roads.

No wondering that the learned Mr. Morton trembled more on this occasion than on the solemn and shaky one when he took to wife the lady who was called Mrs. Morton. Yes, but he told the said wife, as well as two or three husbands of similar beings, of that day's honour. Of course, he tells it to his children now.

If he had known the real motive of this arrangement, he, perhaps, (there is no knowing,) might not have been so uplifted; as he was placed in another room, not through his far-famed knowledge of Latin, but that he might not discover any wrong quantities in the scraps of it with which Mr. Hadcock—and more particularly his lean son—were going to favour the good farmers and retainers of Beechwood. As to the reporter, he might, or he might not, know the smell of that language from lundyfoot, but it was equally a matter of indifference whether he did or did not; only let him breathe, let alone *sniggle* out, and it would be the last blow out that he would ever have, through the instrumentality of the Hadcocks.

Now was formally introduced to the people of Groveby, the young man just named, as the successor of the great Pinchet Hadcock, Esquire. This was necessary, in order that the tenantry of Beechwood should know the man who was ordained to watch and regulate the pendulums of their respective destinies. Of course it was soon enough to make his speech when his health was drunk after dinner.

Before that great event, however, the court was opened, and the parties, under the influence of its jurisdiction, were then very solemnly told, by the junior Hadcock, that these courts were of amazing antiquity—certainly mentioned in Doomsday-book, as well as our glorious *cestres lire*. “Now, the ancient objects of these courts—and which I deeply regret are not carried out as the great wisdom of our forefathers intended—were to take cognizance of false weights, measures, damming up or misdirecting water-courses, encroachments, nuisances, disputes—I will not say,” added the learned speaker, jocularly, “between *baron* and *feme*—”

“No,” said the elder Hadcock, with a laugh at his

son's wit, "that would certainly be *coram non judice*," and then the good lawyer laughed outright, as did the son, as did the reporter, as did the baronet, whilst the tenantry nearly choked themselves: such wit they had never heard before!

"Well," said the opener of the court, "I shall not trouble you with a *de novo*, but proceed; these courts, then, were for the regulation of what I have *said!* The management of pounds; the appointment of assessors, in cases of damage done by cattle getting into their neighbour's lands, *levant* and *couchant*: wealth that may be found, or frauds against, at all times—not in a *qui tam* sense—his sacred majesty and your inestimable landlord.

"Call in Mr. Clough."

Mr. James Clough was walked into the room.

"This gentleman," continued Junior Hadcock—"your landlord's steward, is the JUDGE of this court; and gentlemen, his decisions are as binding and imperative as those of any other judge of the land."

"*Quamdiu se bene gesserit*," remarked the papa of the last speaker.

"Just so," replied the son.

"No deaut whatever; a judge mun do nothin' *at randum, or guess at it*," observed one of the most ancient of the farmers present.

The new judge bowed with great dignity, but still with sufficient complacency, to prove to all, that, though it was now his province to play at judge, and theirs at criminal, yet he would not be over hard with them.

"Well, then, gentlemen, by handing over the usual small-fees to your steward as proof of tenure, and right of lordship, on the part of Robert Vernon, Esquire, *commonly called* Sir Robert Vernon—and then we have done."

"Ha, ha," (then thought Sir Robert,) "it appears that

a baronet is a squire also; it's well that they knew that, though I did not."

Mr. Clough, then, as we have seen him desired, went and dignified the other table: and here we must inform the reader that, before he left home, the lady of the manor had taken him into a private room, had lectured him about two things: the first had the usual freight; "not to allow any one, on any pretence whatever, to speak in private to their uncle," and above all, not to let "a written communication be placed in his hands." The other was—and if he did not attend to this, though for the first time, she would send him home—"to keep sober."

Mr. Clough was resolved to obey in both instances; he knew as well as his sister the danger of allowing a communication with the baronet; and now, since his new appointment to the judgeship, he was resolved, on his own account, to keep the second promise—he would *be* sober. To be drunk on the bench would never do, and though merely presiding over table-festivities, still, since he was to judge the guests in after times, why might they not, in the present instance, be doing a bit at him.

He was resolved.

Therefore, since, to begin with, he must get his hand steady, his carving hand too, he found that it would not be prudent to take more than a noggin of brandy; of course privately in the bar. The brandy behaved well; no physician was ever more skilful.

He, being *right*, was *determined* that every one else should be so; for the truth is, that James had all the little notions of despotism which were possessed by his sister Barbara, only the beverages of which he partook, not permitting him that time for their exercise, which were fostered through her sober habits, he could not

work the screw so well—certainly had never manifested anything like the finish in his performances which had given such renown to those of the lady of the manor.

The dinner was served, and grace being said in one room by Pinchet Hadcock, Esquire—an imposing sight in an attorney, or rather for those who witnessed the dutiful act—and in the other by the new judge—all fell to: and that, too, in a manner worthy of men who hold the ancient Cheshire axiom, that hearty, quick eaters, are the most industrious and skilful workmen.

In an English, nay, in a county sense, both tables did honour to the giver of the great feast.

And now where, a little before, the cloth lay, were heaps of fruit and two guinea-bowls of punch:

The same on the other table.

And those who can eat well, can drink well, so say the Cheshire aphorists: thus their syllogism; a good eater-and-drinker is a good worker; a Cheshire man is a splendid hand at both; hence a Cheshire man is the most industrious of living creatures.

After the royal, loyal, and lord-high-sheriff-of-the-county toasts had been drunk, Mr. Hadcock proposed the health of all the neighbouring gentlemen; particularly those who were, and those whom he wished to be, his clients. And then he gave some social toasts. “Friends on both sides the Dee,” probably meaning Cheshire and Wales. “The ladies, *for what could we do without them?*” “The Cheshire dairy maids”—

“‘For what could we do without ‘em?’” added a farmer, and this a little waggishly too: which, of course, produced the usual intense merriment.

“The farmers who turn Cheshire-cheese into London-gold.”

One of the tenantry was desired by Mr. Hadcock to

respond to this toast, and he did so by saying that, though old, still he hoped to see the day when real Cheshire cheese, first dairies, would fetch a guinea a-pound (tumultuous rejoicing), nay, further, that he had no doubt they would, from a note that he had that day received from his son, a young gentleman that was then serving his time to a druggist and chemist in London (read, read, read); he would do so.

“‘Dear father and mother—I have just time to write that I have made another discovery which will be of amazing use to you, since you tell me, in your last, that you intend to show two pigs and the stallion at the next agricultural exhibition: fizz (viz.) curd, when ready for cheesing, contains round O (cipher) parts milk, 30 carbon, 5 oxygen’—(now, my friends, who would ha thout that either a ox or gin had out to do we it; but you see what this new soy-and-tiffic farmin will do for us)—(hear, hear, hear, hear, from the Hadcocks)—‘3 hydrogen,’ (heifer’s milk no deaut)—‘and 11 nitrogen,’ (salt peter, and gin again). ‘I intend in my next to prove that muriatic akid (acid) is better for curding than rennet: you can read this invaluable paper at any of your great agricultural meetings, so please send me ten pounds by return of post, and then I will put you up to another move or two; which, that they may be of use to you, and astonish the other bumpkins of Cheshire, I remain your affectionate and dutiful son—(send twenty, if convenient) John Calfmaw. P. S.—don’t forget the note.’”

“A truly invaluable paper,” said Pinchet Hadcock, Esquire, “science in these things cannot be too much encouraged. I propose, Mr. Chairman, that it be laid upon the table.”

The baronet assented.

And the sire of Johannes Calfmaw, the great *shemist*, did the same. And, in the course of the evening, the paper was stolen for portfolio purposes: we shall not involve ourselves by saying by whom, but we know it went to Chester that night, and there suffered great admiration.

Mr. Hadcock then arose, and said, “Now, gentlemen, for the toast of the evening (great excitement, and so there might, for they were discussing the third couplet of bowls of punch). If there be one thing that distinguishes this land more than another, from another, it is the amity, comity, and positive adunation, that ever exist between the higher classes and the middle, they again with the labouring; court-leets and rent-days proving the first (great applause), harvest-homes and going to church, the latter; (the Chester paper said, just here, that the learned speaker was deafened with raptures) what a noble, what an enervating sight, heart-thrilling feeling; the real, the only, *posse comitatus* of this much famed country. Go into any restaurant on the continent, and what is the first thing asked for after dinner? ‘*Fromage du Cheshire*’: yes, my friends, if ever anything will reconcile the ancient animosities of France and England, ‘*Fromage du Cheshire*’ must be the rallying word—that is, the cheese—”

A voice, “Bread would never have been known but for it.”

“Well, be patient, friend: I shall not dwell—I see the intense excitement around me; the great and good name is anticipated—I feared it would; well then, gentlemen, in few, I will propose the health of the man who finds you the soil, upon which grows the grass, that feeds your cows, which give the milk that produces

that delicious beverage, whey, in such flooding copiousness that pigs often burst with it—and above all produces the sacred *name* of cheese. Here, then, is the health of the manor's lord; nine times nine: waiter, announce the glorious tidings in the next room; upstanding, heads off, huzza!"

And the ceremony was gone through, all the bodies reeling as if their heads were off; the baronet shouting among the rest, until reminded, by the junior lawyer, and then he sat down.

The applause, all over the house, was certainly rorous; a fiddle and fife in the tap, playing "th' oud hundredth."

The baronet rose to return gratitude, so said:

"Gentlemen, you only prove yourselves to be cheeses, and see if I don't turn out bricks! We'd have a tuck-out of this sort, every week, but for the infernal cats of women—mind, I named no names. It's not pleasant for the mice to play at tick when the cats are for eating all that cannot get to *timber* (mew); you can do nothing for them: if you eat—'oh, you'll have the gout,' if you drink 'oh, you'll have the head-ache'—you can never get to *timber* (roars of laughter, led on by the elder lawyer, of course); if you take a ride in the carriage—they must ride with you—to keep you from winking to the young girls, or pulling up at the ale-house. (Hear, hear). If you go a-fishing, they must take their netting—no getting to timber—nor ever will do—"

"Yay, at *last*, Sir Robert," called out one from the other end.

"When?" shouted the baronet.

"When they put us in our coffings."

"No, the cats have invented lead ones, so to keep you from timbering even in your grave."

Thunders of applause.

"But, gentlemen," continued the baronet, "for the honour you have done to me, and to show you that, for once in our lives, we can get to the *wood*, and to prove to you how I love being in such good company, and how much you are to my liking—and we'll have twenty more such stirs yet—I'll not drink the health of the ladies—only, such as will let us timber—but, gentlemen, watch my fist, do as I do, and say as I say: fill your glasses: are you ready? (yes, yes) now then," and down went the baronet's fist upon the mahogany, and that with a bang—"TIMBER!"

"Timber!"

"Timber!"

"Timber!" and slap went the hand of every gentleman present; "timber," being the pass-word. And then, bowls of double strength were slyly ordered by the last speaker.

And now a marling company, at front, sing some of their marling songs—and drink some of the punch too.

The lady of the manor was next drunk; proposed by the elder, and most eloquently responded to by the younger, Hadcock.

Then did the same young gentleman sing a very facetious ditty, all about a milk-maid and a miller.

Then was drunk the health of the illustrious Pinchet Hadcock, Esquire; his virtues, and his services to his country, duly enumerated—all of which we should have given, only the subject was done better justice to, in the same Chester organ we have hinted at before, and to which we now refer the curious.

The baronet whispered to his footman, as to how Jim was getting on in the next room, whether sober or not, or likely to keep so.

George reported all right, but then, if Sir Robert

had looked, he would have seen that George was not, “all right”: for the fact is, not only had he been imitating the joviality of his master, but so had nearly all the other servants of the court, particularly the coachman: they had invited also the rectory servants, who, to do them candour, were doing ample honour to the hospitality of their brethren of the manor. Then they again invited lots of their village acquaintance—places whither they went a-sitting at nights; a-courtin’, and the like: so that the kitchen was as well filled as the tap; the tap, as either of the great banqueting halls.

Miss Clough had her spy there, nevertheless, who rode to the hall with half-hourly bulletins—said nothing, though, of Sir Robert’s speech: said that Mr. James was perfectly sober, and likely so for to keep.

The lady was satisfied; but still wished the foolish night over.

Things had thus gone on glowingly, and, no doubt, would have ended so, but for an *accident* at the second table, caused whilst drinking the health of the lord of the manor. It occurred in this way. A young man named Lawrence, when pledging the toast, merely drank that of “*Mr. Robert Vernon.*” This did not strike any one particularly save the chairman, Mr. James Clough, and he affected to take no notice of it: after about the thirtieth glass of punch, he did take notice of it.

Now, this young Lawrence was the son of one of those small squires that are to be found up and down rural England:—gentlemen who farm their own estates, and have a thousand or two in the bank. He was, in all respects, a splendid young fellow, and though reared on the farm, had great taste for music, the arts, and literature. Played the organ at Groveby Church (of course gratuitously), kept a single hunter, was

remarkably handsome, a splendid singer, and his age was from about twenty-five to twenty-seven. Was alike the favourite of his family-circle as he was of the neighbours, and particularly the poor. Had watched the poaching prosecutions of Beechwood with great disgust, and though Miss Clough went to church more for the purpose of seeing him than even the rector himself, still, (perhaps singular to say,) he had conceived a great abhorrence of that lady.

He was, moreover, cousin, on the mother's side, to Ellen Groveby, and so was particularly intimate with her grand-father, Mr. Walford: nay, it was known he was down in that gentleman's will, not only for a legacy, but as an executor. Also, he had (through business) been in the vicinity of the Witches, and had learned a little more of the character of the Cloughs than he liked, and much more than they would have liked.

It may be asked why (under all of these) he accepted an invitation, or even honoured the Beechwood court-leet. Because his family had always done so; besides, he would not be the first to show bad neighbourhood; nor be alike a-head in discovering the trifling foibles of the Cloughs:—well knowing, as a prudent young man, that they would discover themselves soon enough. It would not suit his position, then, to be first to give cry. In this spirit, he would insist on sitting at the second table, though we must say, that not only the baronet, but both the Hadcocks, had desired, nay, pressed him to honour the first.

After the thirtieth glass, or, as we have said, thereabouts, Mr. James Clough demanded, with his eyes looking a little savagely too—for there were other things which had given offence to the new judge besides Mr. Lawrence's negligence in the toast affair—why Mr. Lawrence drank only “Mr. Vernon” instead of “Sir Robert”—

The young gentleman said the reason was, because he respected the host of the evening, and knew of no better way than that of using sincerity to gain a return of the same feeling: though others had, some through intention, others ignorantly, deluded the new landlord, he would not. Since, if there was nothing so well as giving things their right name, why should he do wrong to a well-disposed man, by not only making him an exception to the rule, but by actually giving him a nickname.

Mr. Clough got furious, and swore that if the other did not, at once, drink the baronet's health, and that too in set language, "Sir Robert Vernon's good health," he would commit him for contempt of court.

Mr. Lawrence cracked out into a very merry chuckle.

This caused Mr. Clough to wax wrathy, and after swallowing two more goblets of punch, he swore, and by his maker, too, that if the other did not comply, or make an apology, he would ram the punch-bowl down his throat.

This caused Lawrence to laugh more clamorously than ever: Clough made a blow at him, but it fell short. Lawrence saw that the madman—for by this time he was little else—was determined upon hostilities, and not wishing to be involved in the lumber of chairs, tables, goblets, and punch-bowls—in short, being resolved upon a clear field—rushed out of the room, and bade the other follow.

Clough did, in despite of all that could be said or done: stripped in the good old Cheshire fashion, and soon was out at the front of the hotel.

Lawrence prepared himself, and being both a good-tempered, and determined man, took care that, valuable as was the last quality, he would mind that the first did not get crossed. And that is the way to win. He well

knew that his drunken foe would make the usual rush, and he also knew that, if he managed nicely to fib him somewhere under the jaw, it would make a funny impression. And as the rencontre is taking place exactly at the back of the chairman of the great table—that is, at the front of the hotel—we will go into his merry company, and see how all are enjoying themselves.

The truth is, they were getting noisy, though in the extreme of good fellowship; but when we say that each man had swallowed a third of a bowl, as well as dinner wine, and beer, we need not wonder if all were getting into the earlier stages of boonship, at least.

Combatants have got to work!

A terrible shout.

“What the deuce is that?” demanded the baronet, “surely the marlers have not got to fighting: George, what’s to do?”

The fuddled waiter ran to see.

The senior Hadcock was also most anxious to know what was to do: he had ordered out his carriage ten minutes before, and was going to make a parting speech and then for Chester, when—

George came in and said, it was only a wrestling-match—that—that was all.

“Are you drunk, George?” asked the baronet, “because I suppose I must go when Hadcock does, or else yon cat will play—why, what the deuce is that?”

And in one moment, smash goes the whole window behind him—over him into the room, and with it, we are sorry to relate, the new JUDGE, heels over head, rolly-polly, on to the table; part of him in the punch bowl—the one before the chairman—and the other parts of him where they could best lie—on the baronet—up and down: the fact being, that he had received a dreadful counter hit from Lawrence, and so, was not only

knocked through the window as we have seen, but the window, also, was forced amidst the jolly company.

When the baronet could make out where he was, and what had been to do, he first began to swear, but after a time, got into one of his boisterous laughs: said his nephew was a cursed nice judge; ordered the waiters to carry him to the pump—laughed the same as he did when Scut turned the tables on his brother—bade the attorneys good night; called for a comic song, and said, so soon as the window could be a little arranged, the evening should commence—and in earnest, too.

“I am glad those scamps of attorneys are gone: I hate every thief amongst them: what the deuce must we have lawyers here for, when we come here to enjoy ourselves? a nice way, truly, for the rabbits to invite the foxes to be of their merry-makings. Gentlemen, I will give ‘down, down, and be damned to every lawyer, and hangman in—in’”—seeing for the first time the small Groveby attorney, who had not retired with his distinguished brethren of Chester—“as I see there is one left, I’ll not be unviduous—I was going to say, ‘in this parish,’ but I’ll now say, ‘in all the world.’”

This was drunk with great applause, the little attorney, of course, being quite as merry as the rest: but he soon slyly left the room to see the state of affairs at the pump, and not only did he so, but sent an express to the manor—knew it would be acceptable to Miss Clough—informing her that it might be well if the like hasty message were despatched to the court-leet, for the purpose of ordering out the baronet’s carriage, and with it the proprietor and new judge.

The fun at the head-table had not advanced far, when the counter express arrived, with a desire that Mr. Fribble—the attorney—would confer the great happi-

ness on Miss Clough, by at once seeing the carriage laden with her dear uncle and brother; also, by stepping into it himself, and riding up to Beechwood.

Hoped the servants would be sober and steady, and—

That he would not delay a minute.

There was a grand commission! All was done as desired: the coachman and footmen mounted, the baronet placed inside the state coach; so was Mr. Fribble, he throwing out a hint, however, to the landlord, that he thought it would be better to displace the Beechwood coachman, and send a sober car-driver in his place.

This the Beechwood charioteer heard, and so was resolved to show whether he was sober or not: no one should drive his cattle but himself; the footmen would not dignify the dickies if any one else drove—and so seeing all were resolute, and Mr. Speakman giving it as his opinion that all would arrive safely, and that Charles was a good whip—Mr. Fribble agreed.

The baronet kicked a good deal at having to leave the fun so soon, but when informed, by the attorney, that there had been two expresses from Beechwood—he, not without an oath or two—gave in.

Forty people assisted in getting the carriage ready, and as many in helping the good folks into it, and upon it. As to the new judge, he was quite unconscious of what was going on, and the baronet swearing he should not ride inside, he was hoisted into the back dicky; sitting with the butler.

The attorney jumped in, sat opposite the lord of the manor, and—

All was right: that is, all were right and ripe for anything: and the horses knowing this right well, and being in the best of keep and spirits, as well as getting

half a dozen cuts, cross-ways, oblique-ways, and disliking coachy's strange-ways, went off at a prance, and in seven seconds were in a nice slashing gallop.

"Huzza," by all Groveby.

It was soon a question (amongst the horses) which bay gelding could gallop fastest—but this did not deter the whip from efforts at forcing speed.

Anthem from the passengers: "We are such as were ne'er before."

It was a dark night, but then the team knew the way, whether Charles did or not—only let it be clear, gates open, and then nothing could go wrong; if they are not so, they must be jumped: whiz they go, until they come to a remarkably acute turn at the corner of Groveby church-yard; but then Charles was as 'cute as the angle, and so round he went, and nearly over he went—the two near wheels not touching the ground for twenty yards; but the speed did it, and in a few minutes after, the lawn of the manor was made; the draw up was sudden, and one of the footmen, not being equally prompt in stopping the speed within him, went at the rate the carriage had done eight yards before it had ceased its journey: well, that was an accident and of no great concern, as he fell upon the soft grass-plat, and so would be sure to be found in the morning.

The baronet and Mr. Fribble were received in vast delight by Miss Clough herself; for though several servants ran, when they heard the arrival, she could not help taking a candle and going to the carriage-door.

The two gentlemen alight.

"But, uncle, where is James?" asked the lady.

"How the hell should I know! what the devil must you make us come home so soon for? just as we were getting jovial—"

"Oh, I think it was quite time; but, Mr. Fribble,

where is my brother?" still demanded the lady of the manor.

"Oh! he's in the dicky, behind, Madam; stay, I will assist," said the small attorney.

The lights were all lifted up, as well as all the eyes present, of the sober. The dicky was in its place, as well as the butler in his, but certainly not Mr. James Clough.

"Why, butler, you drunken fellow, where is my brother?"

"Hug, kug, hug!"

"Cease your besotted laugh; a nice thing, Sir Robert, to bring your servants home in this state—"

"It—is—it's not me as i—s—s—s tip—top—sy, it's Char—les, as drove at—at such—such a rate, that he spilt him. He could not spill me, though; ha, ha, ha, ha! I stick, stuck—huk—kuk to—too well; but Mr. James flew like a mill-stone; ho, ho—"

"Spilt him, wretch! where? tell me, at once, or I'll discharge you on the spot."

"Damn me if you will, though!" exclaimed the baronet, "why didn't he hold on? ha, ha, ha! knocked through a window, and now spilt; ha, ha! (imitating Miss Clough) 'A nice thing, Sir Robert, to bring your servants home in this state;' it appears my servants are a damned deal soberer than their masters. It seems it is us who have set a bad example; ha, ha, ha! And so the new judge is spilt! ho, ho, by —, I shall choke; ha, ha, ha! I'll have another court-leet next week. Put up your horses, lads, and go to bed; there's not better servants in Europe. Spilt the new—damn all lawyers! spilt the new judge!"

CHAPTER XI.

WE shall not tire the reader with the course pursued, nor the means employed, to find the thrown steward ; suffice it, that he was found; and that, too, at the other side of the hedge, at the church-yard corner. And, no doubt, he would have been dashed to pieces, but for the usual luck of the drunken ; a cart-load of thorns, amongst which he was found, saved his life.

Mr. Fribble rendered intense services on this touching occasion ; Miss Clough could not give her thanks sufficient energy.

During the search and recovery, the baronet, in the highest glee, told the other joke, of the window, and the judge's ingress into the dining-room.

The lady got, at this, into a savage bewilderment.

All were gone, or carried to bed, as the cases required, when Mr. Fribble, staying a little quiet supper, must relate, faithfully, to Miss Clough, all about the vulgar affair at the court-leet ; the lady certainly thinking that the baronet had over-coloured his recital.

Mr. Fribble, though mincing the matter a good deal, told all he knew ; and concluded, by saying, "that young Lawrence would not have drunk the baronet's health, as he did, but for the way in which his name had been introduced by the younger Hadcock, when opening the court-leet—using expressly this form :

‘ Robert Vernon, Esquire; *commonly called* Sir Robert Vernon.’”

“ Why,” said Miss Clough, “ the puling creature is mad !”

Mr. Fribble looked, as much as to say: “ You see, Madam, you had no occasion to get your county solicitor to do that which would have been so much better performed by the little, humble man, before you.”

“ Surely, Mr. Fribble, there can be no impediment—no doubt, as to Sir Robert’s title ?”

“ Certainly not, Madam; I was born upon the estate —poh, ridiculous !”

Miss Clough, however, was resolved to be satisfied on the whole of this singular affair, and that, too, before Sir Robert or his steward were stirring in the morning; and for this purpose she took the mail-coach for Chester, and was at the house of the great lawyers before either of them was out of bed; so soon, however, as the elder gentleman was made acquainted with the arrival, he hurried to give his Beechwood client an audience in the drawing-room.

Mr. Hadcock was all congratulation and inquiry; the first to Miss Clough, for the earliness of her visit, the next, as to the how-and-the-why of the good lord of the manor, the new judge, and other usals; so polite was he on these subjects, that he would scarcely allow the fair visitor to commence.

Miss Clough would not be trifled with, so put the question, as to her uncle’s title, at once; which, at once, caused those hummings and hawings, which are often the result of a wish to please without having the means.

The lawyer was at last obliged to confess, nay, it was no doubt, best to tell at once, to a lady of her force of mind, that there was no longer a baronetcy attached to

Beechwood: Robert Kent had a right to the estate and all its immunities, but not to the *title*.

"Well, then," said the lady, evidently a little surprised, but not crushed, "had it not be better applied for at once at the heraldry office? Norroy, king at arms! because I am resolved that, should there be any impediment, it shall be removed. But I cannot understand, sir, why the late Joseph Vernon should have the title, and not the present possessor: if one was '*Sir Joseph*,' why should not the other be '*Sir Robert?*'"

"Why, Madam, it was very fortunate that I found it out: of course the estate is in fee to the male issue of the Kents; but you see, the family of the Vernons being extinct, the estate reverted to a collateral branch of the Kents. Joseph Kent was the first, and had, of course, to get a new patent; that patent was made to himself and issue, mind that, *issue*: he died without such, and so the estate again reverts to the next of kin—male—but not so the title. A-hem."

"Indeed! funny, very funny work; but I'll have the whole looked into—of course I shall instruct Pinchet Hadcock, Esq. to do so," continued the lady, withdrawing a little, fearing she was going somewhat too far.

"You see, Miss Clough, it was well we found all this out; because, in prosecutions, suits, and the rest, there might have been some danger—difficulty."

"Humph," said the lady, slightly alarmed, "then, we will say—in poaching cases—would it be wrong to indict in the name of Sir Robert Vernon?"

"*I* think so," said the lawyer, shaking his head, "*I* think—I fear so."

"Because," remarked the lady, in a tone of apparent indifference, "there have been a few ragamuffins sent to the county-gaol for trespasses—poaching I mean, and the rest, indeed, I hardly know what."

"Well, really Miss Clough, don't you think?—I put it with the utmost deference to your acknowledged judgment—don't you think it would be as well to remit—to issue pardons? eh? *I think*—"

Miss Clough saw very well what the family adviser thought, but was resolved to consult Rector Yielding upon the subject, and if that gentleman also appeared shaken, she would release or remit, as the case might be, and that at once. The plan would be, to say it was done in consequence of the baronet's birth-day, and that *she* had meritoriously caused a remission of their several sentences—an amnesty.

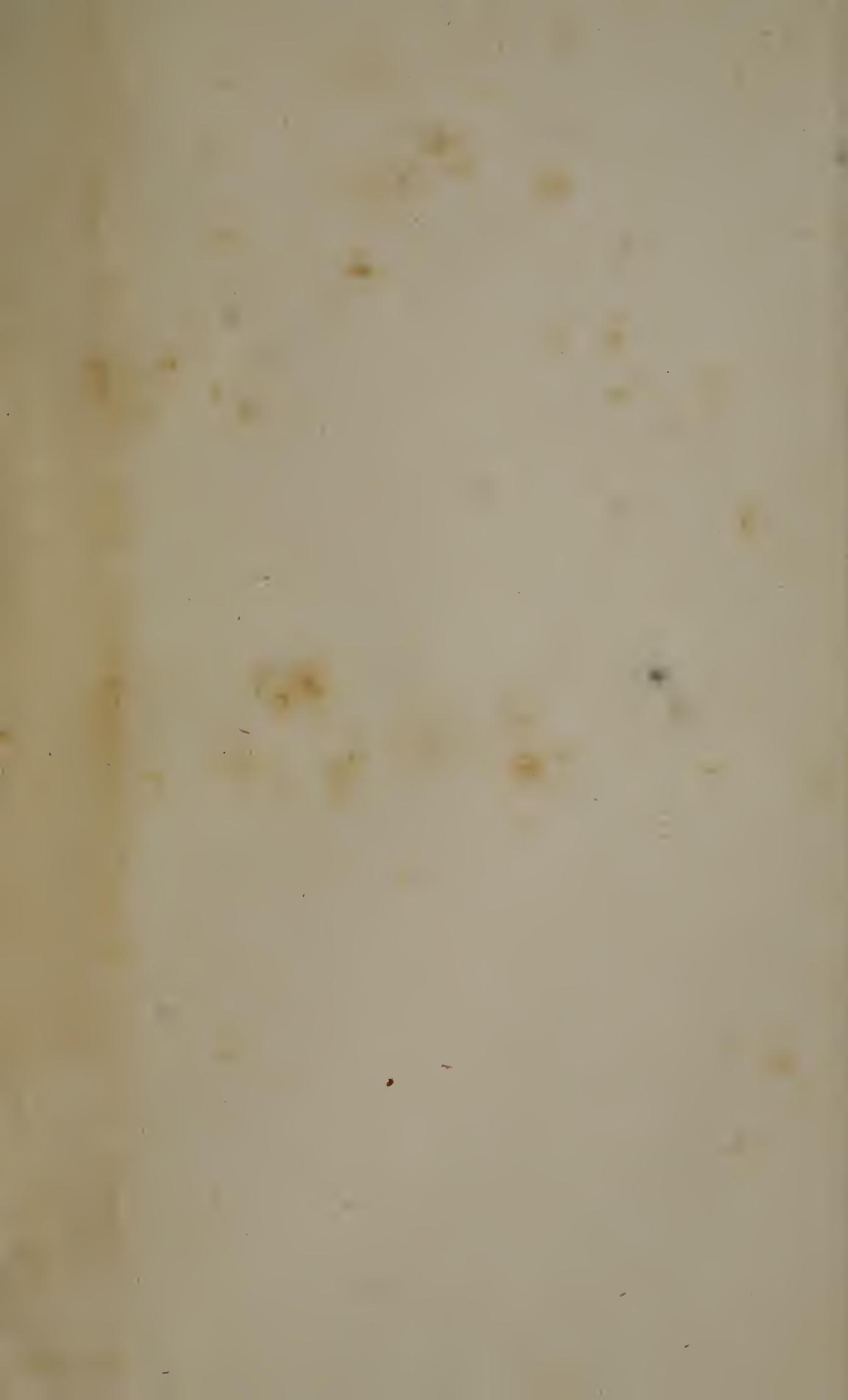
Mr. Hadcock pressed the lady to stay breakfast; well, she certainly took a cup of coffee, but that was all; she was too anxious to be at Beechwood, the rectory, and where not. She, therefore, went to the hotel at which she had alighted from the coach, and ordered a post-chaise to proceed at once to the manor. She was delayed a quarter-of-an-hour, in consequence of a large travelling-carriage requiring four post-horses, (and, as she imagined, from what she thought the clerk of the coaching department said,) for Beechwood-court. And she also *could have sworn* that she heard something about *Lady Vernon*.

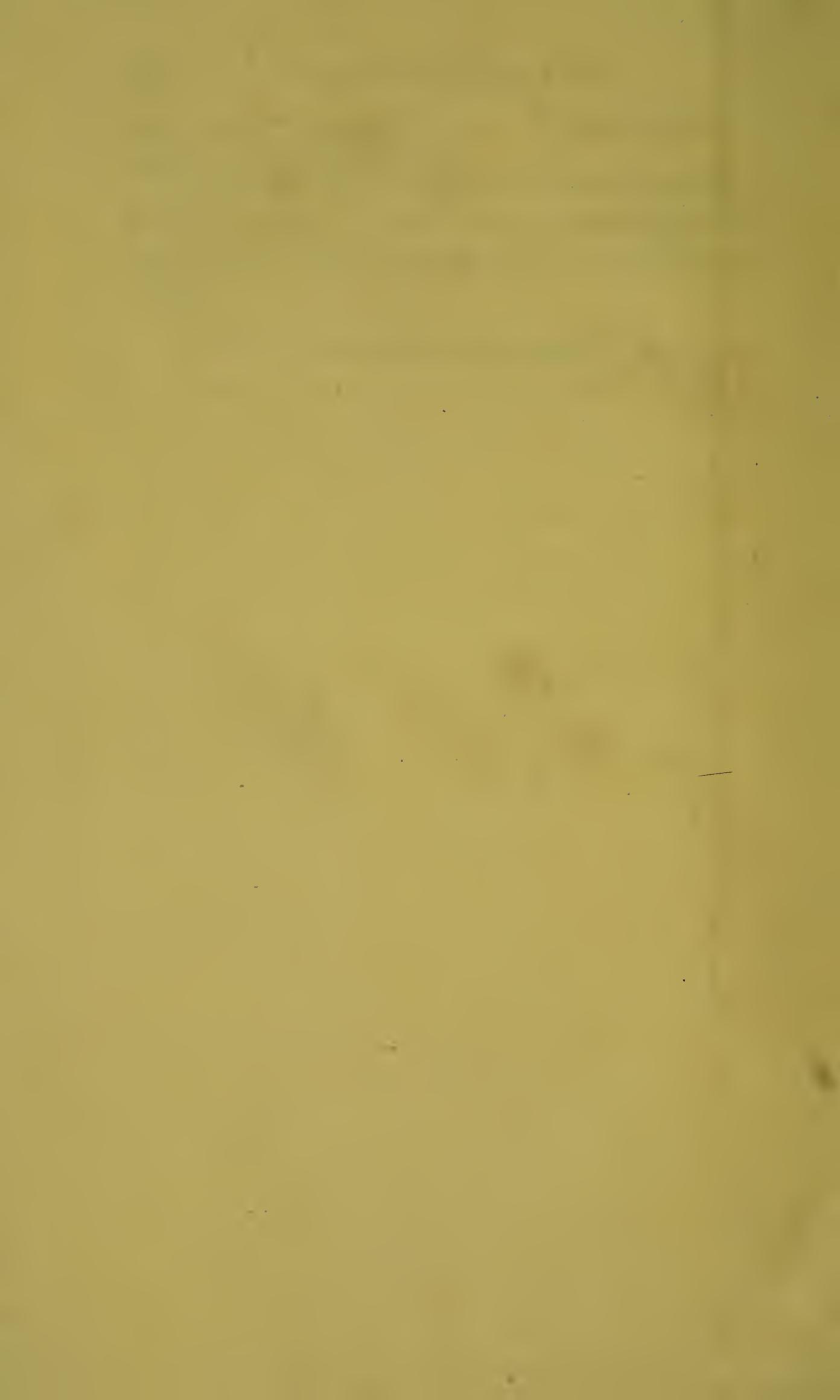
The truth was—so she considered—that she had been so vexed about that very name, but a minute before, that there was no wondering she should imagine every body else was speaking of it; but for this, she could have assevered that she heard the names of Beechwood and Vernon. It was a matter of no great importance, even if she had; yet the thing was strange. Be it as it might, she was resolved to be at Groveby, and that, too, before—if the big carriage were going thither—the strangers. Hump! Lady Vernon—Lady Vernon, why

there was no Lady Vernon—at all events, that had ought to do with Beechwood.

Nevertheless, Miss Clough's heart kept knocking at her stays. And in the mean time, we must leave Beechwood, and once more see how our friends are getting on in town.

END OF PART THE THIRD.





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